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Quiet Hours.

The morning will soon be here,
For over the purple hill
The daylight is chasing the night away
With a foot that is noiseless and still.
Oh, the night was so long, so long!
As I sat by the window alone,
Watching the moon as it slowly rose
Till above the trees it shone.
It looked, as it hung in the sky,
Like a goblet filled to the brim
With wine of an amber, golden hue;
But now it is white and dim,
As if it had all been quaffed,
And only the glass remained,
With the faintest, palest, shimmering tinge
To show what it then contained.
And once, when it fullest seemed,
With the sparkling, glittering wine,
A single star, like a fleck of foam
Of the precious juice of the vine,
Went drifting, drifting off,
As we sometimes lose a day
That, when the goblet of life is full
Silently floats away.
But now the daylight is here,
And the sad, vague thoughts of night
Have died away, as the sunbeams fall
Like arrows of golden light.
Ah, 'tis quiet hours like these,
When we wistfully look above,
And see the works of the great, good God,
And think of His tender love,
That help us to braver be,
And strengthen us on our way,
Till the beautiful night of life at last
Is merged in eternity's day.

Blossoms.

They met while yet the year was young,
And 'mid the blossoming boughs they sung,
Like other birds, their tale of love.

Like other birds, they wandered free
In tender shade of bush or tree,
Or sunlight of the sky above.

They wandered free and loved the dawn,
Brushed with their wings the dews at morn,
And innocently sped the days.

Like other birds, when autumn came,
Sure it could never be the same,
They went along their separate ways,

With half a smile and half a sigh,
When, as the winter hours go by,
Comes, like a melody's refrain,

A scent of blossoms, softly flung.
They murmur, "When the year was young
'Twas sweet. 'Twill never come again."

—*Philip O. Sullio in Harper's Magazine.*

THE IRON CAGE.

At the commencement of the French Revolution Lady Pennyman and her two daughters retired to Lisle, where they had hired a large and handsome house at a very trifling rent.

A few weeks afterward the housekeeper, with many apologies for being obliged to mention anything that might appear so idle and absurd, came to the apartment in which her mistress was sitting, and said that two of the servants, who had accompanied her ladyship from England, had that morning given warning and expressed a determination of quitting her ladyship's service, on account of the mysterious noises by which they had been, night after night, disturbed and terrified.

"I trust, Carter," replied Lady Pennyman, "that you have too much good sense to be alarmed on your own account by any of these superstitious and visionary fears; and, pray, exert yourself in endeavoring to tranquilize the apprehensions of others, and persuading them to continue in their places."

The persuasion of Carter was ineffectual; the servants insisted that the noises which had alarmed them were not the operation of any earthly beings, and persevered in their resolution of returning to their native country.

The room from which the sounds were supposed to have proceeded was at a distance from Lady Pennyman's apartments, and immediately over those which were occupied by the two female servants, who had themselves been terrified by them, and whose report had spread a general panic through the rest of the family. To quiet the alarm Lady Pennyman resolved on leaving her own chamber for a time and establishing herself in the one which had been lately occupied by the domestics.

The room above was a long, spacious apartment, which appeared to have been for a length of time deserted. In the centre of the chamber was a large iron cage; it was an extraordinary piece of furniture to be found in any mansion, but the legend which the servants had collected respecting it appeared to be still more extraordinary. It is said that a late proprietor of the house, a young man of enormous property, had in his minority been confined in that apartment by his uncle and guardian, and there hastened to a primitive death by the privations and cruelties to which he was exposed; these cruelties had been practiced under pretence of necessary correction.

It was alleged he was idle, stubborn, inattentive, and of an untoward disposition, which nothing but severity could improve. In his boyhood, frequent chastisements, continued application, and the refusal of every interval of relaxation were in vain essayed to urge and goad him to the grave, and to place his uncle in possession of the inheritance; his constitution struggled with the tyranny of his unnatural relative, and wasted as it was by the unmitigated oppression, still resisted with an admirable vitality the effects which were ingeniously aimed against his existence. As he drew nearer the age in which he would have been legally delivered from the dangers and impositions of his uncle, his life was subjected to more violent and repeated severities; every, even the slightest offence, was succeeded by the most rigorous inflictions. The iron cage was threatened, was ordered, was erected in the upper chamber.

At first, for a few weeks, it remained as an object of terror only; it was menaced that the next transgression of his guardian's wishes would be punished by a day's imprisonment in the narrow circle, without the possibility of rest or the permission of refreshment. Twice the cage was threatened and remitted, from an excessive show of mercy and the better to cover and to palliate the premeditated enormities.

The youth, who was about sixteen, from the dread of this terrible infliction, applied himself with sleepless diligence to labors difficult to be accomplished, and extended, purposely extended, beyond the capacity of the student; his lessons were exacted, not in proportion to his abilities, but his endeavors and performance.

The taskmasters eventually conquered; then followed the imprisonment and the day without food. Again the imposition was set; again executed with painful exertion; again lengthened; again discovered to be impracticable and again visited with the iron cage and the denial of necessary subsistence.

The savage purpose of thus murdering the boy, under the pretence of a strict attention to his interest or his improvement, was at last successful. The lad was declared to be incorrigible; there was a feigned necessity of more severe correction; he was sentenced to two days' captivity and privation.

So long an absence from food and rest was more than his enfeebled frame and his broken spirits could endure, and on his uncle's arriving, with the show of a hypocritical leniency, an hour previous to the appointed time, to deliver him from the residue of his punishment, it was found that death had anticipated the false mercy and had forever emancipated the innocent sufferer from the hands of the oppressor.

The wealth was won; but it was an unprofitable acquisition to him who had so dearly purchased it. "What profit is it," demands the voice of revelation, "If a man should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

His conscience haunted him; the form of the dead and inoffensive boy was constantly before him. His dreams represented to his view the playful and beautiful looks that won all eyes toward him, while his parents were yet alive to cheer and to delight him; and then the vision of his sleep would change, and he would see his calm suffering and his silent tears, and his patient endurance, and his indefatigable exertions in attempting the accomplishment of difficult exactions, and his pale cheek, and his wasted limbs, and his spiritless countenance; and then, at last, there was the rigid, bony and distorted form, the glazed open eye, the mouth violently compressed, and the clenched hands, on which his view had rested for a moment, when all his wicked hopes had attained their most sanguine consummation, as he surveyed the corpse of his murdered relative.

These recollections banished him from his home; the mansion was left tenantless; and, till Lady Pennyman had engaged, all had dreaded to become the inmates of a dwelling which had been fatal to one possessor, and shunned as destructive to the tranquility on his heir.

On the first night or two of Lady Pennyman's being established in her own apartments she met with no interruption, nor was her sleep in the least disturbed by any of those mysterious noises in the cage chamber (for so it was commonly called in the family), which she had been induced to expect by the representations of the departed servants.

This quiet, however, was of very short duration. One night she was awakened from her sleep by the sound of a slow and measured step that appeared to be pacing the chamber over her head. It continued to move backward and forward with nearly the same constant and regular motion for rather more than an hour—perhaps Lady Pennyman's agitation may have deceived her, and induced her to think the time longer than it really was.

It at length ceased; morning dawned upon her. The lady naturally felt distressed by the occurrence of the night. It was in every point of view alarming. If she doubted its being the effect of any preternatural communication, there was only another alternative, which was almost equally distressing—to suppose that there were means of entering the house, which were known to strangers though concealed from the inhabitants. She went down to breakfast, after framing a resolution not to mention the event.

Lady Pennyman and her daughters had nearly completed their breakfast before her son, a young man who had lately returned from sea, descended from his apartment.

"My dear Charles," said his mother, "I wonder you are not ashamed of your indolence and your want of gallantry, to suffer your sisters and myself to finish breakfast before you are ready to join us."

"Indeed, madam," he replied, "it is not my fault if I am late; I have not had any sleep all night. There have been people knocking at my door and peeping into my room every half hour since I went upstairs to bed; I presume they wanted to see if my candle was extinguished. If this be the case, it is really very distressing, as I certainly never gave you any occasion to suspect I should be careless in taking so necessary a precaution, and it is not pleasant to be represented in such a light to the domestics."

"Indeed, my dear, the interruption has taken place entirely without my knowledge. I assure you it is not by any order of mine that your room has been looked into; I cannot think what could induce any servant of mine to be guilty of such a liberty. Are you certain that you have not mistaken the nature and origin of the sound?"

"Oh, yes—there could have been no mistake; I was perfectly awake when the interruption first took place, and afterward it was so frequently repeated as to prevent the possibility of my sleeping."

More complaints from the housekeeper; no servants would remain; every individual of the family had his tale of terror to increase the apprehensions of the rest. Lady Pennyman began herself to be alarmed. Mrs. Atkins, a very dear and approved friend, came on a visit to her; she communicated the subject which had so recently disturbed the family, and requested her advice. Mrs. Atkins, a woman devoid of every kind of superstitious fear, and of tried courage, understanding and resolution, determined at once to silence all the stories that had been fabricated respecting the cage-room, and to allay their terrors by adopting that apartment for her own bed chamber during the remainder of her residence at Lisle. It was in vain to oppose her purpose; she desired that no half measure could be effectual; that, if any of the family were to sleep there, though their rest should be perfectly undisturbed, it would have no efficacy in tranquilizing the agitation of the family, since the servants would naturally accuse either Lady Pennyman or her son of being interested witnesses, and doubt of the fact of their having reposed in the centre of the ghost's dominions without undergoing any punishment for the temerity of their invading them. A bed was accordingly placed in the apartment. The cage-room was rendered as comfortable as possible on so short a notice, and Mrs. Atkins retired to rest attended by her favorite spaniel, saying, as she bade them all good-night: "I and my dog, I flatter myself, are able to compete with a myriad of ghosts, so let me entreat you to be under no apprehension for the safety of Rose and myself."

Mrs. Atkins examined her chamber in every imaginable direction; she sounded every panel of the wainscot, to prove that there was no hollowness which might argue a concealed passage; and having bolted the door of the cage-room, retired to rest, confident that she was secure against every material visitor, and totally incredulous of the airy encroachments of all spiritual beings. Her assurance was doomed to be short-lived; she had only been a few minutes' asleep when her dog, which lay by the bedside, leaped, howling and terrified, upon the bed, the door of the chamber slowly opened, and a pale, thin and sickly youth came in, cast his eyes mildly toward her, walked up to the iron cage in the middle of the room, and then leaned in the melancholy attitude of one revolving in his mind the sorrows of a cheerless and unblest existence; after a while he again withdrew, and retired by the way he entered.

Mrs. Atkins, on witnessing his departure, felt the return of her resolution; she was reassured in her original belief in the impossibility of all spiritual visitations; she persuaded herself to believe the figure the work of some skilful impostor, and she determined on following its footsteps; she took up her chamber-lamp and hastened to put her design in execution.

On reaching the door, to her infinite surprise she discovered it to be fastened, as she had herself left it on retiring to bed. On withdrawing the bolt and opening the door, she saw the back of the youth descending the staircase; she followed till, on reaching the foot of the stairs, the form seemed to sink into the earth. It was in vain to attempt concealing the occurrences of the night; her voice, her manner, the impossibility of sleeping a second time in the ill-omened chamber, would necessarily betray that something of a painful and mysterious nature had occurred.

The event was related to Lady Pennyman; she determined to remain no longer in her present habitation. The man of whom the house had been engaged was spoken to on the subject. He became extremely violent—said it was no time for the English to indulge their imaginations—insinuated something of the guillotine—and bade her, at her peril, drop a single expression to the injury of his property.

While she remained in France no word was uttered upon the subject; she framed an excuse for her abrupt departure. Another residence was offered in the vicinity of Lisle, which she engaged, on the pretext of its being better calculated to the size of her family, and at once relinquished her habitation, and with it every preternatural occasion of anxiety.

Up the River with a Lunatic.

Alf Dixon, Tom Giffard and I had gone up the river camping out; we had done our second day's work. It was early morning on the third day—glorious weather. I was in the boat, getting the steering lines in order; Giffard and Dixon were on the bank, talking to Dr. Rawle. As I understood it, the doctor was at the head of a private asylum for lunatics. He was Giffard's friend, not mine. He had been taking a constitutional when he happened to fall in with us just as we were sitting down to our open-air breakfast; the chance meeting led to Giffard inviting him to share our gipsy meal. He did.

He was a pleasant fellow, not too old and not too young. I liked him exceedingly. We talked of things in general, and of lunatics in particular. Something led to his mentioning —I think it was speaking of the cunning of a certain class of lunatics, and the difficulty of keeping them within four walls—the fact that one of his inmates had escaped a day or two previously, and had not yet been retaken. This was the more singular as it was tolerably certain that he had not gone far, and search had been made for him in every direction.

As Giffard and Dixon were saying good-by, preparatory to getting into the boat, the doctor laughingly said: "Should you happen to come across him, I shall consider you bound to bring him back safe and sound. He's a man of forty-four or forty-five, tall and bony, iron gray hair, and has a curious habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Don't look out for a raving lunatic; for on most points he's as right as you and I. He's wrong in two things. Whatever you do, don't let him lose his temper; for whenever he does, though ever so slightly, he invariably goes in for murder—he's all but done for two keepers already. And don't talk to him of England or Englishmen; for if he should get upon his native land, he'll favor you with some observations which will make you open your eyes."

We laughed. Alf and Tom shook hands with him, and got into the boat. We promised, if we should happen to meet him, we would certainly see him returned to safe custody. Alf stood up and shoved us from the shore; we sang out a last good-by, and left the doctor standing on the bank.

It was a beautiful morning. The river was delicious, clear as crystal; we could see the bottom, and every stone and pebble on it; just a gentle breeze fanning the surface of the waters into a little ripple. We lit our pipes and took it easily. I am a good bit of a traveller, know many lovely nooks and crannies in foreign lands; I have lived abroad as much as at home; but I will match the higher reaches of our own Father Thames for beauty and for charm against any scenery in Europe. And on an early summer morning, after a spell of glorious weather, it is in all its prime; the water so cool, so clear; the banks so green, so charming; the stately trees on either side; the mansions seen over the meadows, or peeping out among the trees. You may choose your Rhine, your Gards, or your Maggiore, or your golden Bay of Naples, but leave Cookham and old Father Thames to me.

Presumably we had come for river beauties and the camping-out—presumably; but as a matter of fact there was a young lady lived not so far ahead, a mutual friend, Lilian Travers. Separately and jointly we had a high opinion of Miss Travers, not only of her beauty, but of other things as well; and having come so far, we hoped we should not have to return until at least we had had a peep at her. Unfortunately, though we knew Miss Travers, we had no acquaintance with Mr.—there was no Mrs. We had met the young lady at several dances and such like; but on each occasion she was under the chaperonage of old Mrs. Mackenzie. Apparently Mr. Travers was not a party man. But Lilian had promised to introduce us to him whenever she got a chance, and we were not unhopeful she would get that chance now. So you see that little excursion riverward had more in it than met the eye.

We went lazily on, just dipping the oars in and out; smoking, watching the smoke circling through the clear air. All thoughts of the doctor and his parting words had gone from our minds. We talked little, and that little was of Lilian and the chances of our meeting. We had gone some two or three hundred yards; we were close to the shore. Alf could almost reach it by stretching out his oar. We were dreaming and lazing, when suddenly some one stepped out from among the trees. He was close to us—not a dozen feet away.

He was a tall man, rather over than under six feet. He was dressed in a dark brown suit of Oxford mixture; he had a stick in his hand, wore a billy-cock hat, and his coat was buttoned right up to his throat. He had light whiskers, a heavy drooping moustache, hair unusually long, iron-gray in color. He might be a soldier retired from his profession, or an artist out painting; he certainly looked a gentleman.

We were passing on, when he raised his stick, and shouted out, "Stop!"

It was a regular shout, as though we were half a mile from him. We stopped, although it was an unusual method of calling attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, still at the top of his voice, "I should be obliged if you could give me a seat. I have a long way to go, and I am tired."

We looked at him and at each other. It was a free-and-easy style of asking a favor; but he seemed a gentleman, and an elderly one too. Common politeness dictated civility.

"I am afraid," said Alf, "we have hardly room; she's only built for three."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he said; "you can put me anywhere, or I'll take an oar for one of you."

I was on the point of advising a point-blank refusal, not appreciating his off hand manner; but Alf thought differently.

"All right," said he; "we don't mind, if you don't. Steer her in, Jack."

I steered her in. No sooner were we near the shore than, quite unexpectedly, he stepped almost on my toes, rocking the boat from side to side.

"Hang it!" I said; "take care, or you'll have us over."

"What if I do?" he returned. "It'll only be a swim; and who minds a swim in weather like this?"

We stared at him; the coolness, not to say impertinence, of the remark, was amazing. Begging a seat in our boat, knowing it was full, and then telling us he didn't care if he spilled us into the river! He seated himself by me, setting the boat seesawing again, crushing me into a corner; and without asking with your leave or by your leave, took the steering lines from my hands and slipped them over his shoulders.

"Excuse me," I said, making a snatch at them; "but if you'll allow me."

"Not at all," he said; "I always like something to do, and I expect you've had enough of it."

His coolness was amusing, he was impenetrable. I know I for one regretted we were such mules as to have had anything to do with him. We waited in silence a second or two.

"Come," he said, "when are you going to start?"

"Perhaps," said Alf, a bit nettled, "as you're in our boat a self-invited guest, you'll let us choose our own time."

The stranger said nothing; he sat stolid and silent. Tom and Alf set off rowing; the stranger steered right across the stream.

"Where are you going?" said Alf. "Keep us in."

"I'm going into the shade; the sun's too strong."

He had the lines; we could hardly insist on his keeping one side if he preferred the other. He took us right to the opposite bank, under the shadow of the willow trees. For some minutes neither of us spoke. With him cramming me on my seat and ramming his elbows into my side, my position was not pleasant. At last I let him know it.

"I don't know if you are aware you are occupying all my seat."

He turned on me short and sharp. All at once I noticed his left eye going up and down like a blinking owl; his mouth was wide open, disclosing as ugly a set of teeth as I should care to see. Like a flash Dr. Rawle's words crossed my mind: tall, strong, about forty-five, iron gray hair; a habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Gracious powers! was it possible we had a lunatic with us unawares? I know the possibility, nay, the probability, of such a thing made me feel more than queer. If there is anything in the world I instinctively fear, it is mad persons. I know little of them; have never been in their company. Possibly my ignorance explains my dread; but the idea of sitting in the same boat and on the same seat with a man who—

Dr. Rawle's warning, "Don't let him lose his temper, or murder will ensue," made me bound from my seat like Jack-in-the-box. The boat tipped right out of the water, but I didn't care. The man was glaring at me with cruel eyes; my muscles were strung, my fists clenched; every moment I expected him at my throat.

"What the dickens are you up to?" said Alf. "What's the matter with you?"

"Excitable temperament, hot-blooded youth," said the stranger.

I could have said something had I chosen, but I preferred discretion; I didn't like his eyes.

"N o—nothing," I said. "I think I'll sit in the bow." I didn't wait to learn if any one had an objection, but swinging round, I scrambled past Alf, and tripped full length on to Tom's knees. The boat went up and down like a swing; it was a miracle he wasn't over.

"Is the fellow mad?" roared Alf.

At the word "mad" the stranger rose up straight as a post. "Mad!" he said; "do you know, sir—" He checked himself and sat down. "Pooh! he's only a boy."

In passing Tom I whispered in his ear. "The lunatic," I said.

"What!" said Tom, right out loud.

"Hold your row, you confounded donkey! It's the man from Dr. Rawle's."

"The—"

He was going to say something naughty—I know he was; but he stopped short, and stared at him with all his eyes. Either Alf overheard me, or else the same idea occurred to him at the same moment, for he stopped dead in the middle of a stroke, and inspected the man on the steering seat. Tom and Alf went on staring at him for a minute or more. I kept my head turned the other way to avoid his eyes. All at once I felt the boat give a great throb. I turned; there was the stranger leaning half out of his seat, looking at Alf in a way I shouldn't have cared to have had him look at me.

"What's the meaning of this insolence?" he said.

The question was not unwarranted; it could not have been pleasant to have been stared at as Alf and Tom were staring then.

"I beg your pardon," said Alf, cool as a cucumber. "To what insolence do you refer?"

Tom actually chuckled; I couldn't have chuckled for a good deal; it seemed to me not only impudent, but risky; I couldn't forget Dr. Rawle's words about his homicidal tendencies. He turned red as a lobster; I never saw such an expression come over a man's face before—perfectly demoniacal. To my surprise he sat down and spoke as calmly and deliberately as possible.

"Thank you," he said; "I shall not forget this."

There was a sound about his "I shall not forget this" I did not relish. Alf said nothing. Tom and he set off rowing as coolly as though nothing had happened. I extemporized a seat in the bow, and tried to make things as comfortable as possible.

I noticed, although Alf and Tom were so cool they hardly took their eyes off him for more than a second at a time. His behavior before their furtive glances was peculiar; he saw he was being watched; he couldn't sit still; he looked first at one bank, then at the other; his eyes travelled everywhere, resting nowhere; his hands fidgeted and trembled; he seemed all of a quiver. I expected him to break into a paroxysm every second. If I hadn't called out he would have run us right into the shore; when I called he clutched the other string violently, jerking the boat almost round. I heartily wished him at Jericho before he had come near us.

No one spoke. We went slowly along, watching each other. At last he said something.

"I—I will get out," he said, in an odd, nervous way.

"With pleasure," said Alf; "in a minute."

"Why not now? Why not now, sir?" he said, seeming to shake from head to foot.

"Where are you going to get?—into the river?" I admired Alf's coolness; I envied him. I only hoped he wouldn't let it carry him to far.

The man glowered at him; for a moment he looked him full in the face. I never saw a look in a man's eyes like that in his. Alf returned him look for look. Slightly, almost imperceptibly, he quickened his stroke. A little lower down was a little hamlet with a well-known inn and a capital landing-stage. When we came alongside, the stranger said, "This will do; I'll get out here."

He turned the boat in shore. No sooner were we near enough than he rose in his seat and sprang on to the beach. There were several people about, watermen and others. Alf was after him in an instant; he rose almost simultaneously and leaped on shore; he touched him on the shoulder. "Now come," he said, "don't be foolish; we know all about it."

The other turned on him like a flash of lightning. "What do you mean?"

But Tom was too quick for him; he was on the other side, and took his arm. "Come," he said, "don't let's have a row."

The stranger raised himself to his full height and shook off Tom with ease. He then hit out right and left in splendid style. Tom and Alf went down like ninepins. But my blood was up. I scrambled on shore and ran into him, dodged his blows, and closed. I am pretty strong. He was old enough to be my father; but I found I had met my match, and more. I was like a baby in his arms; he lifted me clean off my feet and threw me straight into the river. It was a splendid exhibition of strength.

Tom and Alf, finding their feet, made for him together, and scrambling out as best I could, I followed suit. You never saw such a set-out. We clung to him like leeches. The language he used was awful, his strength magnificent; though we were three to one, he was a match for all of us. Of course the by-standers, seeing a row, came up; they interfered and pulled us off.

"Here's a pretty go!" said one. "What's all this?"

"Stop him! lay hold of him!" said Alf; "he's a lunatic."

"A what?" said the man.

"He's a lunatic, escaped from Dr. Rawle's asylum."

Instead of lending a hand, the man went off into a roar of laughter, and the others joined. The stranger looked literally frantic with rage. A gentleman stepped out from the crowd. "There's some mistake," he said; "this gentleman is Mr. Travers, of Tollhurst Hall."

You could have knocked us all three down with a feather, I do believe. Could it be possible? Could we have been such consummate idiots as to have mistaken a sane man for a lunatic? and that man Lilian Travers' father! I could have shrunk into my boots; I could have run away and hid myself in bed. To think that we should have dogged and watched and insulted and assaulted the man of all others in whose good books we wished to stand—Lilian Travers' father! Never did three men look such fools as we did then. We were so confoundedly in earnest about it; that was the worst of all. I don't care what you say; you may think it a first-rate joke; but he *must* have been an eccentric sort of elderly gentleman. If he had behaved sensibly, if he had made one sensible remark, he would have blown our delusions to the winds.

We tendered our apologies as best we could to the man we had so insulted; but he treated us and them with loftiest scorn; and we got one after another into the boat amidst the gibes and cheers of an unsympathetic crowd. And as we rowed from the wretched place as fast as our oars would take us, we each of us in our secret heart declared we should never forget our adventure up the river with a lunatic. And we haven't. From that day to this I have never seen Lilian Travers, nor do I wish to.

Ten Topers.

A curious and interesting article in the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease* gives an account of what is called "The Tea Drinkers' Disorder." This is described especially as a malady of dealers in tea, or, more strictly, of the "tasters," whose judgment on the quality of tea is supposed to guide the operations of wholesale buyers. It is said that these men have in their mouths in the course of a day, though they do not always swallow, an infusion of about half a pound of tea, using from fifteen to twenty grains of each kind sampled. As a disease incident to an occupation this is classed with the painters' colic, the poisonings of wall paper makers and other "occupation diseases." But the train of symptoms ascribed to the poisonous effects of tea—the enfeebled action of the various functions of the system, especially of the brain, are naturally involved in some degree in the case of those who use the infusion of this shrub as a beverage. Most men and women use tea in moderation. but great numbers use it immoderately; and in proportion as in their excess they approach the quantities consumed by the professional tasters they will of course suffer in a similar way, allowance being made for the fact that drinkers ordinarily confine themselves to one variety, while tasters must go through the whole arsenal. Loss of appetite, incapacity to digest wholesome food, sleeplessness, irritability and all the well known features of a broken-down nervous system are depicted as the general consequences of the prostration that follows regularly upon the stimulant effects of tea, and in this respect coffee is classed with it. People who are attentive to the various arguments presented by doctors and others as to the effects of their beverages will presently be troubled to know what they may take. There are before them all the fearful arguments of one side of the faculty against wine, beer or any distilled or fermented beverages; and here is an indictment against the paralyzing cup that cheers but not inebriates. Neither wine nor beer, nor coffee nor tea, and of course no whiskey then. Will you take milk? All the typhoid fever, half the diphtheria and two thirds of the consumption, say yet other doctors, come to us in that mild fluid. Will you take water? Dyspepsia, say all the doctors together, marks the water drinker for her own. What will you take?—*N. Y. Herald.*

It has been ascertained in Scotland that marriage is productive of longevity. Out of 100,000 married persons, 626 die in the course of each year; while out of a similar number of unmarried persons between the same ages no less than 1,231 die in each year. It is believed that this will hold good throughout the world. It is an awful warning to bachelors.

Dr. Moffat asserts that one result of the early closing of public houses in England is an increased consumption of opium and laudanum; while in Ireland there has been a great increase in the consumption of sulphuric ether since tap rooms were closed on Sundays.

A Japanese correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* ascribes the exquisite effects produced by the Japanese in the matter of garden illumination to the display of lights in groups among the branches of trees, instead of in rows, as is usual with us.

Advice to bachelors: Never marry a woman unless she is so rich that you would marry her if she were ugly, and so handsome that you would marry her if she were poor.

"THE WORST MAN IN AMERICA."

A TORONTO PRINTER'S RECORD.

The Printers' Union in this city has recently been victimized to the extent of $100. Last January, at the annual election of officers, a member named John Crozier, a compositor in the printing establishment of Messrs. Rowsell & Hutchinson, was appointed to the position of Financial Secretary. Being a man who had always borne a good character, his election to the position was regarded with favor by the other members. At the last audit of the accounts it was discovered that Crozier had not acted honestly towards the Union, and he was at once accused of having misappropriated the society's funds. He admitted his guilt, but so played upon the sympathy of the members of the Union that they decided not to prosecute, on his promising to return the money that he had taken. A number of those interested in the welfare of the Union set about making enquiries as to Crozier's character. They found that he had a mother, a wife and four children living in Berkeley street, and that he was a prominent member of a Presbyterian church in the east end, being also the Superintendent of its Sunday School. So far, so good. Further search revealed the fact that he was not as religious as he would have his fellow-workmen believe. In church and at work he was known as John Crozier, but outside he was known to some as Mr. Anderson. About six months ago he met in with a young woman named Godell, *alias* Eda Mayfield, to whom he appears to have taken a great fancy. Under the name of Anderson he rented a house in Victoria street, and installed her as mistress, under the name of Mrs. Anderson. The person who let the house was led to believe that they were man and wife. To keep up his home in Berkeley street and the place in Victoria street required more money than he was earning, so he resorted to fraud to obtain a sufficient sum. His mother, who is an invalid, had $450 deposited in one of the banks. He persuaded her to give him power over this money, and he drew and drew upon it, deceiving his mother by false entries in a book. Then his position as Treasurer of the Union gave him control over considerable money, and the mother's supply running out, he helped himself to $115. After this criminal act had been discovered he called on a Mr. McNabb, at Messrs. Rice, Lewis & Son's store, and representing to him that he had lost the Union's money and was in a sore straight, prevailed upon that gentleman to endorse a note for $50. Out of this sum he refunded $15 to the Union, and then borrowed $20 from a fellow-employee in Rowsell & Hutchinson's. When asked why he visited the woman on Victoria street, he said that she was a member of his church, and that he visited her at the request of his minister because she was sick. His actions becoming known to the congregation of which he was a member, an investigation was set on foot, and he was notified to be present at the meeting of the Committee on Saturday night last; but he failed to put in an appearance. Then it was discovered that he had fled from the city. He left his mother, wife and children penniless, cheated R. H. Hunter, tailor, of a $22 suit of clothes; left an unsettled account of $22 for presentation books at Rowsell's, and is strongly suspected of having robbed a fellow-workman of $35. Where he is gone to is not at present known. The woman, who goes by the name of Mrs. Anderson, is still in the city and declares that she knows nothing of his whereabouts. Crozier belongs to Brampton, and came to this city about ten years ago. He is about thirty five years of age, red-whiskered, and stands about five feet seven or eight inches. Printers throughout the country are warned against him.—*Mail.*

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise visited the East London Hospital for children on the 7th inst. Though the intention of Her Royal Highness to inspect the hospital had not been made widely known, a crowd of persons had assembled to greet her when the royal carriage drove up to the building. The Princess, who was accompanied by Dr. Andrew Clark, one of the consulting physicians to the hospital, was received by the Committee of Management. Her Royal Highness, having accepted a beautiful bouquet from the hands of Mrs. Reeves, whose husband, Mr. H. A. Reeves, is one of the surgeons connected with the institution, proceeded to inspect the Princess Mary ward and the Enfield ward. In her tour of the rooms Her Royal Highness stopped at the bedside of nearly every child, and in many cases accompanied her words of kindly encouragement with the gift of a flower. The Rev. A. R. Carter was deputed by the Princess to make a similar gift to the mother of an infant for whom there is small chance of recovery. Having completed her inspection of the wards, Her Royal Highness was conducted to the Board-room, where she signed her name in the visitors' book, and was afterwards shown the nurse's dining-room, the out-patients' room, the dispensary and other apartments. Before leaving the hospital, Her Royal Highness kindly consented to have her name inscribed as its patroness and expressed, through Dr. Andrew Clark to the Board of Management, the satisfaction which she had derived from the visit As the Royal carriage drove off, three ringing cheers were given for the Princess.

ORIENTAL CITY GATES.—In 1834 Dr. Thomson resided for several months in Jaffa, and, to pass away the time, frequently came out in the afternoon "to the gate through the city, and prepared his seat in the street." There the governor, the cadi and the elders of the people assembled daily, "in a void place," and held an extemporaneous divan, at which affairs of every kind were discussed and settled with the least possible ceremony. But recently from America, Dr. Thomson was greatly amused with this novel open air court, conducted amidst the din, confusion and uproar of a thronged gateway—men, women and children jostling each other, horses prancing, camels growling, donkeys braying, as they passed in and out of the gate; but nothing could interrupt the proceedings, or disturb the judicial gravity of the court. The scene, with all its surroundings, was wholly Oriental, and withal had about it an air of remote Scriptural antiquity which rendered it doubly interesting.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The industrial wave seems to have struck bonnie Scotland in earnest. Looms that have been idle for three years are busy as looms can be, and spinning mills that have been running on half time for two years are crowded with work and all hands are at it at full time. There is not an idle loom in all Scotland now.

The will of Dr. James Carlyle, brother of Mr. Thomas Carlyle, and who has a sister residing in this city, who died recently at The Hill, Dumfries, has been recorded in the Commissary Court books of Dumfries. The personal property is stated to amount to £25,033 15s. 11d.

Speak Kindly Always.

By the banks of the river I wandered alone,
And into the pure depths I dropped a small stone;
It sank from my sight ere I went on my way
As the eddying circles were fading away.

I passed by that spot in a day or two more,
And the waters flowed on as I saw them before
But no ripple came over the surface so clear,
To tell that the pebble was still lying there.

So the harsh word from lips, p'rhaps unheeding will fall
And sink to some gay heart, tho' tender withal,
And the pain of that heart seems to pass in a sigh—
Yet the pang will remain, tho' unseen it may lie:

Oh! pluck not one petal from out a gay flow'r,
To leave it to wither and die in an hour;
Destroy not the bloom you never can restore,
But cherish it fondly, by day more and more.

Rather speak the kind word to the nigh broken hearted,
Shed light on the soul from which joy has departed;
Let the balm of sweet speech on the stricken heart fall,
Speak kindly to each one, or speak not at all.

Latest Freaks of Fashion.

Cheese-cloth window curtains are the rage.

New sashes have plain ends. The embroidered, fringed or lace ornamented ends are out of fashion.

Handsome evening dresses are trimmed with the new white lace that has the design embroidered with gold threads.

Broad rolling collars, with extra wide lapels, like outspread wings, are often seen upon the corsage of some of the late costumes

The long fur-lined circular has made its appearance again, and there need be no fear as to the waning popularity of the garment

The features of the new French reception dresses are the close-pointed basque, panier, petticoat front and long flowing court train.

Velvet polonaises are promised in abundance, and are to be trimmed very elaborately. The polonaise seems to be as fashionable as ever.

The latest fashion in ear tabs is to have black velvet caps for the ear, with the monogram of the wearer embroidered in grey colored silk on the sides.

The favorite stone of the season is the ruby, of which the best jewellers can hardly find enough to satisfy the demand; and the garnet is also in high favor.

In ball costumes the low corsage is to be retained, and as much display of neck and arms as is consistent with decency is to be made by our refined young ladies.

Woollen corduroy is a favorite material for cloaks for young girls; it is light, soft and warm, and comes in the pretty ecru and gray tints that are so fashionable this winter.

The favorite material for bonnets and hats is the epingeline velvet, which is an old friend under a new name, being the old-fashioned uncut velvet worn by our grandmothers.

Embroidered waists are very stylish and very popular. Some call them waistcoats, but the difference is pronounced. The embroidery takes very offensive and showy designs.

Sealskin sacques are a little shorter this season than they were last winter, probably because the long sacque does not look well with the short walking skirt now universally worn.

In laces there is a great variety, not only in designs but in prices. What is called "Belgium net" is new and novel, and will probably become as fashionable as shop-keepers desire.

It is said that certain ladies abroad are introducing bright red slippers and laced shoes for housewear. These have high French heels and are ornamented with bows and buckles.

Some of the richest Parisian costumes for the winter are made of satin de Lyon, which is silk with a satin finish surface so closely woven that the reps cannot be seen on the lustrous side.

Garnet is becoming more and more in favor and jewellers say that the stones, so long neglected, are advancing in price. An entire set of garnet with a black dress is effective and stylish.

The new bonnets have as many different materials as the new costumes. Three and sometimes four materials are combined in one bonnet, not counting the feathers or flowers used for garniture.

The chief objection to the jet trimmings is their weight, and this is now being lessened by making the jet hollow and very thin. But while this takes away from the weight it adds considerably to the price.

Vennor's Latest Prophecy.

As briefly telegraphed by our Montreal correspondent yesterday, Mr. Vennor predicts a cold snap at present, and says that between this and the end of the year the thermometer will give us a series of extremely low readings. He does not anticipate very heavy snow falls, but rather, what he designates, dry and extremely cold weather. The neighborhood of the new year, Mr. Vennor thinks, will be again open and mild, with copious rains and a general break up in some localities. February he forecasts as dry and intensely cold; in fact, one of the coldest Februarys on record in a number of years. The spring of 1880 is to be early, dry and warm; and is to preface an exceedingly hot and extremely dry summer.

JOHN BRIGHT'S OPINION OF THE CLASSICS.—"I regard what I call classics—that is, the ancient languages of Greece and Rome—as luxuries rather than anything else. It is a great luxury to know anything that is good and innocent. It is a great luxury to know a great deal of the past, not that it makes you more powerful to do much, but it is a great pleasure to the person who knows; but I do not believe myself that there is anything in the way of wisdom which is to be attained in any of the books of the old languages which at this moment may not be equally attained in the books of our own literature."

Mr. Sol Smith Russell has severed his connection with the Berger Family, and during the remainder of the season will be associated with Mr. William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic") in a novel entertainment, in which Mr. Adams will read some of his short original stories of domestic life, and Mr. Russell will give his delineations of eccentric character.

The Marquis of Lorne has had the honor of having the newest revolver invented by the New York manufacturer, Hutchison, named after him. "The Marquis of Lorne Revolver" has been largely patronized by the Russian Government. It is a five-shot 32-calibre pistol.

The schooner Lady Dufferin, carrying corn from Chicago to Collingwood, pays her crew $3.50 a day. If the weather be favorable she will take a cargo of salt from Kincardine back to Chicago at $1.25 a ton.

The Princess Louise has been on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JAMES S. SPRAGUE, M.D.,
LICENTIATE AND MEMBER
College of Physicians and Surgeons.

GEO. E. BULL,
CLERK 5TH DIVISION COURT,
Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Land Agent, Commissioner in B.R. Money to loan. Stirling, Ont.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary Public, etc., Stirling. Money to lend.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER. — HAIRDRESSING, Shaving, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Mill street, third door from North.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
FRONT STREET, STIRLING—A. McWILLIAMS, proprietor. First-class house, and charges moderate.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the VILLAGE COUNCIL meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock p.m.
F. P. PARKER, Clerk.

APPRENTICES WANTED AT
Miss A Child's, in the dressmaking department. Apply to MISS DAFOE

CASH FOR WHEAT!
The undersigned will pay the highest market price for Good, Clean, Plump Wheat, delivered at the TRENT RIVER MILLS.
D. MORGAN.

GOODMURPHY'S
Stirling Livery!
Opposite Scott's hotel. First-class Rigs. Commercial men served at shortest notice. If advised by telegraph will meet parties stopping off at junction of G.N. and N.B. railways.
J. H. WILLIAMSON, Lessee.

W. W. SMITH,
Watchmaker and Jeweller,
keeps constantly on hand and for sale
Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Spectacles, Etc.
All repairing in the above lines done in the best manner and on short notice.

ROBT B. JONES,
Horse-shoer & Jobbing Blacksmith.
First-class work done in horse-shoeing. Particular attention paid to interfering horses, and those lamed by bad shoeing. Interfering or contracted feet cured after one or two shoeings. Jobwork of every description done on the shortest notice and in the neatest style.
Front street, Stirling, opposite Dr. Parker's.

CALL FOR THE GREAT
Sierra Nevada Smoking!
At James McKee's grocery store, one of the most delicious aromas ever smoked. Cures Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Bronchial Complaints. Singers and Speakers use it successfully.
M. L. SMITH, Arkona, Ont.

CHEAP PUMPS.

The undersigned is prepared to furnish the cheapest and best Pumps in the market, all styles,
With or Without Iron Lining.
Prompt attention given to all
REPAIRING!
A call solicited.
Factory—Opposite Flint & Jellett's block Stirling, Ont.
AUSTIN SAYLOR.

G. H. BOULTER,
M.D., Physician, Surgeon, and Obstetrician,
Dealer in
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, putty, Brushes, Perfumery, Thermometers, Genuine Dye Stuffs, Best White Coal Oil and Druggist's Sundries.

IRON-BOUND
and all other
SCHOOL-BOOKS AND STATIONERY,
all of which will be sold at lowest cash prices. Parties indebted are requested to call and settle without delay.
North street, Stirling.

$20000
TO
LOAN
On Mortgage Security.
Apply to
GEO. A. SKINNER,
Solicitor, etc., Stirling.

IRA WILLIAMS
Has opened a Large Stock of
LADIES' MANTLES
In the latest styles, from $2.50 upwards. Also, Gents', Youths' and Boys'
Overcoats and Ulsters!
From $5 upwards.
Together with all articles and notions usually kept in a general store.
MILLINERY,
Comprising New Styles, New Colors, Novelties of the Season.
Any article in stock sold cheap for cash. Orders executed promptly.
BRITISH WAREHOUSE
STIRLING.

OUR OFFER

THE NEWS-ARGUS will be given from now until Jan. 1, 1881, for the price of one year's subscription. So the sooner you subscribe the more papers you get for nothing.

PROSPECTUS
—OF—
The Stirling NEWS-ARGUS.

The subscriber feels the utmost confidence in undertaking the task of publishing a newspaper in the village of Stirling, having had upwards of thirteen years experience of newspaper life in one capacity or another, and having been for some time back at the head of one of the best local newspapers in the province; having thorough control over both the editorial and mechanical branches of the calling, intending patrons may look for a sheet that will be at once a credit to the place and a welcome visitor to their firesides.

The village of Stirling is an important factor in one of the finest agricultural sections of the Dominion, and while THE NEWS-ARGUS will issue from there, it will at the same time record the local proceedings of all parts of the county of Hastings, and will give the items of interest as they occur throughout the two ridings. To this end a corps of regular correspondents will be established at the different points at as early a date as possible, who will forward the news of their several particular localities just previous to going to press each week; besides which a more general summary of the news of the district will be carefully compiled from the columns of local exchanges.

The paper will be open to correspondence on all legitimate subjects, which must be discussed in a proper spirit, no personalities employed, and the real name of the author of any letter must be made known to the editor as a guarantee of good faith, and as a measure of protection. This rule is imperative in all cases.

The minutes of the municipal councils will be published, as also reports of all meetings, etc., of any local interest; a carefully selected miscellany will be given, and editorial matter on current events; but politics will be carefully eschewed.

A report of the markets most interesting to the farmer will be given, properly corrected each week, which may be relied on for all practical purposes.

The paper being only weekly, and strictly local in its nature, special attention will be given to home news; and while a synopsis of Canadian and foreign news will be given, it will not assume to be—what no country weekly can possibly be—a *newspaper* in the widest and provincial sense of the term. Believing that a local paper should make a specialty of local affairs, we will leave the city dailies their own functions to perform in giving in minute detail the passing events of the great world at large.

Owing to the central nature of the place of publication, there being no other paper published within a radius of sixteen miles, and the consequent large subscription list that may be expected, THE NEWS-ARGUS will be a valuable medium through which advertisers, both home and foreign, may reach their customers, or find new ones among the intelligent and well-to-do farming population of the central and northern parts of the county of Hastings.

The advertising rates are as follows: For yearly contracts of one-fourth column, or any less space down to two inches, 9 cents per inch each insertion; one-half column, or any less space down to one-fourth column, 8 cents per inch each insertion; whole column, or any less space down to one-half column, 7 cents per inch each insertion (a column measures 22 inches); two inches, $10 per year; one inch, $6 per year; business cards, limited to six lines of nonpareil, or one-half inch, $4 per year. An increase of one cent per inch each insertion will be charged on advertisements inserted for six months, and a further increase of one cent per inch on those inserted for only three months. The foregoing applies only to contract or standing business advertisements.

Transient advertisements of all kinds will be charged the usual rate of eight cents per line for the first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Births, marriages and deaths will be inserted without charge.

The subscription price of THE NEWS-ARGUS has been placed at the lowest remunerative figure of $1.50 per annum, postage prepaid in all cases by the publisher; those paying in advance, however, will receive the paper at the reduced sum of $1.25 per annum

The office is fitted up for the execution of all manner of Job Printing, which will be made a specialty. Poster, card, circular, commercial and book work executed in the neatest styles and on the shortest notice. Orders by mail in this, as well as in all advertisement and subscription departments, will be promptly attended to.

It is with no hesitation that we launch our bark on the troubled sea of journalism. The field has been well viewed, the probabilities carefully weighed, and the wants of the community considered from every standpoint; we know from experience our ability to produce a paper pleasing to the popular taste, and at the same time free from any taint of immoral or vicious tendencies; and it is our fixed determination to deserve success by standing firm at the helm, leaving the verdict in the hands of those on whom we depend for that support without which no venture can succeed.

The paper will be issued every Friday morning. The office of publication is on North street, Stirling, first door north of Dr. Parker's drug store.

JOHN H. THOMPSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

The Stirling News-Argus

IS PUBLISHED

Every Friday Morning

At the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Dr. Parker's drug store, by

JOHN H. THOMPSON.

Subscription Price, $1.50 per year.

Those paying in advance will receive the paper at the reduced rate of $1.25 per year.

New Advertisements This Week.

Photographs—Arnold Wellman.
Removal—Chas. Craige & Bros.
Millinery, etc.—R. P. Fidlar.
Eye and Ear Infirmities—Dr. Stewart.

The News-Argus.

STIRLING, FRIDAY, DEC'R 5, 1879.

Cheese Factory Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Plum Grove cheese factory came off on Friday last, for the purpose of paying the dividend and electing the officers for theensuing year, the dividend being $16 to the standard.

The president, after calling the meeting to order, proceeded to fill out cheques for the amount coming to each stockholder, after which he addressed the meeting. He said it gave him pleasure, when looking over the past year, to think of the many pleasant hours they had spent together in managing the business of the factory. There had been no strife or contention among them, everything going off a splesantly as a marriage-bell. Being young in the business of president, he feared that he had not made as good sales as the older presidents; but from what information he had received they could compete with most other factories. He then reviewed the business of the factory for the past year, and pointed out where he thought there might be improvements made in making up the milk-book. After thanking them for the courtesy they had shown him during the past year, he hoped they would extend the same courtesy to his successor in office, and said that the next business before the meeting would be to adopt the report and elect their officers.

It was then moved by Mr. Duncan, seconded by Mr. Hogle, that the report be adopted, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. Hogle said he thought, if they could agree, that they could dispense with the ballot by electing their officers by acclamation. He had learned since coming there that two of the old directors wished to retire, being Mr. Maybee, jr., and Mr. David Austin. He would move, seconded by Wm. Totton, That the old directors be elected by acclamation with the exception of Emanuel Maybee, jr., and David Austin, and that John Maybee and Wm. Hurst be elected in their places.

The president put the motion, and it was carried unanimously.

The stockholders went home well pleased, not only with the proceedings of the meeting, but with what they had in their pockets, feeling that they had the right men in the right place. They felt that great cerdit is due to Mr. Walker president, and James Witton, cheese maker — Mr. Walker for the good order that his books were kept in, and for presenting each stockholder with his account, showing debit and credit, which he could look over at leisure—and Mr. Witton for the manufacturing of a first-class number one cheese, and for the quiet and orderly way that he managed the factory.

Village Council.

The village council met for regular meeting on Monday evening last.

Present—All the members and the clerk.

After disposition of minutes,

The following communications were read: From the county clerk, stating that the village assessment rolls for 1876 and 1878 were not on fyle with him, and requesting to be supplied therewith, as he wished to have all the rolls bound; from John Wilson, R. Pennock and other victims of the late fires, asking a remission of taxes on account of their losses; from C. L. Coleman, clerk of the peace for the county, in reference to the jurors to be supplied by the municipality for the ensuing year; from the same, stating that the Dominion and Ontario statutes for the municipalities were at his office for distribution; from D. B. Robinson, in reference to the supply of debentures; from Mr. A. Glass, asking for instructions in the case of John Cotter's (deceased) taxes, the property now being owned by Mr. Gilbert.

Mr. C. F. Stickle made personal application, on behalf of Mrs. Potter, to have her taxes remitted, amounting to $6.75, owing to the amount of sickness in the family, and claimed that the place had been assessed too high.

The following accounts were presented: W. A. Curtiss, sawing wood for John Cotter during his illness, $1.50; T. S. Carman, printing and advertising, $13.14; Jas. McKee, provisions supplied to Mrs. Cotter, $1.40; P. Martin, coffin for Mrs. Lagrow's child, $1.50; Parker & Hewat, sundries (nails, etc.), $10.80; from the chairman of the street committee, balance on streets and sidewalks to date, $36.66.

The reeve gave the details of the expenditure of the $5 voted for Mrs. Lagrow. He also stated that the $200 granted the village by the county council had been deposited in the Merchants' bank to the credit of the village treasurer.

On motion of Mr. Smith, seconded by Mr. Bradley, the accounts were ordered to be paid.

On the question of the remission of taxes,

Mr. Smith said those burned out had the lots remaining, which were taxable, and all they could claim was on their actual loss from the date of the fire to the end of the year.

Mr. Bradley thought they had no right to remit any of the taxes. The losers were generally insured, and had no claim on the village.

Mr. Martin thought that those who were rebuilding so promptly, especially Craige Bros., whose new block would be a great addition to the village, should be encouraged in their enterprise.

The clerk figured up the matter, and announced that a remission on the actual losses for the balance of the year would amount to a total of $20.70, or 15 per cent. on the taxes due.

The reeve said the losers would laugh at $20 divided among all. He would give them a reduction of 25 per cent.

Mr. Smith moved that a reduction of 20 per cent. on the proportion of the property destroyed be made, which was seconded by Mr. Conley.

Mr. Martin moved in amendment to make it 25 per cent., but the motion fell through for want of a seconder.

The original motion was then carried, Mr Bradley dissenting.

Mr. Bradley moved that Mrs. Potter's taxes be reduced by $2.50.

Mr. Stickle claimed that she was in a more unfortunate position than the others, having been burned out, and both she and her daughter being sick.

Mr. Conley would make it $2.75, to leave an even $4.

Mr. Smith moved, seconded by Mr. Martin, That $4 be taken off Mrs. Potter's taxes. Carried.

Mr. Bradley then applied to have the taxes of Mr. Lagrow, deceased, remitted. Lagrow occupied his (Bradley's) house, and had he lived would have paid them. He (Bradley) was now beholden for the taxes, the assessment having been changed to his name at the court of revision. He had as good a claim as the others.

After considerable playful discussion, the matter dropped, it being made to appear that Lagrow's taxes could not be remitted, as his name did not appear on the roll, and Mr. Bradley did not ask to have any of his own remitted.

Mr. Martin thought John Cotter's taxes should be remitted. Mr. Gilbert was responsible for them, and had allowed Cotter to remain in the house for a long time after it came into his (Gilbert's) possession. Under all the circumstances, he would relieve Mr. G. of the taxes.

Mr. Bradley understood that Mr. Gilbert had lost a tenant for his house, which would not have occurred had he not left Cotter in it so long. The house was going to be an ornament to the place, and he would favor remission.

Messrs. Martin and Bradley then made a motion to that effect, which was carried.

Council adjourned.

School Board Meeting.

The regular meeting of the Stirling school board was held on Tuesday evening last.

Present—A. Chard (chairman), Dr. Boulter, Dr. Parker, Dr. Faulkner, Jas. Milne, Jas. Boldrick, Ira Williams, Urial Wright, and the secretary.

After reading and confirmation of minutes,

The secretary read applications from nine candidates for the position of teacher of the second department of the public school, in answer to advertisement in the *Globe* ordered at last meeting.

Dr. Faulkner asked Mr. Sutherland, who was present, to explain the system of marking "aptitude to teach" in model schools, which he did.

Moved by Mr. Boldrick, seconded by Dr Boulter, That the application of Arther W. Beall, of Columbus, be accepted.

The secretary stated that he had received an application from Miss Hor kins, but that it had been withdrawn.

Motion carried.

The secretary informed the board that before they met again the school census would have to be taken.

Moved by Urial Wright, seconded by Dr. Parker, That Mr. Finch be appointed to take the school census, to receive $12 therefor. Carried.

An account for $1, for repairing windows at the school-house, was referred to the proper quarter.

Mr. Sutherland asked for instructions as to collecting the usual fee of 50c. per month from non-resident pupils.

The board decided in the affirmative, as the school law directed.

Mr. Sutherland drew attention to the fact that scraps of paper, etc., got through into the flues, endangering the building.

It was decided to have the flues and pipes cleaned out by a competent person.

Mr. Williams inquired when an audit was made. The books had not been inspected since coming into his hands.

The secretary said the auditors' report was submitted at the annual meeting in February.

Mr. Boldrick said they were audited with the village accounts.

Mr. Williams was under the impression no legal audit had been made last year.

The secretary stated that Wm. Martin, Dr. Faulkner, Jas. Milne and Jas. Boldrick were the retiring trustees.

IMPORTANT TO THE SICK.—DOCTOR McCULLOCH, the celebrated EUROPEAN and AMERICAN PHYSICIAN, so famed for his unrivalled SUCCESS in the treatment of all CHRONIC and lingering diseases, will professionally visit Stirling, and may be consulted at the Stirling house, from Dec. 9 to Dec. 15. Therefore all so afflicted would do well to consult him at once. For further particulars see advertisement in another column.

BIRTHS.

In Rawdon, 2nd inst., the wife of Spencer White, of a daughter.

In Rawdon, 2nd inst., the wife of Thomas McMullen, of a son.

In Rawdon, 3rd inst., the wife of Wm. Gibson, of a son.

In Rawdon, 2nd inst., the wife of John McCaw, jr., of a son.

At Hastings, 28th ult., the wife of J. A. Kemp, of a daughter.

At Hastings, 28th ult., the wife of Thos. Gilchrist, of a son.

At Hastings, 24th ult., the wife of Archie Fraser, of a daughter.

At Westwood, 19th ult., the wife of John Powell, of a son.

At Hastings, 23rd ult., the wife of Jas. Stinson, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At the residence of the bride's father, 27th ult., by Rev. J. T. Dowling, Mr. John Miklejohn, of Rawdon, to Miss Janet Hay, of Seymour.

At Belleville, 24th ult., Wm. Patterson, merchant, and Miss Charlotte Bellair.

At Madoc, 12th ult., John McKeown, of St. Catharines, and Miss Elizabeth Davis.

At Campbellford, 12th ult., J. D. Amey, of Campbellford, and Miss M. A. Bennett, of Seymour.

In Sidney, 26th ult., Geo. S. Young, of Brockville, and Miss Clarissa White, of Sidney.

At Madoc, 24th ult., Andrew McCormick, of Tweed, and Miss Mary Mulrooney, of Stoco.

DEATHS.

In Seymour, 24th ult., David Meiklejohn, aged 54 years.

At Belleville, 25th ult., Henrica, wife of S. S. Wallbridge.

At Belleville, 26th ult., Helena Margaret, daughter of J. B. Weller, aged 6 years, 4 months and 3 days.

At Trenton, 17th ult., Freddie, son of Mrs. Fullalove, aged 1 year and 8 months.

In Murray, 19th ult., Robert Young, aged 80 years.

At Belleville, 26th ult., Colin A., son of F. S. Campbell, aged 2 years and 2 months.

At Norwood, 25th ult., the infant daughter of A. R. Anderson, aged 12 days.

At Norwood, 29th inst., John Elliott, aged 74 years.

At Trenton, 25th ult., Maj. Wm. Dempsy, aged 81 years.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IF YOU WANT A
Good Photograph
CABINET OR ENLARGEMENT,
OR TINTYPE
Call at the
STIRLING PHOTO. GALLERY.
Photographs, $1.50 per dozen.
Cabinets, $3 per dozen.
Enlargements, $1.
Two Tintypes for 40c.
FRAMES of all kinds kept on hand cheap.
ARNOLD WELLMAN.

Who keeps the most fashionable
MILLINERY
in town?
R. P. FIDLAR.

Who sells the most fashionable and
Cheapest Mantles
in Stirling?
R. P. FIDLAR.

Who sells yard-wide
WINCEY
worth 20c. for 12½c. per yard?
R. P. FIDLAR.

P.S.—Clouds and Mufflers at Cost.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!

CHAS. CRAIGE & BROS.,

Having REMOVED TO THEIR NEW STORE, are now engaged opening up one of the Finest Stocks of Goods ever shown in Stirling. The stock of

DRY GOODS

Is very complete. Blankets, Flannels, Cottons, Dress Goods, and all the Latest Novelties in Clouds, Scarfs, Fancy Goods, etc. The

TAILORING DEPARTMENT

In charge of Mr. FRED. WARD, will be found complete. All the newest patterns in Canadian, Scotch and English Tweeds, Worsted Coatings, Ulster and Beaver Overcoatings. A perfect fit guaranteed.

BOOTS & SHOES

In all styles. Ladies' and Gents' Overshoes and Rubbers. A full stock of

FRESH GROCERIES.

The stock of Shelf and Heavy

Hardware, Bar Iron, etc.,

Will be found very large and well assorted.

The whole stock being new, and having been bought before the recent heavy advance in prices, and on the most favorable terms, intending purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine the goods and prices.

Stirling, Dec. 5, 1879. CHAS. CRAIGE & BROS.

☞ We will be happy to receive at all times, by mail or otherwise, intelligence of incidents of local interest from every part of the county—births, marriages, deaths, accidents, fires, runaways, reports of meetings, etc.—for publication in these columns.

HOME MATTERS.

A Street Incident.—A baulky horse before a load of grain was one of the sights on Front street on Wednesday morning.

High Time.—A measure is on foot looking towards the enclosing of the Baptist church by a fence, and the erection of suitable sheds.

Sidewalk.—The sidewalk has been relaid in front of Craige's new block, which helps the walking and economizes the profanity of pedestrians.

How to Keep Warm.—Messrs H. & J. Warren have been busy for the last week or so putting a hot air furnace into the dwelling of Mr. A. Lucas, of Sidney.

All Right Again.—Mr. Nelson McWilliams, of Marmora, driver of the Stirling stage, who broke his leg a few weeks ago, is all right and around again.

Breakdown.—On Wednesday, while Rev. Mr. Savage was driving, in company with Rev. Mr. Will, of Frankford, to an appointment, he had the misfortune to break down his cutter.

St. John's Day.—The Masonic celebration has been finally arranged, to take place on the 26th inst., as the 27th is Saturday. The new choral club will then make its first public appearance.

The March Onward.—Mr. John Conley has put up a new barn in the rear of his lot on Emma street.—Mr. Pennock is placing a frame on the foundation left by the recent fire, intending to transform it into a dwelling.

The Forger Howard.—This person has been before the Brockville police magistrate for being drunk and attempting forgery, and hoodwinked the court in the same way he did the jury at Belleville by his useful eloquence.

Madoc.—The Madoc house (Simmons, proprietor) has bean enlarged of late to accommodate the large influx of travellers. Our reporter says the hotel was overcrowded during his stay; the new mining enterprises, in fact, are thronging the hotels generally.

Ridge-road School-house.—An entertainment of a musical and literary character will be held at the above place this (Friday) evening, the proceeds to purchase prizes for the pupils at the coming examination. The object deserves a full house. See posters.

Journalistic Enterprise.—Subscribers of the daily *Intelligencer* living along the Grand Junction and North Hastings railways now receive that journal on the day of publication by train, a privilege duly appreciated by them, as they get it even in advance of many Belleville patrons. We understand the *Ontario* is about to conclude a similar arrangement.

Marl.—The *Intelligencer* says: A gentleman who has lately purchased some land which holds a deposit of marl has arranged to ship fifteen cars, forming a vessel-load, of that material. The deposit, which is of the finest quality, is situated in the township of Huntingdon. Should the price realized prove satisfactory a large trade in this material will no doubt be opened up, as there are numerous marl-beds in the county near the line of the railway.

A Big Corpse.—The *Ontario* says: "On Sunday (6th) a Mrs. Evans was buried in the township of Murray, whose weight some time before her death was 472 pounds. Her coffin was 3 ft. high and 3 ft. 7 in. across, and a hole had to be cut between the front door and window to get it out. Death was caused by fat around the heart. The deceased lady was only 34 years of age, and the large concourse which assembled at her funeral showed the respect in which she was held. She leaves a son who is not yet six years old, and who turns the scales at 175 lbs. Last year the parents were offered $2,000 by a travelling showman for the privilege of putting this boy on exhibition."

A Medical Farce.—In a recent issue the Belleville *Free Press* gave a somewhat lengthy "puff" to one Dr. Allen, who, it stated, had removed an internal tumor weighing fifty-one pounds from a Mrs. Rowe, of Sidney, after having reduced the weight ten pounds by medical treatment. The next issue of that paper takes it all back, in the paragraph using the following language: "It has since leaked out that the story is one part truth and nine parts falsehood. If we have failed in being the first to chronicle a great surgical operation, we have the mournful consolation of having published the champion lie of the season. But it was not our lie. It was our guileless innocence which led us into its publication. 'We told the tale as it was told to us.' We had the very best authority for it—or what should have been the very best authority—that of Dr. Allen himself. * * * The truth of the matter is that Dr. Allen performed merely an ordinary operation for dropsy—tapping the lady and drawing off fifty-one pounds of water." Hard on the doctor!

Chard's Sale.—The sale of Mr. A. Chard's property on Thursday (yesterday) was well attended, articles selling at fair prices.

Removal.—Messrs. Chas. Craige & Bros moved into their new store on Wednesday last, which fact they duly announce elsewhere.

Accepted.—Mr. Finch has received a telegram from Mr. Beall, signifying his acceptance of the position of teacher of the second department of the public school, tendered him by the board at their late meeting. The salary is $300.

Sabbath Desecration.—Attendants at the Presbyterian church complain that boys are in the habit of skating on the pond in broad daylight on Sunday. Are there no constables in the village to put a stop to such disregard of the Sabbath?

Eye and Ear Infirmities.—Those afflicted as above should watch for the arrival in Stirling in a short time of Dr. J. D. Stewart, justly celebrated for his success in cases of defective vision of any kind, hardness of hearing, etc. He will be found at the Stirling house.

Albert College.—The Rev. Amos Campbell, presiding elder of the district, has recently been canvassing this section in behalf of the endowment fund ($100,000) of the above institution, situated at Belleville, the educational institution of the Methodist Episcopal church.

To Cheese-Factories.—In another column will be found a report of the annual meeting of the Plum Grove cheese-factory, kindly forwarded to us by a wide-awake member. If similar reports of other factories could be obtained, we would be only too happy to publish them.

Change of Time.—By an order from the post-office department, the stage from Marmora to Stirling is now compelled to be in Stirling by half-past eight, instead of half-past ten, as formerly. This would seem as though the mails were to be placed on the Grand Junction, as no reason can be seen for the order only to meet the train going south from Stirling.

Asbestos.—We have been shown samples of this mineral, which has been discovered in unlimited quantities in the vicinity of Marmora. It is used for the manufacture of felt, etc., and is said to be worth $85 per ton in New York. If such is the case, a source of wealth hitherto unknown lies in that region, which promises to be even more valuable than any of the gold or iron mines now in operation, as there is no further preparatory process after the stuff is taken from the earth.

"Black List."—A Belleville paper has adopted the plan of publishing the names of delinquent subscribers, and in the first attempt puts a probable rod in pickle for itself, a respectable citizen of Stirling being "shown up" as a dead-beat owing five years' subscription, while he holds receipts from the publisher for the money paid for nearly the whole of that time. For the protection of society, if for no other reason, the wronged individual should make the rash editor smart, as it is a clear case of libel. This reckless blasting of the reputations of honest men should be fairly nipped in the bud. The law gives ample redress in such cases.

Personal.—Mr. Jas. Haydon, of Camden East, is at present in Stirling, visiting his sister-in-law, Mrs. Ira Williams.——Public school inspector Mackintosh was in the village on a professional visit yesterday (Thursday).——Wm. McKee, general agent for Harris, Son & Co., Brantford, agricultural implement makers, and well known here, stopped over for a few days last week while on a trip west.——Mr. Robert Haughton, rumor says, is engaging some seventy-five men to go to the lumbering districts of Michigan.——Mr. Richard Lake, formerly of Stirling, has sold his interest in the Cosmopolitan hotel, Picton, to Thomas Wilson, late of the Victoria.——Mr. Wm. Shaw, formerly of Huntingdon, now of Prince Edward, was over this week; he reports good sleighing there.——Miss Helena Stickle, daughter of Mr. Andrew Stickle, who has been absent in the States for some two years, returned home yesterday (Thursday).

New Musical Society.—On Monday evening last a meeting of a number of the musical stars of the village was held at the residence of Mr. W. Craske for the organization of a musical society of some kind, for the better occupation of the long winter evenings now on hand. There were present Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Clute, Misses Savage, Boulter, Finch, Craske and White, and Messrs. R. Finch, E. D. Sutherland, E. McTaggart and J. Lanigan. It was decided to form themselves into the "Stirling choral club," and Mr. Finch was elected conductor, Mr. Sutherland secretary-treasurer, the same two, with Mr. T. H. Gregson, being the committee of management. The regular practice will be held on Friday evening of each week, at the residences of members, the first one (to-night) being at Mrs. Clute's. After a short practice, the meeting dispersed. We may now look for great things in the musical line in the village.

I keep no sign on my door-post. I don't require it. If one sells good goods, and gives honest, square value, customers will soon know where he lives.

I sell yard wide Wincey for 15 cents, never sold in Stirling less than 20c. Excellent gray Flannel Tweed for 37½c., for shirting. My 60c. all wool cloth for shirts is the newest thing in this market. Gents' finest wool sox, gents' and ladies' linen and silk handkerchiefs, in great variety and very cheap. A fine assortment of boys' and girls' royal blue woolen stockings, very handsome shades.

JAS. BOLDRICK'S,
Front street, Stirling.

Sharp Punishment.—We are informed that all the section men of that section of the Grand Junction on which the engine was ditched a few weeks since have been discharged, the accident having been clearly traced to negligence on their part.

Financial.—The following table, supplied us by Mr. Jas. Cook, reeve of Rawdon, gives an interesting comparison of the expenditures for 1879 of several municipalities of the county:

Municipality.	Assessors.	Clerk.	Collector.	Treasurer.	Road Surveyor.	Assessment.	County Rate.	Municipal Rate.	Poor Relief.	Roads & Bridges.	Poor Schools.
Thurlow	$140	$140	$125	$125	Fees.	$2,000,000	7½ m	¼ m	$460	$ 300	$ 50
Sidney	100	160	106	60	Fees.	2,500,000	6¼	⅛	660	250	
Tyendinaga	140	150	225	75	$ 40	1,622,570	7.7	1.7	500	1200	
Madoc	90	100	90	75	24	579,749	15 all	p'pose	300	550	
Huntingdon........	70	100	80	60	40	421,000	13 "	"	200	100	
Hungerford	130	100	150	85	100	500,000	11¼ "	"	400	800	
Marmora	30	100	80	60	Fees.	296,000	8	00	250	000	
Rawdon........	80	75	50	60	$ 30	1,048,422	9 all	p'pose	300	400	
Elzivir........	60	100	100	50	Fees.	105,000	13 3	9	40	120	60
Stirling	40	50	40	20		170,000	15 all	p'pose	50	450	

Marmora levies only a county rate, as it realizes sufficient from the sale of wild lands to meet all township disbursements. In the same township $400 was voted for roads, but was diverted from that purpose and used for the prevention of small-pox on the breaking out of that disease.

A Well Founded Complaint.—Some one signing himself "Observer" writes from Stirling to the *Intelligencer* the following loud and very just complaint: "About three weeks since a freight-shed was erected in Stirling in the short space of five days, a little west of the ground where the old station stood. The east end of the building, to the extent of twelve feet, was partitioned off with unplained lumber for station accommodation for passengers, and up to this date the room has not been swept out or the least accommodation made in seating it. A stove has been put in, but no fuel is provided, and the building is only unlocked by the omnibus man when he arrives. Passengers who have to wait for the train may step into this small, unswept, filthy room, if there are not too many of them to fill it, and be protected from the chilly blasts of wind and rain, but they must stand up and breathe the cold, dusty atmosphere that fills the room until the train arrives upon the main line—and never on the switch nearest to the platform, so that passengers might step from it to the passenger car. Travellers have been heard to remark that the accommodation here reminded them of the accommodation found upon steamboat wharves in summer time. Then the freight traffic is not satisfactory. Heavy freight is allowed to accumulate in Belleville for about a week before being forwarded to Stirling, when a clerk is sent up to collect freight, and he departs upon the following morning, and nothing in the shape of a station master or freight agent is again seen here for about a week. How long will this practice continue?" (Note.—Since the above was put in type it is reported that a station-master has been appointed.)

Stirling House Space.

Too much business to write advertisements.

A. G. SCOTT,
Proprietor.

GEO. SEELEY
has just received a new stock of
Groceries and Liquors,
including
Teas, Sugars, Tobaccos, Coffee, Vinegar, Coal Oil, etc.

OYSTERS!

XXX, Diamond, Standard, Continental, and all other brands, can be had as cheap as any house in town. Call in and see my FIFTY-CENT TEA.

MORTGAGE SALE
OF
Valuable Farm Property.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage made by Thomas W. Campion to the vendor, and which will be produced on the day of sale, default having been made in the payment thereof, there will be offered for sale at MRS. BRADY'S HOTEL, in the

VILLAGE OF MARMORA,
in the county of Hastings, on

Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1879,

at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all the right, title and interest of the mortgagee and mortgagor, Thomas W. Campion, in and to the north-east quarter of lot number twenty-three, in the third concession of the township of Marmora, in said county of Hastings, containing fifty-seven acres more or less.

Persons wanting an excellent farm will find this a splendid opportunity for buying, as it is said to be a valuable property. Mortgagee reserves one bid.

I also offer at private sale lot 31, 12th concession of Belmont, cheap.

For further particulars and terms apply to
GEO. A. SKINNER,
Vendor's Solicitor.
CHAS. BUTLER, auctioneer.
Stirling, November 26th, 1879.

Who would be without a DRESS when Parker & Hewat are selling lovely Cashmeres (all colors) for 20c. per yard?

Who would freeze when he could get an ULSTER at Parker & Hewat's for $7?

Who would go without BOOTS when they can get any kind they want at Parker & Hewat's?

Who wouldn't be glad "to be made happy" at Parker & Hewat's? And

Who's your Tailor?

GEO. LAGROW,
Baker, Confectioner, etc.

OYSTERS
served in all styles.
20c. PER CAN.

J. V. HOUGH,
Carriage & Wagon Maker, General Jobber & Horse-shoer.

Notwithstanding the destruction of his shop by the late fire, the undersigned still has full facilities for filling all orders in the line of Carriages, Wagons, Horse-shoeing and General Jobwork. First-class work done, and the best of material always used. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

While thanking his old customers for their liberal patronage for the past number of years, he trusts still to be favored with their orders.

Shop at the old stand, Front street, Stirling.
J. V. HOUGH.

IMPORTANT
TO THE SICK!

DR. McCULLOCH,

The celebrated European and American Physician, Itinerant of the Hospitals of the chief cities of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, the United States of America, and the Dominion of Canada, will personally visit Stirling professionally, and may be consulted at the

STIRLING HOUSE
FROM
Tuesday, December 9th, until Tuesday, December 16th,

to 10 o'clock p.m., by all who are suffering from Chronic Lingering Diseases, such as

CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA,
CATARRH,

and all affections of the Chest, Throat, Heart, Nervous Debility, Scrofula, Scrofulous Ulcers, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases of all kinds, no matter of how long standing, Dropsy, diseases of the Kidneys, Chlorosis and Cancers in their worst stage, without the use of the knife, all Blood Diseases, Salt Rheum, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Epileptic Fits or Falling Sickness, Apoplectic Fits or loss of sense and motion, Paralysis, Scurvy, Corea or St. Vitus Dance. Fevers and Agues of all kinds permanently cured. Goitre or Thick Neck, Polynusus in all parts of the system, Abscesses, Tumors, etc., Lumbago, Hemorrhage of the Lungs.

All diseases of the eye and ear treated successfully.

Diseases of children from infancy to adult age treated successfully.

Female complaints of all kinds and descriptions whatever, whether acute or chronic, will be treated successfully.

If you are suffering from any of the above diseases, do not delay, but visit the Dr. at once, so that you may have the benefit of his care and treatment, and be restored to health the sooner.

Stirling, Nov. 28, 1879.

TINWARE
AND
STOVES!

H. & J. WARREN,
Mill street, Stirling,

Have on hand a large and well assorted stock of Stoves and Tinware, which they offer at

Extremely Low Prices!

Hot Air Furnaces, Roofing and Eavetroughing.

☞ General Jobbing done on the shortest notice.

Card of Thanks.

Stirling, October 1st, 1879.

Andrew Glass, Esq.

Dear Sir—We beg, through you, to thank the National Insurance Company, of Montreal, for the honorable and prompt manner in which they settled our claims for losses occasioned by the late fires in Stirling.

We are, dear sir, respectfully yours,
DAVID WHITE,
R. M. PENNOCK.

H. G. THURBER,
dealer in
GROCERIES
of all kinds,
Wines and Liquors, Flour, Pork, Salt, Baskets, Stoneware,
and all articles usually found in a grocery store.

North side Mill street, Stirling.

HARNESS
AND
SADDLERY.

The undersigned, having secured the services of Mr. John Gallagher, is prepared to do all work entrusted to him in first-class style.

JOBBING AND REPAIRING

done on the shortest notice. A full assortment of

Whips, Lashes & Brushes

always on hand.

Stand—Front street, Stirling, opposite Dr. Parker's drug store.

PHILIP CONLEY.

R. FINCH,
Manufacturer of
BOOTS & SHOES,
Mill street, Stirling.

Work done in the latest styles, and of the best material.

ALL HAND WORK,

and Warranted to give satisfaction. ☞ Repairs neatly executed.

To Owners of Sewing-Machines.

I would announce to the citizens of Stirling and vicinity that I am now prepared to repair all sewing-machines, of whatever make, however old or new, at a moderate expense and on short notice, having secured the services of a first-class sewing-machinist, who has had a long experience in the best manufactories. Satisfaction given or no charge.

I have also a large stock of the celebrated

WANZER F MACHINES,

and offer the best possible inducements to buyers both as to prices and terms. Also, a large number of

SECOND-HAND MACHINES,

in good running order, for sale cheap.

JOHN CONLEY, Emma street, Stirling.

MILNE & CLUTE
Are still opening up
NEW FALL GOODS!
Latest Styles in
LADIES' JACKETS.
Largest stock in town to choose from. Full range
Men's Overcoats and Ulsters
From $5 upwards.

SCARLET FLANNELS, GREY FLANNELS, FANCY FLANNELS, DRESS WINCEYS, FANCY AND PLAIN WINCEY SHIRTINGS.

TAILORING
A specialty. A full line of
ENGLISH, SCOTCH
—AND—
CANADIAN TWEEDS
To choose from, and a
FIRST-CLASS FIT GUARANTEED.

A large quantity of COAL OIL cheap for cash.

All the accounts and notes due the above firm must be settled at once.

APOTHECARIES' HALL
Is the place to buy

**Pure Drugs and Chemicals,
Lamps and Coal Oil,
Paints, Oils and Putty,
Window-glass,
Wall Paper.**

A job lot of NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES. Full lines of

STATIONERY!
AND
Miller's Indestructible Ironbound Books.

All of the above at bottom prices.

R. PARKER.

ISAAC ROSEBUSH,
Model Maker and Sewing-Machine Repairer.

The undersigned is prepared to execute repairing, model making, and

Jobwork of All Kinds,

on short notice and at reasonable rates.

Sewing-machines, guns, etc., repaired, skates sharpened, saws filed and set, springs of all kinds made and tempered, models of all kinds made, and general jobbing attended to with promptness.

SHOP—At the corner of Front street and the Frankford road, Stirling.
ISAAC ROSEBUSH.

THE VICTORY IS WON!

We have now
CHEAP GOODS
A new assortment of
Lamps, Vases and Toilet Sets,
which for quality and price cannot be excelled. A large quantity of
COAL OIL,
Very cheap for cash.
Faulkner & Youker's.

W. GIRDWOOD,
Carriage & Wagon Maker, General Jobber, etc.

Light and heavy work of all kinds done in first-class style. A full assortment of

BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS AND PHAETONS

on hand, which will be sold on terms advantageous to the purchaser.

Orders in repairing filled with promptness.

Front street, Stirling.

HARNESS.

THOS. McKEE

keeps always on hand a full assortment of Single and Double Harness, and guarantees all work to give satisfaction. Special attention to Hame Collars. All orders promptly filled. Good workmen and first-class stock. Also, a full assortment of

WHIPS, COMBS, BRUSHES, ETC.

Parties wishing to purchase will do well to call and examine stock.

The old stand, Mill street, Stirling.

STIRLING
Steam Cabinet Factory!

WM. MARTIN,

having fitted up his factory with the most improved machinery, is prepared to manufacture all kinds of

CABINET-WARE

of the latest designs and best material, and at prices that defy competition in the county. Having purchased

A NEW HEARSE

he is now prepared to furnish funerals in the most elegant styles and on the shortest notice, at as low rates as can be found elsewhere.

BOOTS
AND
SHOES.

The undersigned has on hand the largest stock of boots and shoes in Stirling. All kinds of

Men's, Women's & Children's Wear

in coarse and fine.

Custom Work

a specialty, in which department orders will receive prompt attention.

W. S. MARTIN.

Mill street, Stirling.

Nothing at All in the Paper To-day.

Nothing at all in the paper to-day
Only a murder somewhere or other—
A girl who has put her child away,
Not being a wife as well as a mother.
Or a drunken husband beating a wife,
With the neighbors lying awake to listen;
Scarce aware he has taken a life
Till in at the window the dawn-rays glisten—
There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.

Nothing at all in the paper to-day!
To be sure, there's a woman died of starvation,
Fell down in the street—as so many may
In this very prosperous Christian nation.
Or two young girls, with some inward grief
Maddened, have plunged in the inky waters;
Or a father has learned that his son's a thief,
Or a mother been robbed of her daughters,
Things that occur in the regular way—
There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.

There's nothing at all in the paper to day!
Unless you care about things in the city—
How great rich rogues for their crime must pay
(Though all gentility cries out "pity!")
Like the meanest shop-boy that robs a till—
There's a case to day, if I'm not forgetting,
The lad only "borrowed," as such lads will—
To pay some money lost in betting.
But there's nothing in this that's out of the way—
There's nothing at all in the paper to day.

Nothing at all in the paper to day
But the births and bankruptcies, deaths and marriages,
But life's events in the old survey;
With Virtue begging, and Vice in carriages;
And kindly hearts under ermine gowns,
And wicked breasts under hodden gray,
For goodness belongs not only to clowns,
And o'er others than lords does sin bear sway.
But what do I read? "Drowned!" "Wrecked!" Did I say
There was nothing at all in the paper to-day?

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

A Cooking School is to be started in Boston as a religious enterprise.

The first Protestant church in the Tyrol was consecrated on the 2nd of November at Innsbruck.

The resignation of Belgian teachers to escape excommunication now number 2,472 out of about twenty thousand.

The Bishop of London has 475 churches and upward of twenty-five chapels on his visitation list, and until this year had no coadjutor.

Mr. Spurgeon is again in very poor health. In preaching, recently, he had to rest one knee upon a chair. He refuses, however, to leave his post.

It may not be generally known that Mother Seton, who founded the Sisters of Charity in America, wrote that beautiful hymn, "Jerusalem, My Happy Home."

The Austrian Emperor has forwarded as a present to the new Roman Catholic Cathedral of Boston an album worth $1,000. It is to be sold at auction for the benefit of the building.

Rev. Berry Little, of Jasper County, Ga., aged seventy-one years, splits rails all the week for a living and devotes his Sundays to the care of five churches which he has in charge.

There are twenty Christian chapels in Antananarivo, a city of 100,000 population in Central Madagascar. The observance of the Sabbath Day is rigorously kept there. No trade of any kind is permitted and the shops are all closed.

Mtesa, the enlightened African king, described by Stanley, has not only forbidden any of his subjects to sell a slave on penalty of death, but has also forbidden all Sunday labor, and has been seriously discussing with his chiefs the evils of polygamy.

It is a noteworthy fact that in the vicinity of Jerusalem, on the north side, the area occupied by the Roman army under Titus is now the property of the Czar of Russia. On this quarter he has the title to all the heights commanding the city, and his imposing structures there resemble nothing more than extensive fortifications.

The Jesuit Mission of New York and Canada has just undergone a change. The Canadian portion has been detached from New York and becomes a mission of the English Province. A visitor from England will shortly go to Canada with Very Rev. Father Charaux, its new Superior, and make arrangements for the transfer.

An old Scotch lady, who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike for the singing of an anthem in her own church one day, when a neighbor said, "Why, that is a very old anthem. David sang that anthem to Saul." To this the old lady replied, "Weel, weel, I noo for the first time understan' why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."

The opening ceremonies recently held at Glasgow, of the Glasgow Christian Institute, said to be one of the finest buildings of the kind in Great Britain, and designed to furnish accommodations for the Sabbath School Union, the Foundry Boys' Religious Society and the United Young Men's Association. These associations have a combined membership of 14,000. The building cost $150,000, and is nearly all paid for.

Two years ago the churches of the Presbytery of New York (city and vicinity) had an aggregate debt of about $600,000. The labors of the Church Extension Committee have reduced it to about $50,000 in this short time. Under care of the Presbytery are seven mission chapels, with 3,000 members, and 7,586 scholars in the Sabbath schools connected with them. The cost of keeping up the mission chapel work for the past year was $36,653.

Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage for Girls, which has been inaugurated, will comprise ten houses, and is to be built on the extensive grounds known as The Hawthorns, which is only separated now by a small meadow from the boys' institution. The sum of £4,000 has been paid for The Hawthorns, and the trustees only require £1,300 to enable them to purchase the meadow. The Orphanage will be made to accommodate 250 girls, who will be trained principally as domestic servants.

At the railway stations in India the passengers are served with water by a Brahmin, from whom, being of the highest caste, all persons may take without defilement. He goes along the train with his brass vessel; a sudra, or low caste man, stoops, and in his open hands placed together and raised to the level of his mouth, receives the precious liquid. The vessel of the Brahmin is not touched, else he would be defiled. A Brahmin asks water, and is served with it in the smaller vessels, from which he drinks, there being no defilement between Brahmin and Brahmin.

Mr. Haweis, a leading London Episcopalian parson of the Broad Church type, has lately preached a striking sermon on the drama, in which he said—"Though the teaching may not be direct, no picture of human life can fail to be instructive, and the dramatist and actor are both responsible for impressions made. How incalculable for good and evil are these indirect teachings of the stage. How often a man has sat quietly and seen his own mean life sifted before his eyes—seen the Nemesis fall which was awaiting the close of his own career—watched tendencies in himself played out to the bitter end, and paused. There are sermons preached before the footlights which go home, where the pulpit is unheard or unheeded."

Sometime ago the Evangelical Church in Hungary believed itself in possession of the original last will and testament of Martin Luther. The only real testament of Luther—that which he had written with his own hand—is, as a matter of fact, in the Heidelberg Library, and is there kept in a glass case for the inspection of visitors. It has also been satisfactorily proved that the will in the possession of the Hungarian Evangelicals, though written in a hand exactly like Luther's, is not his, but is the will of one of his disciples, Honterus, who introduced the Reformation into Transylvania, and who made a true copy, even to the very characters, of the last will and testament of his master.

Since the departure of Dr. Swing from the Presbyterian fold the church people of Chicago have been looking for an ecclesiastical sensation. They are likely to have it at the next meeting of the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Chicago on Wednesday. Dr. W. H. Thomas, one of their ablest preachers, is "spotted" for heresy. Last year he was censured for his views on the eternity of punishment, and since the meeting of Conference he has given publicity to what are deemed unsound views on the atonement. Instead of toning down to suit his brethren he has been toning up to suit himself, and now threatens to withdraw from the Church unless that censure is removed. He has received a call from a Congregational church in Brooklyn.

Rev. Mr. Lamson, of Burt's Corners, Oregon, said from his pulpit on a recent Sunday that if any of the young people of Burt's Corners desired to attend his church in the evening for the purpose of "sparking," he would say amen to it. He had a daughter (then in the church), and he would rather a lover would court her in the church than in the parlor or at the opera. Experience had shown him that the father of marriageable girls were often very perplexing obstructions, and he proposed in this way to aid the young people. While he did not want his people to attend the theatre, he would not rob them of legitimate pleasures, so he stated that he had invited the village band to come in on Sunday evenings and play the hymns and such worldly music as would be heard in orderly homes and sacred concerts. The young men of the Corners ought to make a handsome Christmas gift to this obliging pastor, who was evidently one of the boys himself once.

It is not perhaps wholly a sinecure, the position of minister of the Gospel in Leadville. The big brothers of a young lady having compelled her lover to fulfil his promise of marriage, this lively episode is reported: "During the ceremony the bridegroom, being dissatisfied with some performance of the clergyman, fired his revolver at the divine, but as he missed his shot, the bullet only whizzing past the reverend gentleman's ear, the latter continued the discharge of his sacred functions until the twain were one flesh. Thereupon, in order that all things might be done in the best style and according to old-fashioned rule, he stepped forward and kissed the bride. At this the jealous bridegroom was wroth and smote him. Whereupon the reverend church militant, he being a brawny priest of some six feet in height, sprang over the chancel railing and, seizing the newly-made husband by the back of the neck, gave him, under the cover of the pistols of the newly-made brothers-in-law, such a dreadful drubbing that he will remember it as long as he lives. This closed the marriage solemnities."

Steam Carriages.

(From the Boston Chronicle and Patriot, April 10, 1819.)

We have heretofore noticed a petition presented by Mr. Jona. Mason, in the House of Representatives, during the late session of Congress, from Benjamin Dearborn, of Boston, which was read and referred to the Committee on Commerce and Manufactures. Some curiosity having been expressed as to the contents of this petition, we have obtained a copy of it for publication.—*Nat. Int.*

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled:

The memorial of Benjamin Dearborn, of Boston, respectfully represents:

That he has devised in theory a mode of propelling wheel carriages, in a manner probably unknown in any country; and has perfectly satisfied his own mind of the practicability of conveying mails and passengers with such celerity as has never before been accomplished, and in complete security from robberies on the highway.

For obtaining these results, he relies on carriages, propelled by steam, on level railroads, and contemplates that they be furnished with accommodations for passengers to take their meals and their rest during the passage, as in packets; that they be sufficiently high for persons to walk in without stooping, and so capacious as to accommodate twenty, thirty or more passengers, with their baggage.

The inequalities of the earth's surface will require levels of various elevations in the railroad; and your memorialist has devised means which he believes will be completely effectual for lifting the carriage by the inherent power of machinery from one level to another; as also for the passage of carriages by each other, on the same road; and he feels confident that whenever such an establishment shall be advanced to its most improved state, the carriages will move with a rapidity at least equal to a mile in three minutes.

Protection from the attack of assailants, will be insured, not only by the celerity of the movement, but by weapons of defence belonging to the carriage, and always kept ready in it, to be wielded by the number of passengers constantly travelling in this spacious vehicle, where they would have liberty to stand erect, and to exercise their arms in their own defence.

The practicability of running steam carriages on the common road was long since advocated in a publication by that ingenious and useful citizen Oliver Evans; your memorialist therefore does not assume the merit of originating the idea of steam-carriages, but only of modifying the system in such a manner as to produce the results here stated, which could not be effected on a common road.

Relying upon the candor of the National Council, this memorial is laid before them with a desire that ingenious and scientific artists in the different sections of our country may be consulted by direction of Congress, on the probability of accomplishing the purposes here anticipated, and that an experiment be made, if sanctioned by their favorable opinions—for, if the design can be put into successful operation by the government, a great revenue would eventually be derived from the establishment, besides the advantages before enumerated.

Respectfully submitted by
BENJAMIN DEARBORN,
City of Washington, Feb 11, 1819.

This year Christmas day falls on a Thursday. The old rhyme says:

If Xmas day on Thursday be,
A windy winter ye shall see;
Windy weather in each week,
And hard tempests strong and thick;
The summer shall be good and dry,
Corn and beasts shall multiply;
That year is good for lands to till,
Kings and princes shall die by skill;
If a child born on that day should be,
It shall happen right well for he;
Of deeds he shall be good and stable,
Wise of speech and reasonable.
Whoso that day goes thieving about,
He shall be punished without doubt;
And if sickness that day betide,
It shall quickly from thee glide.

SWEET POTATO SUGAR.—The California correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* writes that a new variety of sweet potato is being cultivated in Kern County, the extreme southeastern corner of California. They call it Ocean Queen. Picked specimens weigh from 15 to 18 and 22 pounds. The yield is so great that they are fed to hogs, which thrive amazingly and make extra pork. Recent tests suggest that they will make better and cheaper sugar than beets. Dr. Stocton is organizing a sugar company to utilize his large crop as well as his neighbors'. This gentleman made last year 125 bbls. of luscious table syrup from watermelons. The profit realized encourages him to largely increase the product this year, and to make it a permanent industry. He has farmed grain in this State long enough to know there is no money in it. He finds also that it does not pay to mill raw sugar beets. But he believes if the roots be cut and dried by modern methods, that the present sugar factories would be profitable. He gets one gallon of syrup from eight gallons of melon juice, by his crude method. While syrup pays so well there is no inducement to make melon sugar, even if it would crystallize, which our American varieties do not. But seed of the right kind abounds in Hungary.

Wheat is one dollar a bushel, cash, at Prince Albert, N.W.T.

ENGLISH COLUMN.

The Foreign Office has sent a telegram to the Cape that Cetewayo need not wear trousers.

A boy sixteen years of age lately hanged himself at Liverpool because somebody had "found fault with him."

There is a report in London that Mr. G. A. Sala is to be asked to stand as one of the Liberal candidates at Brighton.

Dr. W. M. Grace, the celebrated cricketer, was on the 1st inst. appointed medical officer of one of the districts of the Clifton Union, Bristol.

"When precisely they will dissolve," says Mr. Gladstone, "I do not know, but I predict that it will be before they submit their Budget to the country."

There is great complaint now in England of the number of foreign workmen residing there, who come for the wages which British workmen quarrel with.

Horse breeding is increasing in England, and imports into that country declined from 30,000 in 1877, and 26,000 in 1878, to less than 18,000 in 1879.

The Princess of Wales is said to have presented her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Edinburgh, with four magnificent dresses, worth more than $5,000 each.

The minimum height of English infantry recruits has been raised from 5 feet 5 inches to 5 feet 6 inches—which means that the supply is now in excess of the demand.

It has been announced that Mr. Backhouse, M.P., will retire from the representation of Darlington at the next election. Mr. Backhouse has sat as a Liberal since 1868.

Town Talk, whose editor was recently sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for libel on Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. West, is said to have had a circulation of 265,000 weekly.

A London correspondent states that the Conservatives have decided to send to Scotland a leading member of the party to reply to the speeches which Mr. Gladstone is to deliver in Mid Lothian this month.

Lord Londesborough, having smitten Rosenberg, the libeller, hip and thigh, has declined to receive any testimonial from the inhabitants of Scarborough, from "a general objection to testimonials of the kind."

The youthful French heiress who eloped with a member of the Corps Diplomatique in England has returned to her relations. An elopement, followed by a marriage in England, is not regarded as a legal marriage in France.

Charles Buchanan Tomlinson, a cotton broker at Liverpool, was committed for trial at the ensuing assizes for obtaining £10,000 by false pretences by hypothecation notes, and also for forging two bills of exchange for £8,000.

After being closed for five years the oldest, most famous and most lucrative iron works in the British empire have been set agoing by Messrs. Crawshay at Merthyr Tydvil. This is a tremendous event in the principality. Mr. Crawshay, who died some months ago, vowed that he would never reopen the works on account of the misconduct of his men in trying times.

The use of the telephone is rapidly increasing in England. It has been introduced at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, the General Post-office, the Great Western, Southeastern, Midland and Metropolitan Railways, the London and St. Katherine Docks, etc., as well as into the establishments of the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Derby and other gentlemen.

"It is all very well," says *Truth*, "talking of the heroism displayed by the untrained boys who formed the rank and file of our regiments during the Zulu campaign, but those who were there tell a very different tale. One regiment had to be hunted out by its officers from under the waggons, where the men had taken refuge rather than face the assegais of the enemy."

It is considered probable that the convict prison at Chatham will, on the removal of the convicts, which must take place on the completion of the works for the extension of dockyard, now nearly finished, be converted into a royal naval barrack, the want of which is much felt at Chatham. The Chatham prison was built upwards of twenty years ago to accommodate 1,700 convicts.

At an inquest held at the Ulverston Cottage Hospital, on the body of Mary Clark, aged sixty-eight, it appeared that deceased and her blind son were on the sands near to Greenodd, when the tide surrounded them. The blind man swam some distance with his mother, but finding himself sinking he took off his coat, and his mother slipped from his hold. He was rescued by some men from a neighboring farm. Mrs. Clark's body was found some four miles below. Verdict, accidentally drowned.

At the ripe old age of eighty-seven years the death is announced, at the residence of his son in Dorchester, of Sir Richard Kindersley, who for more than fifteen years filled the office of Vice-Chancellor of England with distinction, his judgments being remarkable for their clearness and uprightness. He was always for years pitted at the Chancery bar against Bethell, the late Lord-Chancellor Westbury, until the latter got on the woolsack, and made him the Vice-Chancellor.

In acknowledging the receipt of some copies of a portrait of himself, given to its subscribers by the Cardiff *Times*, Mr. Gladstone recently wrote—"I have the more pleasure in learning the favorable feeling you report, because I am sure that it is symbolical. It is an effectual sign of the public conviction that great principles of freedom justice, peace and good government are at stake at the coming election, the most important among the twelve in which it has been my lot to take an active part."

Although Mr. Gladstone has four sons all grown to manhood, he has no grandson of his name, but his only married daughter, Mrs. Wickham, whose husband is head master of Wellington College, has children. His eldest son, now 39, has been married for some years, but has no issue. His second, aged 35, is the Rector of Hawarden, the parish in which his mother's ancestral home stands. Mr. Gladstone's eldest brother, Sir Thomas, has one son. His second brother left several, and his third brother one. Sir Thomas is a decided Conservative.

At a meeting of Fenians, held at Liverpool, the following resolution was passed: That this meeting of the Manchester Fenian brethren hereby declare that the brotherhood is not extinct, and that, although a number of their brethren have departed from them, under the fear of ecclesiastical censure, yet there is sufficient vitality in the remnant of the Manchester Brotherhood to enable them to co-operate with their brethren throughout the kingdom to carry out the design so dear to every Fenian heart—the redemption of Ireland from Saxon rule.

From time to time come sad stories of the reverses caused by the failure of the Glasgow Bank. A few weeks since a young man committed suicide, after having endured for a whole year the loss of £30,000 by the failure; and by the last papers a young girl was charged with theft by her employer, at Islington, whose family lost their all by the failure, and who committed the theft to get food for her starving mother and two little children. Her father had been a physician in good practice, and died of grief. The Charity Organization Society will provide for the family.

The family of Lambton, in England, have had an uninterrupted possession of the estate of their name from the twelfth century—a very rare instance of continuity. The Earl of Durham is the present head. The family was only ennobled in 1828 in the person of the well known Governor General of Canada, son-in-law of Earl Grey of Reform Bill fame. The first Earl was an ardent Reformer, and the present supports the Liberals. His house, Lambton Castle, a magnificent abode, has, through some blunder, been so honeycombed by collieries, that it has to be supported by enormous massive underground pillars. The Earl is one of the half dozen greatest colliery owners in England.

For some days the Village of Uckfield, Sussex, has been in a mild state of commotion consequent on the elopement of the curate of the parish, Rev. William John Thomas Brooks-Hill, with a rich widow lady, leaving his own wife penniless and chargeable to Uckfield, where he was brought up in custody last week, before Mr. Morgan, charged with deserting his wife, whereby she became chargeable to the common fund of the Union. He pleaded guilty. Mr. Charles Brooker, relieving officer, proved granting relief to Mrs. Brooks-Hill. In his defence the prisoner said he offered his wife a maintenance both before he left and since. The Justice inflicted the full penalty of imprisonment for three months, with hard labor, and mulcted the prisoner in the costs, £3 5s. 2d., and the relief of 5s., which he paid. The prisoner was conveyed to Lewes.

The death was announced at the Chorlton Board of Guardians at Liverpool, on the 1st instant, of Chas. Cartwright, aged sixty-four, who had been for many years an inmate of the workhouse, and for sometime past has held an office of a subordinate kind in the house. It was stated that he had run through two fortunes of £40,000 and $80,000 each. He lived contentedly in the workhouse, and employed a portion of his time in writing poetry, and also sermons for some clergymen with whom he was connected. When in possession of his wealth he drove regularly to his works in a carriage drawn by four horses, and he seemed unable to restrain his extravagance when temporarily out of the workhouse. At one time his friends allowed him £1 per week, which, according to the clerk to the guardians, he used to spend in driving about in cabs, smoking expensive cigars, or dining at the most expensive restaurants.

Historical Position of Palestine.

The position of Palestine on the map of the world has fitted it and its successive peoples for a remarkable place in history. Here is a little country, with only eight thousand square miles, or two thousand less than our State of Vermont, which, if we measure it by the scope of its history, the remote antiquity of its literature, and the great forces it has started into irresistible movement, we must place among the foremost in the ancient family of nations. It is practically the meeting-place of three continents—Africa, Asia and Europe. If Belgium is the "cock-pit of Europe," where many of the chief battles of modern times have been fought, Palestine holds the same relation to the ancient world. Her plain of Esdraelon has been the battle ground of nations and civilizations from Abraham's day to Napoleon Bonaparte's. This little country was the pathway of the nations on land, while on the sea it was her Phœnicia which planted colonies all around the shores of the Mediterranean, created Carthage, rival of Rome, and dared to send her ships as far north as Britain. There is something, too, akin to magnetism in this wonderful little land. It gave a certain measure of historical importance, and, indeed, of immortality, to every people and land it touched. Take from our knowledge of Egyptian history all we have learned from the Mosaic narrative, and there will be a marvellous diminution of the fund. It is only where Assyria in an early day came into relations with Syria that we get something of a definite knowledge of that great Oriental power. We find Rawlinson, in his "Five Monarchies," and Wilkinson, in his "Manners and Customs of the Egyptians," constantly appealing to and leaning on the Scripture history, in order to treat the subject in hand in consecutive form. It is Palestine that brings all great ancient countries within our vision. It is our best telescope for a view of the remote past. We read the fortunes of other peoples through her. Of right she did not possess the Greek language. It was foisted upon her through Alexander's conquest, and yet so carefully did she learn the new tongue that it became the receptacle for the new faith from Him of Nazareth, and the medium of its communication to the remotest shores known to men. Palestine long resisted Rome, and finally suffered destruction through Titus. Her acres and faith were bartered like a piece of merchandise, and were, in turn, owned by Canaanite, Jew, Assyrian, Greek, Syrian, Maccabæan and Roman. But in three centuries we find Bethlehem supplanting Rome. Christianity held the sceptre on the Seven Hills, and paganism became a thing of the country village, or *pagus*.

More "Turning His Flank."

(Vide *Punch*, Oct. 25, 1879.)

Mr. *Punch* has filled two waste-paper baskets with complaints, on the score of age, of his illustration of an excellent old story, showing how a lawyer served a butcher. Old? Of course it is old. But is its warning the less wanted? But if age is an objection to a good story any more than to good wine, here is a sequel of this old story, which has the merit of novelty while just as true as the original Joe:—

The butcher handed over the lawyer his twopence, and informed against him for keeping a dog without a licence.

The lawyer was convicted, and fined ten shillings with costs.

The lawyer again fixed his right eye on the butcher, and with his left eye discovered a doubtful-looking one-pound weight lying on his shop board.

The butcher handed over to the lawyer one pound sterling, "to say nothing more about it."

The lawyer cried "Quite!"

The butcher put his shutters up, and the little dog wagged his tail.

A man named James Carrigan was before the Recorder at Montreal on Monday, on a charge of being drunk and disorderly. During the course of the evidence against the prisoner it was given under oath by two witnesses that he had made an attempt to smother twins, of which his wife had a short time ago been delivered. The reason given by him was that only a short time previous to that event his wife had given him a pair of twins, and he did not want to be bothered with more. He was sent to jail for fifteen days, and warned to be exceedingly careful of what became of the twins when he came out, as a jury might agree to circumstantial evidence in case anything happened to them.

The Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, attained his 83rd year this month. He is a remarkable man, can walk twelve miles a day and sit any number of hours on the bench. Some forty years ago he was ostracised for having committed some corrupt act at an election at Ipswich and being accused of having committed perjury to palliate it, Sir Robert Peel passed him over repeatedly, but he outlived the imputations through his great ability. Like the Lord Chancellor, Lord St. Leonards, he married his cook.

Rev. W. Manchee has resigned the pastorate of the Norfolk Street Congregational Church, Guelph. He will shortly remove to Plainfield, New Jersey, having accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of a Congregational Church there. The church at Guelph has voted a unanimous call to the Rev. Duncan McGregor, late of Liverpool, Nova Scotia.

M. Leon Say, French Minister of Finance, estimates the total surplus accruing from the budgets anterior to 1880 at 172,000,000 francs. Of this amount he will devote 60,000,000 for public works, 20,000,000 for the exhibition expences of 1879, and 80,000,000 for the construction of country roads.

Gentian root is said to be a tobacco antidote. Buy two ounces of it or more coarsely ground. Take as much of it after each meal, or oftener, as amounts to a common quid of fine cut. Chew it slowly and swallow the juice. Continue this a few weeks and you will conquer the appetite for tobacco.

The Turner's Falls *Reporter* has a good word for the tramp, who, it says, never strikes a job when it is down.

DAFT'S TEAM.

As will be seen, this team has arrived safely at home. That they have appreciated their trip in America may be gathered from the following extract from a Nottingham paper:—

At one o'clock the party, together with several of the men's wives, sat down to a farewell luncheon at the Angel Hotel, Mr. Richard Daft, the captain, presiding, with Mr. Alfred Shaw in the vice-chair.

After luncheon, Alfred Shaw rose and said he had the pleasing duty to perform of presenting to their captain and Mr. Councillor Ford some small tokens of the esteem in which they were held by the team who had just returned from America. Their captain had conducted the tour in a manner worthy of his reputation, and Mr. Ford through the whole of it had shown the utmost kindness to them. They had travelled thousands of miles together, and he was rejoiced to find that they were all now assembled together, and at the good feeling which prevailed. He then presented Mr. R. Daft and Mr. Councillor Ford with gold pencil cases, and also proposed their healths, which were drunk up-standing. Mr. Richard Daft, in replying, expressed very warmly his thanks to the Eleven for the honor they had done him in presenting him with this mark of their esteem, and said it would be handed down to his children after him. He remarked on the good feeling which had prevailed during the tour, and said the conduct of the men had been frequently referred to by American gentlemen as being of the most gentlemanly character. He was glad to tell them that the tour had been a success financially, as to cricket he was convinced that finer play had never been exhibited. He thanked them all for their kindness to him. Mr. Ford expressed his feelings of gratitude for the present and said he should value it greatly. They had behaved themselves like gentlemen and had kept up the honor of English cricket. Mr. T. Emmett, on behalf of the Yorkshiremen in the team, spoke of the kindness received at the hands of Messrs. Ford and Daft. Mr. J. Selby, in a neat speech, then presented to Mr. E. Browne, on behalf of the Eleven, a silver-mounted walking stick, in recognition of the esteem in which they all held him as Secretary. Mr. Browne expressed his thanks. The Chairman, on behalf of himself and Mr. Ford, presented Mr. Browne with a handsome signet ring as a mark of their estimation of the manner he had conducted the business through the tour. Mr. Ford spoke very kindly of the Secretary, and Mr. Davidson, from Nottingham, said the intelligence and ability shown in the letters written by Mr. Browne to the English newspapers were very highly appreciated by Nottingham people. "The health of Alfred Shaw" was proposed by Mr. Browne, who said his marvellous bowling had been one of the greatest attractions for the Americans. His imperturbability of temper, respectability of conduct, and his cricket had been such as to keep up his already great reputation. The Chairman proposed "The health of the American cricketers," naming Mr. George Newhall, of Philadelphia, as representing the United States, and Mr. Kennedy, of Hamilton, as representing Canada. He spoke highly of the handsome manner himself and team had been received. With regard to Philadelphia, he was particularly pleased at the manner cricket was conducted there. There had been a feeling abroad that there was the slightest tingle of unfairness at Philadelphia, but their experience was quite the contrary. The leaders of cricket in Philadelphia—and he would particularly mention Mr. G. Newhall and his brothers—were men of honor, and though they played the game keenly they played like gentlemen. The party then broke up, Mr. George Ulyett having made a characteristic speech in reply to the toast of "The Ladies."

In summarizing the tour, the same paper speaks as follows:

The headquarters of cricket in America are unquestionably at Philadelphia. There are also some good cricketers at Hamilton, New York and Detroit. A word should be said as to the hospitality and courtesy extended to this team by American cricketers and the American public generally, not excepting the Canadians. Both these qualities were shown in a marked degree, and the kindness extended to the party will never be forgotten by any member of it.

JUDGE LYNCH.

A Foot-pad and a Lot-jumper Hanged in Leadville.

LEADVILLE, Colorado.—At one o'clock this morning a mob of several hundred forcibly took from jail a foot pad named Stewart and a jumper of claims named Frodeschan and hanged them. Frodeschan had been recently concerned in several mining affrays growing out of lot jumping, and had been notified to leave town. He was arrested last night for a petty offence. Stewart was one of two highway robbers who, a few nights since, meeting Barber on the highway, ordered him to hold up his hands. Barber shot and killed Stewart's companion, and wounded Stewart so that the latter was unable to escape. The lynching caused great excitement. An immense crowd surrounded the shed where the two men were hanged all day. The bodies remained suspended until late in the afternoon. A placard of warning to all bad characters was suspended around Frodeschan's neck. The authorities have taken no action in the matter.

Transportation to Siberia.

It was in the reign of Alexis Mikhailovitch, father of Peter the Great, about the middle of the seventeenth century, that Siberia received its first caravan of criminals, and there has been a regular annual succession of them since. The yearly contingent increased largely under the late Emperor Nicholas, and from about 8,000 in the middle of his reign the total number of transported persons has risen to 18,000 or 19,000 under Alexander II., or (comprising other countries than Siberia) 20,000. While a portion of these convicts in Siberia are condemned to hard labor, another and much larger portion simply hold the position of forced colonists forbidden to leave a certain place. The government of Tobolsk alone receives nearly half of the convicts—about 8,000 annually in recent years; Tomsk, about 2,500; Jeniseisk, 3,500; Irkutsk, a little under 4,000, and the territories of Transbaikal and Jakutsk, about 500. From 1870 to 1875 there were transported to Western Siberia 40,000 persons, and a little under 36,000 to Eastern Siberia.

In such a multitude, dispersed over immense spaces, and the majority on such free terms, it is not easy always to maintain discipline and prevent desertions. Hence there is often considerable discrepancy between the official figure of transportation and that of the actual body of forced colonists present. On the 1st of January, 1875, *e.g.*, the respective numbers for Tobolsk were 51,000 and 34,000. In some cases a third or even a half of the registered convicts have disappeared. Of those who remain the great majority have neither regular profession nor constant occupation, and it is not surprising that criminality attains frightful proportions. In the government of Tobolsk there is on an average one crime committed annually per seventy-two convicts; in the government of Tomsk, one per sixty-seven; for the two provinces there is nearly one crime per 1,000 inhabitants annually. In Siberia, taken as a whole, there is one robbery by an armed person for every 31,000 inhabitants, and one homicide for less than 9,000, making security of person in Russian Asia only about a tenth of that in Western Europe.

The slight barrier of the Ural is easily passed by the fugitive convicts, and distance is not of much account to a Russian. The police arrest annually a large number of the deserters; more than ten per cent. of the persons sent every summer from Moscow to Siberia are fugitives being sent back. Many, however, escape altogether, and recruit the large army of vagabonds. It is not wonderful that the system of transportation at present so largely practiced finds but little favor among jurists and others occupied with the repression of crime, or among politicians concerned with colonization. Siberia itself, like the British Australian colonies, begins to resent the sending to her of so much "human refuse," as it might be called, which, far from enriching and fertilizing the country, poisons the air with its fœtid emanations, and drives away the inhabitants. The penal system in Russia is fully discussed in a recent article by M. Leroy-Beaulieu in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to which we are indebted for the above facts.

Let a boy place his stockings in an iron chest as he goes to bed and lock them in with six padlocks, and in the morning one stocking will be found under the bed and the other on the stairs.

To be just big enough for the girls to flirt with and not have pluck enough to return the compliment, is the distressing situation of many a young fellow who has his first gleamings of thought about his coming moustache.

MARK TWAIN ON BABIES.

A New-Fashioned Toast.

At the banquet given to Grant in Chicago on Thursday night by the Army of Tennessee, Mark Twain was called upon to respond to the toast of "The Babies; as they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities." Mr. Clemens said: "I like that. We have not all had the good fortune to be ladies. We have not all been Generals, or poets, or statesmen, but when the toast works down to the babies we stand on common ground (laughter), for we have all been babies. (Renewed laughter.) It is a shame that, for a thousand years, the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby (laughter), as if he didn't amount to anything. (Laughter.) If you will stop and think a minute—if you will go back fifty or one hundred years to your early married life (laughter) and recontemplate your first baby—you will remember that he amounted to a great deal, and even something over. (Roars.) You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had a hand in your resignation. (Laughter.) He took entire command. You became a lackey—his mere body-servant (laughter), and you had to stand around, too. (Renewed laughter.) He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather or anything else. (Convulsive screams.) You had to execute his orders whether it was possible or not. (Roars.) And there was only one form of machinery for his manual of tactics, and that was the double quick. (Shouts.) He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect—(laughter)—and the bravest of you did not dare to say a word. (Great laughter.) You could face the death storm of Donson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow, but when he clawed your whiskers and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. (Roars.) When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears, you set your faces toward the batteries, and advanced with steady tread, but, when he turned on the terrors of the war-whoop—(laughter)—you advanced in the other direction, and mighty glad for the chance, too. (Renewed laughter.) When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remark about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? (Boisterous laughter.) No. You got up and got it. (Great laughter.) When he ordered the pap bottle and it was not warm, did you talk back? (Laughter.) Not you. (Renewed laughter.) You went to work and warmed it. (Shouts.) You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff.—(laughter)—just to see if it was right, three parts water to one of milk—(tumultuous laughter)—a touch of sugar to modify the colic—(laughter)—and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. (Roars.) I can taste that stuff. (Laughter.) And how many things you learned as you went along! Sentimental young folks still take stock in the beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but too thin—simply wind on the stomach, my friend. (Shouts.) If the baby proposes to take a walk at his usual hour, two o'clock in the morning—(laughter)—didn't you rise up promptly and remark, with a mental addition which would not improve a Sunday School book—(laughter)—that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? (Great roars.) Oh! you were under good discipline—(laughter)—and, as you went faltering up and down the room in your undress uniform—(laughter)—you not only prattled undignified baby talk, but even tuned up your martial voice and tried to sing "Rock-a-by baby in the tree top," for instance. (Great laughter.) What a spectacle for an Army of Tennessee. (Laughter.) And what an affliction for the neighbors, too, for it is not everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. (Laughter.) And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet-head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise (laughter; "Go on"), what did you do? You simply went on until you dropped in the last ditch. (Laughter.) The idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself. (Laughter.) One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole Interior Department can attend to. (Laughter.) He is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities. (Laughter.) Do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. (Great shouts.) Sufficient unto the day is one baby. (Laughter.) As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. (Laughter. Mr. Clemens is the father of a pair.) Twins amount to a permanent riot. (Laughter). And there ain't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection. (Uproarious shouts.) Yes, it is high time for a toast to the masses to recognize the importance of the babies. (Laughter.) Think what is in store for the present crop! Fifty years from now we shall all be dead, I trust (laughter), and then this flag, if it still survive (and let us hope it may), will be floating over a Republic numbering 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase. Our present schooner of State (laughter) will have grown into a political leviathan—a Great Eastern. The cradled babies of to-day will be on deck. Let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. (Laughter.) Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things, if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething (laughter); think of it, and putting in a word of dead earnest, inarticulated, but perfectly justifiable profanity over it, too. (Laughter.) In another the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining milky way with but liquid interest, poor little chap! and wondering what has become of that other one they call the wet-nurse. (Laughter.) In another the future great historian is lying, and doubtless will continue to lie (laughter) until his earthly mission is ended. In another the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of State than what the mischief has become of his hair so early (laughter), and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some 60,000 future office-seekers, getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time. And in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious Commander-in-Chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying to find out some way to get his big toe into his mouth—(laughter)—an achievement which, meaning no disrespect, the illustrious guest of this evening turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago; and if the child is but a prophecy of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded. (Laughter and applause.)

Earl Grosvenor, eldest son of the Duke of Westminster, started from San Francisco for the Yosemite Valley yesterday, accompanied by Wm. Bradford, the American artist, who is to fill an order for a picture of the Valley from some point of the Earl's selection. Hunters are to meet the Earl *en route* for a few day's chase of deer and grizzlies.

George A. McLeod died at Exeter the other day, aged 83 years. He was appointed a J. P. in 1826, and held office under George IV., William IV., and for forty years under Victoria. At one time he was master of a ship-building dock, and owned property to the value of one hundred thousand dollars, when he lost two ships with cargoes of silks and other goods which compelled him to suspend business. In 1843 he came to what was then called Upper Canada, and settled in the Township of Usborne.

Rupert.

A COUNTRY IDYL.

In all the land the wheat fields stand,
Golden ripe and fair to see,
And bending low the reapers go,
Swinging their cradles merrily,
All but Rupert—why not he?

His swarthy cheek grows hot and red,
He cuts the golden swath so wide;
In sullen mood he turns his head
To hide the flush of foolish pride,
And will not glance nor turn aside.

A vision o'er the meadow springs,
And silken garments rustle down,
Dainty fingers gleam with rings;
But gentle Rosalind from the town
Brings the pitcher cracked and brown.

And Rosalind binds the yellow grain—
Sheen of satin and love of youth;
At last she asks with tender pain,
"Tell me now, and tell me truth,
Am I Rebekah or am I Ruth?"

A sudden light in sullen eyes,
And Rupert turns with rustic grace;
Unheeded now the last sheaf lies—
There at her feet he takes his place,
A new-born light upon his face.

Teaching Children to Cook.

It is generally supposed that small children, from their volatile temperaments and forgetfulness, cannot be taught or trusted with cookery. Miss Corson has proved quite the contrary. Last year she had a class of children from the New York Home for Soldiers' Families; this year ten of them do the entire cooking for the inmates, at least 150, in that institution. In all the classes of the New York Cooking School no pupils are more industrious, helpful and intelligent than the little children from the mission schools and charitable institutions.

In point of fact, the children's classes are the most charming and useful and important, for the wholesome effect they will have on the strata of society they represent. The artisan course of instruction for these little folks and elder girls comprises the preparation and cooking of simple dishes, setting the table, bringing in the dinner, waiting at table, removing and washing soiled dishes, and regulating kitchen and dining-room.

Let us go and take a peep at the children. A little flock, under the guidance of a kindly matron, is passing down to the basement; we enter with them. How merrily they babble as they divest themselves of hats and shawls! What a ripple and trill of childish laughter as they strive for the first rows of chairs! Listen: a sudden hush, a settling down in seats, and a smoothing of aprons, as Miss Corson appears, and, doffing bonnet and cloak, takes her position behind the table, with a cheery "Good afternoon, children."

The lesson of the day, says the black-board, is "Fried Fillets of Flounder," "Maitre d'Hotel Butter," "Grilled Fish Bones," and "Caramel Custards."

Two or three girls are usually chosen—different ones at each lesson—to assist in making the dishes; so when the material was laid on the table, and the lesson announced, Miss Corson said, "What little girl is anxious to help me cut the fillets?—some one with strong hands."

A dozen hands were held up at once. Selecting one of the eldest girls, who came around and stood by her side, Miss Corson, taking up a sharp, thin bladed knife, deftly cut off the whole side piece or fillet of the fish entire, and then handing the knife to the watchful girl at her side, gave minute directions from time to time, which were followed so accurately that the remaining three fillets were soon lying, skin side down, on the counter. Miss Corson, then taking the knife, showed the class how to cut the fillets clean from the skin.

Meanwhile another girl is called for to make the breading. With flushed cheeks and an air of importance, a little wee thing steps up, seizes the roller, and vigorously rolls the bread-crumbs to powder, beats an egg up with a spoonful of water, and retires. The elder girl, who by this time has prepared the remaining fillets, breads them, dips them in the egg, and in the bread again, and lays them on a dish, in readiness to be fried a delicate brown in smoking-hot lard.

"Now, children, you observe that we have a nice bone left; shall we throw it away or use it? I think it would be nice grilled. We will take some mustard, salt, pepper, salad oil, and vinegar—make a paste of them, and spread it over the bone. Then let us broil it on an oiled gridiron, and afterward serve it with sprigs of parsley or slices of lemon. Now, besides the fillets from the fish, we have this, making two delicious dishes where people commonly make but one."

The children looked very wise, a little hungry for the coming feast, and exceedingly interested. An unusual flutter took place, when two little girls were called for to make "lemon custards," and one to make "Maitre d'Hotel Butter." All the hands went up at once at the mere mention of custards. The fortunate girls who were chosen marched around behind the counter, and the resigned remainder subsided into placid attention.

One of the little maids beat the eggs lustily, while the other, sweetening and flavoring a quart of milk according to direction, set it on the fire to boil, stirring it carefully; then a sieve was held over the beaten eggs, the milk with its lemon rind and sugar strained therein, then poured into cups, which were placed in a baking-pan with hot water surrounding them. The little girl then cautiously slid the pan into the oven, her face aglow with pride in the safe performance of her task. Meanwhile the third little damsel had chopped her parsley, mixed it with an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and a little salt and pepper, after which she retired to her seat, and another small child came forward to drop the fillets in the smoking lard. All the class waited for the lemon custards, casting troubled glances at the clock. As they were slowly drawn forth from the oven and placed upon the table, the lesson concluded, the children crowded around to taste and receive their shares of the finished results of the lesson. Little tin pails popped up mysteriously to receive the well-earned dainties. Hats and shawls were hastily donned, the little ones hurried out of doors, and pausing on the pavement, cooed and fluttered with satisfaction over the contents of their little pails like so many doves in a dovecote pecking corn.—*Harper's Magazine for December.*

Architecture.

In the last "Canadian Monthly" Mr. R. C. Windeyer, of Toronto, has a paper on architecture in Canada, in which he says, speaking of England:

As with us, the draughtsman there has been exalted, the thorough architect passed over and the art workman entirely ignored; and until the mere draughtsman finds his proper level, and the competent architect works hand-in-hand with the art workman, no improvement will take place, and the public will be the sufferers. A short time since in Toronto architects were invited to compete for a large building, which drew out a number of designs. The building committee had not amongst its members a single person possessing any knowledge of plans or of architecture. The most highly-colored and flaunty drawing, with statues here and there on the facades, was chosen. The architect who made the design knew full well that the statues could never be put up at the cost, and his only object in showing them on the design was to catch the unwary, and give a better aspect to the building than it would have without them. The *ruse* succeeded; the design with imaginary statues was accepted, but, of course, they were never put up, no places having been left for such ornamentations by the fraudulent designer and the no less criminal committee. In church architecture especially, there ought to be, above all things, truth and honesty of construction, yet in no class of building is there more sham and dishonesty.

The Duke of Sutherland is master of over 1,200,000 acres, and has to make both ends meet on £130,000 per annum, out of which he has to scrape and save for the admirable agricultural works which will one day quadruple his rent roll.

THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

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Love Ever.

She sang—her full voice thrilled the darksome room
With the impassioned feeling of her song;
The words went forth upon the evening gloom,
Floating the air along—
"Love not," she sang, "love not."

Her dark eyes looked the burden of her heart,
The silken lashes gleamed with dewy tears;
From her life's dream she could not bear to part
In her youth's golden years,
But still she sang, "Love not!"

Fair girl, thy song was but an idle lay,
A sad and doleful ditty of false feeling;
In thy young heart let it no longer stay,
Its truer impulse stealing—
Love ever, maiden, ever!

Love is the golden thread that links the years
With blessings from the cradle to the pall;
Better to love, though it may bring thee tears,
Than never love at all—
Love ever, maiden, ever!

Love cometh with the rain-drops and the dew,
And in the sunlight smileth from the sky;
Though earthly loves are lost, or prove untrue,
God's love will never die—
Love ever, maiden, ever!

A BANK NOTE IN TWO HALVES.

FIRST HALF.

Wet and dreary. It is midwinter: the scene is Kirklington, on the London & Northwestern; the time, 10.45; just after the night mail has flashed through without stopping—bound for Liverpool and the North. The railway officials—pointsmen, signalmen, porters, plate-layers—are collecting preparatory to going off duty for the night.

"Where's Dan?" asks one of the crowd upon the platform.

"I saw him in the hut just after the 10.45 went through. Can't have come to any harm surely."

"No; he said he'd seen something drop from the train, and he went down the line to pick it up."

And Dan had picked up something. It was a basket, a common white wicker basket, with a lid fastened down by a string. What did it contain? Refreshments? Dirty clothes? What?

A baby—a child half a dozen weeks old, no more. A pink and white piece of human china, as fragile as Dresden, and as delicately fashioned and tinted as biscuit or Rose Pompadour.

"Where did you come across it?" asked one.

"Lying on the line, just where it fell. Perhaps it didn't fall, perhaps it was chucked out. What matter? I've got it, and got to look after it, that's enough for me. Some day maybe I'll come across them as owns it, and then they shall pay me and take it back."

"Is there nothing about him? Turn him over."

The little mite's linen was white and of fine material, but he lay upon an old shawl and a few bits of dirty flannel. All they found was a dilapidated purse, a common snap-lock bag purse of faded brown leather. Inside was a brass thimble, a pawn ticket, and the half of a Bank of England note for £100.

"What good's half a bank note to you?"

"Half a loaf's better than no bread."

"Yes, but you can eat one, but you can't pass the other. Won't you catch it from your wife? How'll you face her, Dan? What'll she say?"

"She'll say I done quite right," replied Dan, stoutly. "She's a good sort, God bless her!"

"So are you, Dan, that's a fact. God bless you too," said more than one rough voice in softened accent. "Perhaps the brat'll bring you luck, after all."

Winter-tide again, six years later, but this season is wet and slushy. Once more we are at Kirklington, a long straggling village, which might have slumbered on in obscurity forever, had not the Northwestern line been carried close by it, to give it a place in Bradshaw, and a certain importance as a junction and centre for goods traffic. But the activity was all about the station. All the permanent officials had houses and cottages there; in the village lived only the field laborers who worked at the neighboring estate, or sometimes lent their hand for a job of navvying on the line. These poor folk had a gruesome life of it, a hard hand-to-mouth struggle for bare existence against perpetual privation, accompanied by unremitting toil.

A new parson—Harold Treffry—had come lately to Kirklington. He was an earnest, energetic young man, who had won his spurs in an East End parish and had now accepted this country living because it seemed to open up a new field of usefulness. He had plunged bravely into the midst of his work; he was forever going up and down among his parishioners, solacing and comforting, preaching manful endurance and trustfulness to all.

He is now paying a round of parochial visits, accompanied by an old college chum, who is spending Christmas with him.

"Yonder," said Treffry, pointing to a thin thread of smoke which rose from some gaunt trees into the sullen wintry air—"yonder is the house—if, indeed, it deserves so grand a name—the hovel, rather, of one whose case is the hardest of all the hard ones in my unhappy cure. This man is a mere hedger and ditcher, one who works for any master, most often for the railway, but who is never certain of a job all the year round. He has a swarm of young children and he has just lost his wife. He is absolutely prostrated: aghast probably at the future before him, and his utter incapacity to do his duty by his motherless little ones. Jack!" said the parson, stopping short suddenly, and looking straight into his companion's face, "I wonder whether *you* could rouse him? If you could only get him to make a sign—to cry, or laugh, or take the smallest interest in common affairs. Jack, I believe you're the very man. You might get at him through the children?—that marvellous hanky-panky of yours, those surprising tricks: a child takes to you naturally at once. Try and make friends with these. Perhaps when the father sees them interested and amused, he may warm a little, speak perhaps, approve, perhaps smile, and in the end give in. Jack, will you try?"

Jack Newbiggin was by profession a conveyancer, but nature had intended him for a new Houdin, or a Wizard of the North. He was more than half a professional by the time he was full grown. In addition to the quick eye and the facile wrist, he had the rarer gifts of the suave manner and the face of brass. He had even studied mesmerism and clairvoyance, and could upon occasion surprise his audience considerably by his power.

They entered the miserable dwelling together. The children—eight of them—were skirmishing all over the floor. They were quite unmanageable and beyond the control of the eldest sister, who was busied in setting out the table for the mid day meal; one other child, of six or seven, a bright-eyed, exceedingly beautiful boy, the least—were not nature's vagaries well known—likely to be born among and belong to such surroundings, stood between the legs of the man himself, who had his back to the visitors, and was crouching low over the scanty fire.

The man turned his head for a moment, gave a blank stare, then an imperceptible nod, and once more he glowered down upon the fire.

"Here, little ones, do you see this gentleman? He's a conjurer. Know what a conjurer is, Tommy?" cried the parson, catching up a mite of four or five from the floor. "No, not you; nor you, Sarah; nor you, Jacky;" and he ran through all their names.

They had now ceased their gambols, and were staring hard at their visitors. The moment was propitious; Jack Newbiggin began. He had fortunately filled his pockets with nuts, oranges and cakes before leaving the parsonage, so he had half his apparatus ready to hand.

The pretty boy had very soon left the father at the fire, and had come over to join in the fun, going back, however, to exhibit his share of the spoil, and describe voluminously what had occurred. This and the repeated shouts of laughter seemed to produce some impression on him. Presently he looked over his shoulder, and said, but without animation:

"It be very good of you, sir, surely; very good for to take so kindly to the little chicks. It does them good to laugh a bit, and it ain't much as they've had to make 'em, lately."

"It is good for all of us, now and again, I take it," said Jack, desisting, and going toward him, the children gradually collecting in a far-off corner and comparing notes.

"You can't laugh, sir, if your heart's heavy; if you do, it can be only a sham."

While he was speaking he had taken the Bible from the shelf, and resuming his seat, began to turn the leaves slowly over.

"I'm an untaught, rough countryman, sir, but I have heard tell that these strange things you do are only tricks; ain't it so?"

Here was, indeed, a hopeful symptom. He was roused, then, to take some interest in what had occurred.

"All trick, of course; it all comes of long practice," said Jack, as he proceeded to explain some of the simple processes, hoping to enchain the man's attention.

"That's what I thought, sir, or I'd have given you a job to do. I've been in want of a real conjurer many a long day, and nothing less 'll do. See here, sir," he said, as he took a small, carefully folded paper from between the leaves of the Bible: "do you see this?"

It was half a Bank of England note for £100.

"Now, sir, could any conjurer help me to the other half?"

"How did you come by it?" Jack asked at once.

"I'll tell you, sir, short as I can make it. Conjurer or no conjurer, you've got a kindly heart, and I'm main sure that you'll help me if you can."

Dan then described how he had picked up the basket from the 10.45 Liverpool express.

"There was the linen; I've kept it. See here; all marked quite pretty and proper, with lace round the edges, as though its mother loved to make the little one smart."

Jack examined the linen; it bore a monogram and crest. The first he made out to mean H.L.M.; and the crest was plainly two hammers crossed, and the motto, "I strike"—not a common crest—and he did not remember to have seen it before.

"And this was all?"

"'Cept the bank note. That was in a poor old purse, with a pawn ticket and a thimble. I kept them all."

Like a true detective Jack examined every article minutely. The purse bore the name Hester Gorrigan in rude letters inside, and the pawn ticket was made out in the same name.

"I cannot give you much hope that I shall succeed, but I will do my best. Will you trust me with the note for a time?"

"Surely, sir, with the greatest of pleasure. If you could but find the other half, it would give Harry—that's what we call him—such a grand start in life—schooling and the price of binding him to some honest trade."

Jack shook the man's hand, promised to do his best, and left the cottage.

SECOND HALF.

When Jack Newbiggin got back to the parsonage he found that his host had accepted an invitation for them both to dine at the "Big House," as it was called, the country seat of the squire of the parish.

They were cordially received at the "Big House." Jack was handed over forthwith to his old friends, who figuratively rushed into his arms. They were London acquaintances, no more—of the sort we meet here and there and everywhere during the season, who care for us, and we for them, as much as for South-sea Islanders, but whom we greet with rapturous effusion when we meet them in a strange place. Jack knew the lady whom he escorted in to dinner as a gossipy dame, who, when his back was turned, made as much sport of him as of her other friends.

"I have been fighting your battles all day," began Mrs. Sitwell.

"Was it necessary? I should have thought myself too insignificant."

"They were talking at lunch of your wonderful knack in conjuring, and some one said that the skill might prove inconvenient—when you played cards, for instance."

"A charitable imputation! With whom did it originate?"

"Sir Lewis Mallaby."

"Please point him out to me."

He was shown a grave, scowling face upon the right of the hostess—a face like a mask, it surface rough and wrinkled, through which the eyes shone out with baleful light, like corpse-candles in a sepulchre.

"Pleasant creature! I'd rather no mee him alone on a dark night."

"He has a terrible character, certainly. Turned his wife out of doors because she would not give him an heir. It is this want of children to inherit his title and estates which preys upon his mind, they say, and makes him so morose and melancholy."

Jack let his companion chatter on. It was his habit to get all the information possible about any company in which he found himself, for his own purposes as a clairvoyant; and when Mrs. Sitwell flagged, he plied her with artless questions, and led her on from one person to another, making mental notes to serve him hereafter. It is thus by careful and laborious preparation that many of the strange and seemingly mysterious feats of the clairvoyant conjurer are performed.

When the whole party was assembled in the drawing room after dinner, a chorus of voices, headed by that of the hostess, summoned Jack to his work. There appeared to be only one dissentient, Sir Lewis Mallaby, who not only did not trouble himself to back up the invitation, but when the performance was actually begun, was at no pains to conceal his contempt and disgust.

The conjurer made the conventional plum pudding in a hat, fired wedding rings into quartern loaves, did all manner of card tricks, knife tricks, pistol tricks and juggled on conscientiously right through his *repertoire*. There was never a smile on Sir Lewis' face; he sneered unmistakably. Finally, with an ostentation that savored of rudeness, he took out his watch, a great gold repeater, looked at it, and unmistakably yawned.

Jack hungered for that watch directly he saw it. Perhaps through it he might make its owner uncomfortable, if only for a moment. But how to get it into his hands? He asked for a watch. A dozen were offered. No, none of these would do. It must be a gold watch, a repeater. Sir Lewis Mallaby's was the only one in the room, and he at first distinctly refused to lend it. But so many earnest entreaties were addressed to him, the hostess leading the attack, that he could not in common courtesy continue to refuse. With something like a growl, he took his watch off the chain and handed it to Jack Newbiggin.

A curious old-fashioned watch it was, which would have gladdened the heart of a watch-collector; all jewelled and enamelled, adorned with crest and inscription—an heirloom, which had probably been in the Mallaby family for years. Jack looked it over curiously, meditatively, then suddenly raising his eyes, he stared intently into Sir Lewis Mallaby's face, and almost as quickly dropped them again.

"This is far too valuable," he said, courteously, "too much of a treasure to be risked in any conjuring trick; an ordinary modern watch I might replace, but not a work of art like this."

And he handed it back to Sir Lewis, who received it with ill concealed satisfaction. He was as much pleased, probably, at Jack's expression of possible failure in the proposed trick as at the recovery of his property.

Another watch, however, was pounded up into powder and brought out whole from a cabinet in an adjoining room; and this trick successfully accomplished, Jack Newbiggin, who was now completely on his mettle, passed on to higher flights. He had spent the vacation of the year previous in France, as the pupil of a wizard of European fame, and had mastered many of the strange feats which are usually attributed to clairvoyance. There is something especially uncanny about these tricks, and Jack's reputation rapidly increased with this new exhibition of his powers. Thanks to his cross-examination of Mrs. Sitwell at dinner, he was in possession of many facts connected with the company, although mostly strangers to him; and some of his hits were so palpably happy that he raised shouts of surprise, followed by that terrified hush which not uncommonly succeeds the display of seemingly supernatural powers.

"Oh, but this is too preposterous!" Sir Lewis Mallaby was heard to say, quite angrily. The continued applause profoundly disgusted him. "This is the merest charlatanism. It must be put an end to. It is the commonest imposture. These are things which he has coached up in advance. Let him be tried with something which upon the face of it he cannot have learned beforehand by artificial means."

"Try him, Sir Lewis, try him yourself," cried several voices.

"I scarcely like to lend myself to such folly, to encourage so pitiable an exhibition."

But he seemed to be conscious that further protest would tell in Jack's favor.

"I will admit that you have considerable power in this strange branch of necromancy if you will answer a few questions of mine."

"Proceed," said Jack, gravely, meeting his eyes firmly and without flinching.

"Tell me what is most on my mind at this present moment."

"The want of a male heir," Jack replied, promptly, and thanked Mrs. Sitwell in his heart.

"Pshaw! You have learned from Burke that I have no children," said Sir Lewis, boldly, but he was a little taken aback. "Anything else?"

"The memory of a harsh deed you now strive in vain to redeem."

"This borders upon impertinence," said Sir Lewis, with a hot flush on his cheek, and passion in his eyes. "But let us leave abstractions, and try tangible realities. Can you tell me what I have in this pocket?" He touched the left breast of his tail coat.

"A pocket book."

"Bah! *Ca va sans dire.* Every one carries a pocket-book in his pocket."

"But do you?" asked several of the by standers, all of whom were growing deeply interested in this strange duel.

Sir Lewis Mallaby confessed that he did, and produced it—an ordinary morocco leather purse and pocket-book all in one.

"Are you prepared to go on?" said the baronet, haughtily, to Jack.

"Certainly."

"What does this pocket book contain?"

"Evidence."

The contest between them was now *a l' outrance.*

"Evidence of what?"

"Of facts that must sooner or later come to light. You have in that pocket-book links in a long chain of circumstances which, however carefully concealed or anxiously dreaded, time in its inexorable course must bring eventually to light. There is no bond, says the Spanish proverb, which is not some day fulfilled, no debt that in the long run is not paid."

"What ridiculous nonsense! I give you my word this pocket-book contains nothing—absolutely nothing—but a Bank of-England note for one hundred pounds."

"Stay!" cried Jack Newbiggin, facing him abruptly, and speaking in a voice of thunder. "It is not so—you know it—it is only the half!"

And as he spoke he took the crumpled paper from the hands of the really stupified baronet. It was exhibited for inspection—the half of a Bank-of-England note for £100.

There was much applause at this harmless and successful *denouement* of what threatened at one stage to lead to altercation, perhaps to a quarrel. But Jack Newbiggin was not satisfied.

"As you have dared me to do my worst," said Jack, "listen now to what I have to say. Not only did I know that was only the half of a note, but I know where the other half is to be found."

"So much the better for me," said the baronet, with an effort to appear humorous. "The other half was given to— Shall I say, Sir Lewis?"

Sir Lewis nodded indifferently.

"It was given to one Hester Gorrigan, an Irish nurse, six years ago. It was the price of a deed of which you—"

"Silence! Say no more," cried Sir Lewis, in horror. "I see you know all. I swear I have had no peace since I was tempted so sorely and so weakly fell. But I am prepared to make all the restitution and reparation in my power, unless, unhappily—unless it be already too late."

Even while he was speaking his face turned ghastly pale, his lips were covered with a fine white foam, he made one or two convulsive attempts to steady himself, then, with a wild, terrified look around, he fell heavily to the floor.

It was a paralytic seizure. They took him up stairs and tended him; but the case was desperate from the first. Only just before the end did he so far recover the power of speech as to be able to make full confession of what had occurred.

Sir Lewis had been a younger son; the eldest inherited the family title, but died early, leaving his widow to give him a posthumous heir, the title remaining in abeyance until time showed whether the infant was a boy or a girl. It proved to be a boy, whereupon Lewis Mallaby, who had the earliest intimation of the fact, put into execution a nefarious project which he had carefully concocted in advance. A girl was obtained from a foundling hospital and substituted by Lady Mallaby's nurse, who was in Lewis' pay, for the newly born son and heir. This son and heir was handed over to another accomplice, Hester Gorrigan, who was bribed with £100, half down in the shape of a half note, the other half to be paid when she announced her safe arrival in Texas with the stolen child. Mrs. Gorrigan had an unquenchable thirst, and in her transit between London and Liverpool allowed her precious charge to slip out of her hands, with the consequences we know.

It was the watch borrowed from Sir Lewis Mallaby which first aroused Jack's suspicions. It bore the strange crest—two hammers crossed, with the motto, "I strike"—which was marked upon the linen of the child that Dan Blockit picked up at Kirklington station. The initial of the name Mallaby coincided with the monogram H. L. M. Jack rapidly drew his conclusions and made a bold shot, which hit the mark as we have seen.

Lewis Mallaby's confession soon reinstated the rightful heir, and Dan Blockit in after years had no reason to regret the generosity which had prompted him to give the little foundling the shelter of his rude home.

A NORFOLK COUNTY ROMANCE.

A Stranger Digs up Pot of Gold—Strange History of the Treasure.

The usually quiet Village of Kelvin, Norfolk county, was excited last week over the fact that a stranger had appeared in the neighborhood, and dug up a pot filled with gold. The stranger, who gave his name as Brown, came to the village and speaking confidentially to a young man, related his story which is as follows: Twenty-three years ago his father, with his family, emigrated from England to America. After remaining for six months in New York, they proceeded to Canada. Leaving his wife and two sons in Toronto, the father set out for Norfolk county with the intention of purchasing some pine land, he being desirous of engaging in the lumber business. Having made arrangements for the purchase of 500 acres of pine limits near the Village of Kelvin, he agreed to call in a week and settle for it. He went about a mile east of the village to the hotel, and said he wished to remain over night. After tea he noticed some rather suspicious-looking men lounging about, and, as he had a large sum of money on his person, he stepped outside with the intention of hiding it, which he did by placing it in an old coffee pot, which he buried eighteen inches under ground. Next morning he wanted to take it with him, but noticing that he was watched concluded to let it remain until the next week. He then proceeded to Toronto, and was suddenly taken ill and became delirious.

One day he wrote a letter and securely fastened it in a small tin box. Shortly after this he made his will, bequeathing some property in England to the elder, and this tin box to the younger son, possession to be given when they came of age. Shortly after this he died, and the remaining members of the family went to reside in Boston, and soon afterwards to Texas. Five years ago the elder son returned to England, and secured his patrimony. Three years ago the younger son secured his tin box, and found that it contained a minute description of a large sum of money buried beside the hotel near the Village of Kelvin. At that time the young fellow was engaged in herding cattle, and did not consider the buried coffee pot worth looking after, and continued herding until about a month ago, when his mother died. He then came to Kelvin to seek his fortune. After relating his story he enquired of his friend where the hotel stood, and being informed that it was about a mile east of the village, the two proceeded to the site of the old building, and after an hour's work succeeded in coming upon the hidden treasure. After amply rewarding his companion, Brown started for Texas.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

The "Orange-Fenian Apprentice Boy"—Some Account of Mr. John Rea, Attorney-at-Law, Killen's Defender.

There are a great many eccentric men in Ireland, but John Rea, the Belfast attorney, who loves to call himself "the Orange Fenian apprentice boy," is decidedly the most eccentric man "within the four walls" of the Emerald Isle. He has been in more scrapes than any man who ever trod the green sod, and he is never really happy except he has somebody to fight. He has been committed for contempt of Court so many times that whenever he has a big case it is always expected, as a matter of course, that the Judge is to be "bearded in his den" and that John is to be at least removed from court by physical force. But the place of all others where he loves to kick up a row is before a Parliamentary committee and a few years ago he shocked London by a characteristic scene at the bar of the House of Commons, from which he had to be carried by main force and confined till they got tired of keeping him—for John never submits. He once got into a row with the Mayor of Belfast, and failing to obtain "justice" in Belfast, he appealed to a higher court in Dublin for the Mayor's arrest, and after a heated argument, the judge failing to comply, he was denounced in the fiercest manner on the very bench as a partizan. On another occasion, when John was tried for libel, he defended himself, and, after what the papers called an "inflammatory" speech, he wound up by saying, "Gentlemen of a well packed jury, convict me if you can. I defy your verdict." The report states that the scene that followed was indescribable. Juries, however, generally let him off easy. He is regarded as a privileged character, and has an awkward habit of fyling bills of exceptions which result in endless litigation. With all this eccentricity John Rea is unquestionably one of the ablest attorneys in Ireland and has an immense knowledge of law. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a man of extensive reading. A man of independent means, he practices law from sheer love of it and because, as one of his countrymen once said, he "couldn't keep doing nothing." A Presbyterian in religion, he has always espoused the popular side, and in 1848 was a staunch adherent of John Mitchel. Although a nationalist, he can always obtain a hearing from the Orangemen as well as from the Catholics, and once told a mixed meeting of Ulstermen that they have the best blood of the three kingdoms in their veins, being descended from the men who conquered at Clontarf, Bannockburn, Crecy, Agincourt and the Yellow Ford from Crusaders, Covenanters, Cavaliers and Roundheads. He will give a peculiar interest to the trials of the land agitators.

The Princess Louise has been on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

Terrible Experiences in a Storm on Lake Ontario.

Thomas Smith, of Montreal, one of the survivors of the ill fated dredge J. Gordon, which was sunk in the late terrible disaster on Lake Ontario, furnishes the following statement which I transmit:

The first indication of serious danger received by this trusty crew was when the tug Philip Becker ran into the side of the Gordon, bow first, causing the Gordon to leak badly. The tug made fast to the Gordon, but Arnoldt made them let go. The tug disappeared for a short time, but soon returned and landed broadside of the Gordon, inflicting more damage. The leaks caused by the collision were being stopped by Smith with Mr. Arnoldt's underclothing, which he took off for the purpose. The Becker was again ordered away, but soon returned in a sinking condition. When Mr. Arnoldt directed them to abandon the tug and come on board of the Gordon, George Palmer, the husband of the Mrs. Palmer previously spoken of, and the Logan brothers, came aboard, the tug sinking immediately.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

The men from the Becker and the crew of the Gordon set to bailing the water from the fire hold; but the water kept gaining. Arnoldt became convinced that he could not keep his boat afloat, and ordered Smith to blow three whistles for the Seymour to come to their assistance. The tug Seymour not responding, he ordered the whistle sounded again; Smith could only sound it twice. Being up to his waist in water he had to abandon the attempt. Then he ran on deck to where Arnoldt and Eagan stood, and Arnoldt said, "Tom, I guess it is all up with us." Then they all started for the stern, and Patrick Eagan ripped off the door of the closet after a futile attempt to rip off the hatch. Eagan proceeded with the door and a wave took it from his grasp. Smith called to Arnoldt and Eagan to come with him to the Seymour's towing line; but they came not. Smith crawled out on the towing line fifteen to twenty feet, but had to abandon it and return to the Gordon. Smith asked Samuel Logan where Arnoldt and Eagan were. His reply was that they were washed overboard. Smith then sought the stern of the dredge and clasped his arms around the fantail of the boat, an oak timber 4x12 inches square. Mrs. Palmer then asked Smith to take hold of her hand. Smith took her hand and held on—all standing in water to their necks, with the seas breaking violently over their heads. Palmer clasped his wife around the waist, and she said—"George, we must go." He, replying, said—"Libbie, can't you stand it a while longer? The Seymour may come to our rescue." Palmer instantly exclaimed, "Oh, my God!" kissed his wife, and the next wave wrenched the loving couple from the grip of Smith, who saw them unitedly plunge into eternity. The Logan brothers were also clinging to the fantail, and maintained their hold until the fatal morning began to dawn; but being completely chilled and exhausted, they, too, had to submit to fatigue and exposure, and the next wave that came folded them in its mad embrace, and consigned them to a watery grave. This left only three on the Gordon, viz, the two Danish sailors and Smith, who clung to the fantail from 4 30 o'clock a. m., until 7 o'clock a. m., when the Seymour rounded to and rescued them from their perilous position. The Seymour could not land alongside of the Gordon, and they hove a line to Smith, who lashed it around the Danes. They were hauled on board, and he subsequently climbed on board the propeller himself, hand over hand on a tow line.

Brevities.

What do the militia go into camphor?

The miser is the great original chest-protector.

Prejudice squints when it looks, and lies when it talks.

It sounds somewhat paradoxical to speak of an old salt fresh from sea.

Young ladies are wearing low, flat-crowned turbans, with brims of feathers or fur.

A desert waste—scooping out the inside of a pie and throwing away the crust.

If Courtney's scull were as thick as his skull it could never have been sawed.

The household that keeps a baby can afford to sell its alarm clock very cheap.

Many a man who puffs at mounting a flight of stairs will run up an account with the greatest ease.

Grey hairs seem to my fancy like the light of a soft moon, silvering over the evening of life.—*Richter.*

"The music at a marriage procession," says Heine, "always reminds me of the music of soldiers entering a battle."

"My electric light is coming—coming," says Mr. Edison cheerfully. Undoubtedly; and it's head is bending low.

There is no need of skirmishing around a bookstore in search of a present for your wife. A bank book will always be acceptable.

Selfishness mars the loveliest action; it stains the fairest beauty; it dims the brightest lustre; it blotches the most munificent beauty.

Among the latest German patent applications there is one for the process of making a green color by oxidizing the sulphide of tetramethyldiamidotriphenylmethan.

It is hard to decide which is the more pestilential—the young bore who is forever bragging what he is going to do, or the old bore who is eternally bragging what he has done.

A bachelor, upon reading that "two lovers will sit up all night with only one chair in the room," said it could not be done unless one of them sat on the floor. Such ignorance is painful.

He was a wise man who said that the great question is not "How many enemies have we?" but "Where are they?" The brave man does not fear numbers, but has a right to demand fair play.

A Frenchman thought he had learned the slang expression, "I have other fish to fry" by heart, and could master it at will. When invited to attend a whist party he responded—"No, I thank you, I must fry some fish."

London *Truth*—"To come home and find an ill-cooked dinner presided over by a slatternly wife in her tantrums is a gloomy business. To hear a husband maunder daily over the increasing price of coals and small beer is quite as gloomy for the wife."

The theology of childhood is very peculiar. The only difference between us and the little ones is that while we think just as many funny things as they do, we never speak of them, while they put them into words. We are reminded of this fact by reading of the boy who asked his mother if God made monkeys as well as men. When she naturally replied in the affirmative, he quietly remarked—"Well, I guess He must have laughed when he got the first one finished."

WAS HIS RYE GENUINE?

A Question Arising Out of an Exhibition Award.

BRANTFORD, Ont.—A mowing machine was awarded to Charles Grant, of Thornbury, Grey County, for the best collection of grain at the Southern Exhibition in October, 1878. A protest was entered by Mr. Stock, of Waterdown, against the award, on the ground that a bag of rye exhibited was bought from Walter Smith at Toronto, and affidavits to this effect were made by Smith and his brother. A committee of the Agricultural Board deemed it best to keep possession of the machine and prize money. Mr. Grant brought an action against the South Brant Agricultural Society to recover the machine. Although he succeeded in proving the genuineness of the samples exhibited, yet the Court held that the Board had power to deal finally with the matter, and that their decision could not be questioned now.

Crude Petroleum as a Remedy in Consumption.

Dr. M. M. Griffith, of Bradford, Pa., reports some astonishing results obtained by the administration of crude petroleum to consumptives. He claims that out of twenty-five cases of well marked tuberculosis so treated twenty are to all means of diagnosis cured; the rest have been materially benefitted; and none have been under treatment more than four months. The nausea attending the use of ordinary crude petroleum led him to adopt the semi-solid oil that forms on the casing and tubing of wells. This, made into three to five grain pills by incorporating any inert vegetable powder, was administered from three to five times a day in one pill doses. The first effect, he says, is the disappearance of the cough; night sweats are relieved, appetite improves, and weight is rapidly gained. It is to be hoped that Dr. Griffith has not mistaken some self-limiting phase of throat or bronchial disorder for true consumption of the lungs; also that continued trial of the alleged remedy will justify the high opinion he has formed in regard to its efficacy.

PALESTINE POTTERY.—The Biblical descriptions of pottery are singularly applicative to the present process of manufacture. Now, in this nineteenth century, the potter sits at his frame and turns the wheel with his foot. Or, as we read in the Apocrypha: "So doth the potter, sitting at his work and turning the wheel about with his feet; he fashioneth the clay with his arm." The potter had a heap of the prepared clay near him, and a pot of water by his side. Taking a lump in his hand, he placed it on the top of the wheel, which revolves horizontally, and smoothed it into a low cone, like the upper end of a sugar-loaf; then thrusting his thumb into the top of it, he opened a hole down through the centre, and this he constantly widened by pressing the edges of the revolving cone between his hands. As it enlarged and became thinner, he gave it whatever shape he pleased, with the utmost ease and expedition. It is evident from numerous expressions in the Bible, that the potter's vessel was the synonym of utter frugality; and to say, as David does, that Zion's King would dash his enemies in pieces like a potter's vessel, was to threaten with ruinous and remediless destruction. We who are accustomed to strong stone-ware of considerable value can scarcely appreciate some of these Biblical references, but for Palestine they are still as appropriate and forcible as ever. Arab jars are so thin and frail that they are literally dashed to shivers by the slightest stroke. Water jars are often broken by merely putting them down upon the floor; and the servant frequently returns from the fountain empty-handed, having had all his jars smashed to atoms by some irregular behavior of the donkey.—*Harper's Magazine.*

IMPROVED ELECTRIC CANDLE.—An improved form of electric candle has been produced by Mr. S. Cohne, of London, for which the following advantages are claimed: Up to the present time all electric candles in use have been made from pure carbon or carbon mixed with other substances, such, for example, as kaolin or plaster of Paris, all which have the great disadvantage of burning too quickly away, and producing in a greater or less degree a flickering light. Such candles, therefore, require controling mechanism to regulate their distance from each other. Mr. Cohne's invention consists in making or forming a candle of ultramarine, or the substances which when united together form or produce ultramarine. The ultramarine may be green, blue, or of any other color in which it is produced. It may be either used in its pure state or mixed with carbon, kaolin, plaster of Paris, molasses, or with any metal reduced to powder so as to be in a finely divided state. The metal preferred is copper, and it is ultramarine, carbon, powdered copper, and molasses that the patentee employs.

A certain man got mad at the editor and stopped his paper. The next week he sold all his corn at four cents below the market price; then his property was sold for taxes because he didn't read the sheriff's sales; he lost $10 betting on Mollie McCarthy ten days after Ten Broeck had won the race; he was arrested and fined $8 for going hunting on Sunday simply because he didn't know it was Sunday; and he paid $300 for a lot of forged notes that had been advertised two weeks and the public cautioned not to negotiate them. He then paid a big Irishman with a foot like a derrick to kick him all the way to the newspaper office, where he paid four years' subscription in advance and made the editor sign an agreement to knock him down and rob him if he ever ordered his paper stopped again.

In a paper read before the Royal Society, London, Mr. Reade assigns to our earth a period of existence greatly in excess of the limits usually named by geologists. Basing his estimates upon the observed rate of growth of calcareous and other sedimentary formations, the materials for which are primarily furnished by the disintegration of granitic, basaltic, and other crystalline rocks, he draws the inference that the elimination of the sedimentary strata must have demanded—as a minimum—at least 600,000,000 years. This period he divides as follows: 200,000,000 years for the formation of the Laurentian, Cambrian, and Silurian deposits; 200,000,000 years for the Devonian, Carboniferous, and Poikilitic systems; and an equally vast period of time for the elaboration of all the other overlying rock.

A Eureka, Nev., coroner, after summoning a jury and over the corpse swearing the same, remarked "Gentlemen, if you have any doubts as to the man being dead, just walk down to the doctor's office and examine his heart, which has just been removed." The jury with one accord came to the conclusion without further evidence that the man was defunct.

You never see a woman button anything that she can pin, and you never see a man pin anything that he can tie with a string. You would have trouble making some men believe that they couldn't tie a button hole into a wrist band with a piece of twine-string.

Our Friends

They never quite leave us—our friends who have passed
Through the shadows of death to the sunlight above;
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast
To the places they blessed with their presence and love.

The works which they left and the books which they read
Speak mutely, though still with an eloquence rare,
And the song that they sang, the dear words that they said,
Yet linger awhile in the desolate air.

And oft when alone, and as oft in the throng,
Or when evil allures us, or sin draweth nigh,
A whisper comes gently, "Nay, do not the wrong,"
And we feel that our weakness is pitied on high.

In the dew-threaded morn and the opaline eve,
When the children are merry or crimsoned with sleep,
We are comforted, even as lonely we grieve,
For the thought of their rapture forbids us to weep.

We toil at our tasks in the burden and heat
Of life's passionate noon. They are folded in peace.
It is well. We rejoice that their heaven is sweet,
And one day for us all the bitter will cease.

We, too, will go o'er the river of rest,
As the strong and the lovely before us have gone;
Our sun will go down in the beautiful west,
To rise in the glory that circles the throne.

Until then we are bound by our love and our faith
To the saints who are walking in paradise fair;
They have passed beyond sight, at the touch ng of death,
But they live, like ourselves, in God's infinite care.

ARRESTED FOR MURDER.

A Barge Captain in Custody on Suspicion of Slaying His Mate.

BUFFALO, Nov. —.—Captain Andrew McKenzie, of the barge Walton, was to-day arrested on suspicion of murdering the mate of his vessel, Thomas Russell, last night. The body was found in the river, partly naked, and the head all cut up and clotted with blood. The boat bore evidence of a terrific struggle, and was covered with blood. McKenzie claims that he left the murdered man at eight o'clock last night, since which time he has not seen him alive. McKenzie's clothing was all covered with blood, the presence of which he could not explain. He denies all knowledge of the crime, but the detectives claim that they have discovered several suspicious circumstances, which strongly point to the captain's guilt. The latter claims that he paid Russell $25, all the money due him last Saturday night, and produced his receipt book, but the detectives think the signature is a forgery. The Captain claims he and Russell were always good friends, and never had a quarrel. He says he was at the Variety Theatre last night, and did not go on board the Walton until two o'clock in the morning. He only lit a match then, but discovered no traces of the deed. He was the first man who discovered the body in the water this morning. Coroner Almendinger will hold an inquest in the case.

Edmund Yates in a late London *World* relates this pleasant "personal" of one of England's thorough-bred women—"The Duchess of Montrose, wearing a brilliant peignoir, and sitting on a three-legged stool, milking a thorough bred Alderney in one of the loose boxes appointed to race-horses, was certainly not an every-day spectacle. The occurrence happened during the recent Second October Meeting at Newmarket, whither the valuable cow in question, for which Her Grace gave something like $500 was sent, with special instructions as to feeding and milking during the journey. On being informed of its safe arrival, the duchess sent to Taylor, her husband's trainer, to have the cow milked at once; but neither Taylor nor his head lad was *au fait* at the business. Thereupon the duchess, who was in the midst of her toilette, hastily slipped on a peignoir, and performed the operation with the skill of the most experienced milkmaid."

The following unique advertisement lately appeared in the *Globe*:

TEACHER, Male, for School Section No. 4 Smith; also a follower of Christ; Salary $300. Apply to Wm. Graham, Sec. and Trus., box 135, Peterborough.

Mr. Graham wants many qualifications for the money.

Few of us can reach the philosophic heights of indifference which are expressed in the following touching lines, written, it is said, by a "miserable wretch" who did not want any one to suffer through his misfortunes:

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space,
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never you mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air,
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Roll on!

The British Consul at Panama reports that India rubber has almost ceased to be an article of export from the Isthmus, mainly in consequence of the great difficulty and expense of getting at the trees in the remote districts of the interior. Those nearer the coast have been destroyed by the wasteful system pursued by the natives in cutting down the trees to procure the sap.

Young man, perseverance will win you riches. We knew a young man in our school-days who was as poor as the legendary church-mouse. But he worked faithfully, perseveringly, and earnestly upon the affections of a young girl with a hundred thousand dollars, and, marrying, he became rich in a single day. Persevere, young man, persevere.

Michael McGuire, of Suspension Bridge, who some months ago was sentenced to Auburn State Prison for five years on a conviction for rape alleged to have been committed on Mary Beers, from Canada, has been pardoned by the Governor and released from confinement.

The Cincinnati brewers have "pooled their issues." That is to say, they have merged into one big concern with a capital of $8,000,000. Their object in this is, as they say, to make—not more money—but better beer.

A SAD END.—Among the passengers on board the ill-fated Waubuno were Dr. W. H. Doupe, formerly of St. Marys, and his young bride. The doctor was a young man of great promise.

Politico-social clubs in large provincial towns are a feature of the day now in England. Sir William Harcourt opened one at Southport lately whose club house had cost over $50,000.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JAMES S. SPRAGUE, M.D.,
LICENTIATE AND MEMBER
College of Physicians and Surgeons.

GEO. E. BULL,
CLERK 5TH DIVISION COURT,
Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Land Agent, Commissioner in B.R., Money to loan. Stirling, Ont.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary Public, etc., Stirling. Money to lend.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER. — HAIRDRESSING, Shaving, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Mill street, third door from North.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
FRONT STREET, STIRLING—A. McWILLIAMS, proprietor. First-class house, and charges moderate.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the VILLAGE COUNCIL meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock p.m.
F. P. PARKER, Clerk.

APPRENTICES WANTED AT Miles & Clute's, in the dressmaking department. Apply to MISS DAFOE.

CASH FOR WHEAT!
The undersigned will pay the highest market price for Good, Clean, Plump Wheat, delivered at the TRENT RIVER MILLS.
D. MORGAN.

GOODMURPHY'S
Stirling Livery!
Opposite Scott's hotel. First-class rigs. Commercial men served at shortest notice. If advised by telegraph will meet parties stopping off at junction of G.T. and N.R. railways.
J. H. WILLIAMSON, Lessee.

W. W. SMITH,
Watchmaker and Jeweller,
keeps constantly on hand and for sale
Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Spectacles, Etc.
All repairing in the above lines done in the best manner and on short notice.

ROBT. B. JONES,
Horse-shoer & Jobbing Blacksmith.
First-class work done in horse-shoeing. Particular attention paid to interfering horses, and those lamed by bad shoeing. Interfering or contracted feet cured after one or two shoeings. Jobwork of every description done on the shortest notice and in the neatest style.
Front street, Stirling, opposite Dr. Parker's.

CALL FOR THE GREAT
Sierra Nevada Smoking!
At James McKee's grocery store, one of the most delicious aromas ever smoked. Cures Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Bronchial Complaints. Singers and Speakers use it successfully.
M. L. SMITH, Arkona, Ont.

CHEAP PUMPS.

The undersigned is prepared to furnish the cheapest and best Pumps in the market, all styles,
With or Without Iron Lining.
Prompt attention given to all
REPAIRING!
A call solicited.
Factory—Opposite Flint & Jellett's block Stirling, Ont.
AUSTIN SAYLOR.

G. H. BOULTER,
M.D., Physician, Surgeon, and Obstetrician,
Dealer in
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, putty, Brushes, Perfumery, Thermometers, Genuine Dye Stuffs, Best White Coal Oil and Druggist's Sundries.

IRON-BOUND
and all other
SCHOOL-BOOKS AND STATIONERY,
all of which will be sold at lowest cash prices. Parties indebted are requested to call and settle without delay.
North street, Stirling.

$20000
TO
LOAN
On Mortgage Security.
Apply to
GEO. A. SKINNER,
Solicitor, etc., Stirling.

IRA WILLIAMS
Has opened a Large Stock of
LADIES' MANTLES
In the latest styles, from $2.50 upwards. Also, Gents', Youths' and Boys'
Overcoats and Ulsters!
From $5 upwards.
Together with all articles and notions usually kept in a general store.
MILLINERY,
Comprising New Styles, New Colors, Novelties of the Season.
Any article in stock sold cheap for cash. Orders attended promptly.
BRITISH WAREHOUSE
STIRLING.

PROSPECTUS
—OF—
The Stirling NEWS-ARGUS.

The subscriber feels the utmost confidence in undertaking the task of publishing a newspaper in the village of Stirling, having had upwards of thirteen years experience of newspaper life in one capacity or another, and having been for some time back at the head of one of the best local newspapers in the province; having thorough control over both the editorial and mechanical branches of the calling, intending patrons may look for a sheet that will be at once a credit to the place and a welcome visitor to their firesides.

The village of Stirling is an important factor in one of the finest agricultural sections of the Dominion, and while THE NEWS-ARGUS will issue from there, it will at the same time record the local proceedings of all parts of the county of Hastings, and will give the items of interest as they occur throughout the two ridings. To this end a corps of regular correspondents will be established at the different points at as early a date as possible, who will forward the news of their several particular localities just previous to going to press each week; besides which a more general summary of the news of the district will be carefully compiled from the columns of local exchanges.

The paper will be open to correspondence on all legitimate subjects, which must be discussed in a proper spirit, no personalities employed, and the real name of the author of any letter must be made known to the editor as a guarantee of good faith, and as a measure of protection. This rule is imperative in all cases.

The minutes of the municipal councils will be published, as also reports of all meetings, etc., of any local interest; a carefully selected miscellany will be given, and editorial matter on current events; but politics will be carefully eschewed.

A report of the markets most interesting to the farmer will be given, properly corrected each week, which may be relied on for all practical purposes.

The paper being only weekly, and strictly local in its nature, special attention will be given to home news; and while a synopsis of Canadian and foreign news will be given, it will not assume to be—what no country weekly can possibly be—a *newspaper* in the widest and provincial sense of the term. Believing that a local paper should make a specialty of local affairs, we will leave the city dailies their own functions to perform in giving in minute detail the passing events of the great world at large.

Owing to the central nature of the place of publication, there being no other paper published within a radius of sixteen miles, and the consequent large subscription list that may be expected, THE NEWS-ARGUS will be a valuable medium through which advertisers, both home and foreign, may reach their customers, or find new ones among the intelligent and well-to-do farming population of the central and northern parts of the county of Hastings.

The advertising rates are as follows: For yearly contracts of one-fourth column, or any less space down to two inches, 9 cents per inch each insertion; one-half column, or any less space down to one-fourth column, 8 cents per inch each insertion; whole column, or any less space down to one-half column, 7 cents per inch each insertion (a column measures 22 inches); two inches, $10 per year; one inch, $6 per year; business cards, limited to six lines of nonpareil, or one-half inch, $4 per year. An increase of one cent per inch each insertion will be charged on advertisements inserted for six months, and a further increase of one cent per inch on those inserted for only three months. The foregoing applies only to contract or standing business advertisements.

Transient advertisements of all kinds will be charged the usual rate of eight cents per line for the first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Births, marriages and deaths will be inserted without charge.

The subscription price of THE NEWS-ARGUS has been placed at the lowest remunerative figure of $1.50 per annum, postage prepaid in all cases by the publisher; those paying in advance, however, will receive the paper at the reduced sum of $1.25 per annum.

The office is fitted up for the execution of all manner of Job Printing, which will be made a specialty. Poster, card, circular, commercial and book work executed in the neatest styles and on the shortest notice. Orders by mail in this, as well as in the advertisement and subscription departments, will be promptly attended to.

It is with no hesitation that we launch our bark on the troubled sea of journalism. The field has been well viewed, the probabilities carefully weighed, and the wants of the community considered from every standpoint; we know from experience our ability to produce a paper pleasing to the popular taste, and at the same time free from any taint of immoral or vicious tendencies; and it is our fixed determination to deserve success by standing firm at the helm, leaving the verdict in the hands of those on whom we depend for that support without which no venture can succeed.

The paper will be issued every Friday morning. The office of publication is on North street, Stirling, first door north of Dr. Parker's drug store.

JOHN M. THOMPSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

The Stirling News-Argus

IS PUBLISHED

Every Friday Morning

At the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Dr. Parker's drug store, by

JOHN H. THOMPSON.

Subscription Price, $1.50 per year.

Those paying in advance will receive the paper at the reduced rate of $1.25 per year.

New Advertisements This Week,

Who would Freeze?—Jas. Boldrick.
Buffalo Robes—Milne & Clute.
'Xmas Goods—Apothecaries' Hall.
Stolen—F. B. Parker.
Births, Deaths and Marriages—F. B. Parker.
Strayed Cattle—James McComb.
Apprentice Wanted—NEWS-ARGUS Office.
Situation Wanted—T.C.J., P.O. Box 50.

The News-Argus.

STIRLING, FRIDAY, DEC'R 12, 1879.

District Happenings.

THE COUNTY TOWN.

From our own correspondent.

As the season of marine insurance expired on the 30th ult., captains do not care to risk their vessels on the water during the boisterous and uncertain weather, and the consequence is large numbers are going into winter quarters. Several are lying up at Belleville.

Owing to the Grand Junction railway track being up-grade from the station to the head of Pinnacle street, considerable difficulty is experienced in getting a start from the dock, especially if the train is large or heavy loaded. Last Thursday about noon a train of some ten or twelve cars made several ineffectual efforts to get off, and at last they had to divide the train. While passing and repassing the market, with frequent blowing of the whistle, quite a commotion was caused among the horses, unused to such disturbances, but we did not hear of any damage being done.

On Thursday, the 4th inst., a large sheet of snow discended from the sloping roof of Wesley Bullen's store. Several persons narrowly escaped being struck by the "slide" as it fell on the walk. One runaway, without injury to property, and several others were threatened. These "slides" are of frequent occurrence, and unless some preventative system is adopted a serious or fatal accident will eventually result.

The Grand Junction station is being put in something like order by the manager of the road. Beside having the wood-work painted, both inside and out, a waiting-room has been set apart and furnished for the accommodation of the travelling public.

Five out of twenty prisoners confined in the county gaol are boys under thirteen years of age. Considering this, Belleville's prospects of turning out a first class corps of desperadoes are exceedingly bright, and will probably be realized unless some means are adopted to check the current of crime so rapidly increasing in our city.

Friday evening, as the town clock struck six, one of the fire brigade, who is also a disciple of Bacchus, and had been toasting to the memory of his god, took the striking for a fire alarm and made the neighbourhood hideous with the yells of "fire."

A young law student, Pat McMahon, made his *debut* at the bar in the police court Friday, and handled his case with such clearness that his client was allowed to depart in peace, he being charged with house-breaking. As a beginning of his career it is decidedly encouraging, and we sincerely hope his future endeavors will be equally successful.

Friday last the bay was frozen over from the harbor to Ferry Point, the ice being thick enough to prevent the ferry from running as usual. On Saturday, however, she succeeded after much difficulty in making a channel, and made her usual trips during the remainder of the day. The upper ferry has been able to ply without interruption so far during the fall from the fact that her course is more open, and the wind does much toward preventing the formation of ice. The steamer *Armenia* failed to arrive up from Picton yesterday owing to ice. She is the only steamer now running on the bay, the others having laid up some two weeks ago. When she suspends, navigation to this port will be closed.

The market on Saturday last was of extraordinarily large dimensions, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather. The butter market was crowded to unpleasantness, while the outside space was compactly filled. Produce of all kinds was offered in profusion. There was a slight advance in meat, and butter was disposed of at from eighteen to twenty cents per pound. Other articles went as usual, with a few slight changes.

During last week we experienced all the changes the weather could undergo, having a day of each kind—a sort of sample, as it were, to show us the several grades. Still we are not without grumblers; they complain because it did change, and would, probably, have grumbled anyway.

The annual rifle matches of the 15th battalion came off on Friday last at the ranges, with a fair attendance. The shooting on the whole was very poor considering the advantages of favorable weather. The highest possible score was seventy-five. The best score made was forty-seven, by Corp. Weese and Sgt. Gerow, a tie. The others ranged from the above number down to two. Some allowance should be made, however, as the exercise was altogether new to a good number of the marksmen. It is to be hoped that at the next annual match they will verify the truthfulness of the old adage that "practice makes perfect."

An appointment has not yet been made to fill the vacancy caused by the removal of Rev. John Burton.

Contrary to the custom of past years, there is not a candidate in the field for municipal honors. Local sages have endeavored to ferret out the cause of the bashfulness on the part of would-be office-seekers, but find it to be a conundrum beyond their comprehension. A few citizens are noticed indulging in a little extra hand-shaking, and wear an unnatural, ghastly smile, as if something rolled heavily on their souls, and they hadn't the courage to speak out. It will be a novel chapter in our city's history if all the offices have to go begging. As election day is fast approaching, it is hoped some one will make a rally and break the spell.

LATER—Since writing the above, Ald. R. S. Patterson has faced the music, and offers himself as a candidate for the mayoralty for 1880. Candidates will now multiply and wax numerous.

The amount expended by the town for the reception of the governor-general, on September 20th, was $80.78.

Quite a heavy fall of hail occurred the first of the week.

The present mayor of the city, Mr. Alex. Robertson, publishes a card expressing his intention of retiring at the expiration of his term, and declining to accept of a third nomination. He has filled the office creditably.

The amount of traffic over the local railways is extremely large. It frequently occurs that trains going north are so large that they have to be divided at the station here, one part being taken to the Grand Junction station and shunted on a siding, when the engine returns for the remainder. It is rather inconvenient, and causes frequent delays.

The committee appointed to consider the advisability of extending the time for the completion of the Grand Junction railway to Peterboro' till January, 1881, refused to entertain the prayer of the petition, and left the matter in the hands of the council. It was then decided to call a public meeting to hear the verdict of the citizens before that body took decided action.

The county court opened Tuesday, before Judge Sherwood, with a docket of thirty-two cases. Seventeen require the services of a jury, while fifteen are non-jury cases. His honor the judge was presented with a pair of white kids, there being no criminal cases.

A wrestling contest is to take place in the opera house Saturday evening, between D. C. Ross and James Daly, professional athletes. This is to be the final trial for the champion belt, which has long been at stake between the two.

The new Robertson block is now about completed. The lower story consists of four stores, while the second and third flats are devoted to offices and halls. One portion of the second flat is occupied by the workingmen's temperance association. The mechanics' institute also has its rooms here, which are fitted and finished in superior style. In connection with the institute there is a gymnasium containing all the modern appointments. This is something new to our city, and is a necessity that has long been felt. A number of books, including the latest productions, and several standard works, have been added to the library, making as fine a collection as one could wish to select from. The improvement effected by the removal to the new rooms is being appreciated by the citizens, as the increase in membership amply proves.

SPRINGBROOK.

From our own correspondent.

The village poet hands in the following, entitled "A new way to make money, not hinted at by the promoters of the N.P.":

In times like these, when money is so scarce,
To make both ends meet is no easy task.
Don't throw away your money in ev'ry corner and nook
When you can save it by buying all you want in Springbrook.

If you want a fine carriage, to ride at your "ease,"
You cannot do better than buy one of Gay's,
If you've horses to shoe, and want it done well,
Just come to Springbrook and try Forestell.

If you want tea and sugar, and soap that will wash,
Go up to J. Shaw's, but not without cash.

For muslins, artificials, and other fine riggin's,
In addition to groceries, just step into Wiggins'.

The next is T. Rupert, and at no loss is he
To sell you a machine or insurance policy.

Then there is Welch (most moral man of the whole,
And always at work for the good of your sole),
Sells boots cheap for cash, and—somewhere I've read it—
They give more satisfaction than boots sold on credit.

And if you must drink, and all turn out villains,
You'll find accommodation at Charley McWilliams';
Now that the water in the wells is so low,
The wine in its strength from his bottles doth flow.

Springbrook was alive all last Monday with the bone and muscle of the neighborhood, as Mr. Matt. Haughton was marshalling a gang of men to be employed in a timber shanty in the northern peninsula of Michigan. About twenty-three left this place. The wages offered were from $16 to $20 per month. The employment of this gang was quite opportune, as a number of men had recently been discharged from the lumber regions north of us, to await the coming of "the beautiful."

MOUNT PLEASANT.

From our own correspondent.

For a number of weeks past the evening meetings held in the Mount Pleasant M.E. church, and also those held in the Baptist church, close by, have been disturbed by rowdies, for by no other name can those be called who go to places of divine worship for the express purpose of disturbing the same. The parties are known to both denominations, and have been entreated to discontinue their evil practices, but as entreaties have failed to secure the desired end, other means will have to be adopted. The law very plainly points out the way to deal with such offenders, but the people are loth to resort to legal steps. Yet there is a time when patience ceases to be a virtue, and the guilty parties had better take warning.

Mr. John Linn lately sold his farm of fifty acres, being the south-west quarter of lot 18, 2nd concession of Rawdon, to Mr. Albert Phillips. The sum paid was in the neighborhood of twenty-three hundred dollars.

Mr. Preston Cummings has sold his farm of sixty-five acres, part of lot 20, 1st concession, for $3,300.

A great deal of hand-shaking is now going on throughout the township. Election day is near at hand. Township politicians are very careful to ask how you are getting along, and how your wife and children are. They interest themselves considerably in our behalf just now, and the question naturally arises: Will they take as much pains six weeks from now?

Rawdon Council.

Town Hall, December 1.

Present—Messrs Cook (reeve), Montgomery (deputy reeve), Bateman, Williams and Duncan (councilmen).

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Moved by Mr. Bateman, seconded by Mr. Williams, That the following accounts be paid. Carried.

Belleville *Intelligencer*, printing, $72.80; Lewis Radcliff, work done on the road in front of lot 19, 11th concession, $10.00; William Gibson, work done on the road along side lot 19, 10th concession, $7.00; Robt. Matthews, work done on the road in front of lot 24, 7th concession, granted in 1878, $15.00; Wm. Simpson, work done on the road in front of lot 12, 9th concession, $10.00; A. G. Short, work done on the road in front of lots 20 and 21, 10th concession, $15.00; widow Johnson, support, $13.00; widow Dafoe, support, $5.00; Mrs. Bainham, support, $10.00; D. Austin, non-resident statute labour, $4.00; George Wright, work done on the road in front of lot 19, 11th concession, $5.00; Robert Morton, work done on the road in front of lot 14, 14th concession, $8.00; Jonathan Thane, work done on road in front of lot 24, 8th concession, $13.00; Edward Tanner, work done on the road, on the 7th concession, between Rawdon and Huntingdon, $6.00; Robt. McCormick, road allowance on the rear of lot 13, 8th concession, in full of claims, $25.00; James Cook, reeve, expenses going to Toronto on a deputation to get the township of Rawdon released from $3,150 back interest on Grand Junction by-law, $35.00; James Montgomery, deputy reeve, do., $35.00; Jos. Hogle clerk, do., $35.00; Geo. Drewry, school-house No. 7 for holding general election, $4.00; George D. Dickson, fees on Grand Junction by-law, $19.50; Jas. Cook reeve, $30.00; James Montgomery, deputy reeve, $30.00; J. Bateman, councillor, $30.00; Calvin Williams, do., $30.00; James Duncan, do., $30.00.

The road surveyor reports that the road in front of lot 1, 11th concession, will require $12 to make it passable.

Moved by Mr. Duncan, seconded by Mr. Montgomery, That 12.00 be granted to repair said road. Carried.

Moved by Mr Montgomery, seconded by Mr. Duncan, That $15 be granted to pay part of the expenses of a nurse for John Booth's family at the time of the small pox. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Montgomery, seconded by Mr. Williams, That the clerk get the printing of the township done at the office of THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS. Carried.

Francis Hogle made application for a deed for the road allowance on the rear of lot No. 14, 8th concession.

Moved by Mr. Duncan, seconded by Mr. Williams, That the necessary steps be taken to give Francis Hogle a deed for said road allowance. Carried.

Mr. Williams introduced a by law for the purpose of holding municipal elections, appointing returning officers, and providing polling places for the same, which was passed through its several stages, and numbered 33; polling place No. 1 to be held in school-house No 7, 4th concession, and Thomas Scott to be returning officer; polling place No. 2 to be held in school-house No. 3, Emanuel Maybee to be returning officer; polling place No. 3 to be held in the town hall, 8th concession, David McQuigg to be returning officer; polling place No. 4 to be held in school-house No. 20, 10th concession, William Haslett be returning officer.

Council adjourned until the second Saturday in January, 1880.

JOSEPH HOGLE,
Clerk.

WARNING.—An exchange says there are several counterfeit bills of the Dominion bank afloat at present; they are excellent imitations of the genuine article, and can scarcely be distinguished except by connoisseurs. The paper is somewhat rough and clumsy, the signature of Mr. Taylor is not well forged, and the beard on the chin of Jaques Cartier is different from the true bills.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Apprentice Wanted.

Wanted immediately, a smart boy, with fair education, to learn the Printing business. Apply at THE NEWS-ARGUS office.

Situation Wanted.

TO FARMERS—Wanted, by an able-bodied youth 21 years of age, a permanent situation, by the month or year. Is accustomed to farm work, and would prefer it. Address T.C.J., Box 50, Stirling P.O.

Stolen.

Stolen, a quantity of CEDAR, the property of the corporation, lying in rear of Mr. Thurber's store. Any information respecting the same will be thankfully received by

F. B. PARKER,
Municipal Clerk.

Stirling, December 11, 1879.

Births, Deaths and Marriages.

All parties interested not making proper returns for the above will be prosecuted without further notice.

F. B. PARKER,
Div. Registrar.

Stirling, December 11, 1879.

Strayed Cattle.

Came into the premises of the subscriber, lot 14, concession 11, Rawdon, about the 1st of November, two yearling Heifers, one all red, and the other red and white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.

JAMES McCOMB.

APOTHECARIES' HALL

'Xmas Goods,

Opened this week.

Forty Pairs of Vases,
Autograph Albums,
Flowers under Glass Shades,
Book Marks,
Motto Cups and Saucers,
English Annuals,
Violins and Bows,

and an endless lot of Toys for good Boys and Girls.

R. PARKER.

If you want a first-class home paper, giving you the news of what takes place at your very doors, lose no further time, but subscribe at once for THE NEWS-ARGUS.

BUFFALO ROBES,
Linings, Trimmings,
etc., cheap for cash, at
MILNE & CLUTE'S.

TAILORING
A specialty. A full line of
ENGLISH, SCOTCH
—AND—
CANADIAN TWEEDS
To choose from, and a
FIRST-CLASS FIT GUARANTEED.
A large quantity of COAL OIL cheap for cash.
All the accounts and notes due the above firm must be settled at once.

☞ We will be happy to receive at all times, by mail or otherwise, intelligence of incidents of local interest from every part of the county—births, marriages, deaths, accidents, fires, runaways, reports of meetings, etc.—for publication in these columns.

HOME MATTERS.

RAWDON COUNCIL.—A slight mistake occured in the minutes of the meeting for November, as published in THE NEWS-ARGUS, where John Bateman was said to have expended $20 on the road in front of lot 7, 8th concession. It should have read in front of lots 7 and 8, 11th concession.

EYE AND EAR INFIRMITIES.—Those afflicted as above should watch for the arrival in Stirling, Monday next, of Dr. J. D. Stewart, justly celebrated for his success in cases of defective vision of any description, hardness of hearing, etc. He will be at the Stirling house from that day until Wednesday afternoon.

THE MASONIC ENTERTAINMENT.—The mammoth posters for this entertainment were printed at THE NEWS-ARGUS office this week, and will give full particulars as to how St. John's day is to be celebrated by the brethren of the mystic tie. The day (December 27th) falls on Saturday, and, for its better observance, Friday was substituted. A grand time is bound to be had.

PERSONAL.—Mr. J. W. Rodgers, for the past eight years head master of the Stirling public school, has been appointed to the position of head master of the Trenton public school. His many friends in Stirling and vicinity wish him a continuance of that success which has hitherto distinguished him as a teacher——The many friends of Mr. Lindsay Micklejohn, who has been prostrated for some time by severe illness, will be glad to learn that he is now convalescent.

THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.—We have received a communication from West Huntingdon, complaining in plain terms of the state of dilapidation in which the old burying-ground in Stirling is allowed to remain, but as the writer has not provided his (or her) real name—a positive rule in journalism—we are compelled to withhold it, although the complaint is a just one, and the evil one that the village council should have seen to long ago. The place is an eyesore to all, and must be especially harrowing to those who have friends buried there. For the credit of the village, let the place be decently enclosed and cleaned up. If the correspondent referred to will forward his real name—not for publication, but merely as a guarantee of good faith—the letter shall find place in next week's paper.

STIRLING AS IT IS.—Rev. J. W. Savage is the interesting Stirling correspondent of the Lindsay *Warder*, and a recent issue of that paper contains the following concerning the village from his pen: "The village continues to prosper notwithstanding the drawbacks referred to in my last. New buildings, far superior, are being erected on the vacant lots caused by the fires. Business men are much encouraged. Building lots bring a good figure, which is a good indication. One small lot where the main brick walls remained standing brought $800, some fifteen cords of wood thrown into the bargain. For business, for pleasure, for opportunities for getting and doing good, Stirling, I should imagine, is second to no town of its size in the dominion. It presents sterling offers, and for sociable, reliable and intelligent society it is a most desirable place to live in."

ARTISTIC WORK.—Dr. Faulkner has had the hall of his new dwelling ornamented with paintings of various kinds, the artist being Rev. J. T. Dowling, who has distinguished himself on more than one occasion in this branch of fine art. On entering the front door, the gaze rests on the dominion arms, beaver, maple leaf, shield, etc.; over the door entering into the dining-room; on the left-hand wall is a Swiss canyon scene, with a feudal castle in the distance; over the door into the parlor is a bust of Lord John Russell, and directly opposite this one of the queen; between the former and the front door is a statuary group entitled "Early love," and opposite this again a representation of "Medicine"; at the side of the stairway is a wild looking deer-hunting scene in the Rocky mountains, while in a little nook under the stairway is a native water scene, which, though the least in size and position, is perhaps the best executed piece in the hall, the reflection in the water—the grand point in a water picture—being almost perfect, and the frogs, overhanging trees, etc., most natural. The busts and statuary, especially "Medicine," are brought out in very bold relief, and at a short distance might puzzle a connoisseur to say whether they were really sculpture or simply crayon work. There are eight pieces in all, each one surrounded by a rich scroll border, as is also the front door. Viewed from the other rooms, through the doors, the effect is very pretty, the only drawback being that from no retired position can very much of it be seen at once. The name "Dr. Faulkner," in tasty gilt letters on the glass over the outside door, is also the work of Mr. Dowling.

GOLD AT MADOC.—Great excitement exists in our suburb over the discovery of a fresh gold vein of great richness.

SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.—An entertainment by the Sager's corners school, Mr. Geo. M. Yerex, teacher, will be held on Friday evening next. A heavy programme is provided.

WHO STOLE THE CEDAR?—About a wagon-load of cedar belonging to the village has disappeared from the rear of the clerk's office, and he advertises for information concerning its whereabouts.

NEW STATION MASTER.—Mr. W. H. Butcher has been appointed station-master at Stirling, to fill the vacancy made by the death of Mr. Wm. Mills. He assumed the duties on Monday last.

FIVE CURIOSITIES.—The Belleville *Ontario* says: "Twenty prisoners are now confined in the gaol, ten of whom are males and five females." And the *Free Press* tauntingly asks: "What are the other five?"

MERRY CHRISTMAS.—The M. E. Sabbath-school of this place are vigorously preparing for their anniversary, to be held on Christmas eve, with dialogues, recitations, addresses, Christmas tree, etc. This will be a desirable affair, and no doubt will be an occasion of profit and pleasure to all.

ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary of the Bethel M. E. church (Marmora road) is to be held on Sunday and Monday, 21st and 22nd inst. Rev. R. E. Lund, of Campbellford, is expected to preach at 10:30 a.m., and Rev. R. B. Denike, of Percy, 6:30 p.m. On Monday evening the annual tea-meeting will be served at 6:30 p.m. Addresses, interspersed with choice vocal and instrumental music, will be the order of entertainment. Keep it in mind. For particulars see posters.

VITAL STATISTICS.—The law requires all births, marriages and deaths to be registered with the municipal clerk, and imposes a heavy penalty on any neglecting to do so. The requirement, however, is habitually ignored by most people, and the clerk, if he wishes the record to be in any way perfect, must "drum up" the matter as best he can. The Stirling clerk, as will be seen by advertisement elsewhere, has come to the conclusion that patience in the premises is no longer a virtue, and is bound to effect a reform.

MINISTERIAL.—The East Ontario ministers' institute (Baptist) held its session in the Second Cramahe Baptist church, about thirty miles west of here last week, the exercises continuing from Monday until Wednesday evening. Rev. Wm. Lacey and Rev. J. T. Dowling preached on the occasion, and the following papers were presented for discussion: "Exposition of Romans vi," by Rev. A. Turnbull; "The nature and excellency of the Christian hope," by Rev. Wm. Lacey; "Liberty not liberalism," by Rev. Wm. Ainsworth; "From Egypt to Canaan," illustrated, by Dr. Gould; and "Corroborations of Scripture by recent discoveries," by Rev. J. T. Dowling. The last-mentioned subject was fully illustrated with a profusion of Egyptian hieroglyphics, and large scenes, by the lecturer's own hand. Deep interest pervaded the meeting, and the attendance was good despite the stormy weather. The next quarterly meeting will be held at Stirling early in March.

THE RIDGE-ROAD ENTERTAINMENT.—The exhibition held at the Ridge road school-house on Friday evening last was a success in almost every particular. The weather was quite clear and moderate, and the sleighing very good, which made it a very desirable evening for the occasion. At about 7:30 p.m. the school-house was completely crowded, not even comfortable standing room being left; shortly before eight o'clock the chair was taken by Mr. Walter Martin, of Stirling, who filled the position in a very able and satisfactory manner. The performance opened with a song by Miss Craske, of Stirling, and the pupils of the school, rendered very nicely, followed by a choice selection of recitations, dialogues, orations, speeches, etc. Among the names on the programme were noticed the following: Miss Craske, Stirling; Miss Bates, Belleville; Frank Butler, Robert O'Neill, Charles Mitchell, Miss Ella Cummings, Master Arthur Seeley, Miss Maggie Emerson, Thomas Montgomery, and many others. Before closing, the chairman, on behalf of the committee, returned thanks to the parties who assisted them. A large party went out from the village, to show their interest in the advance of the cause of education. About $20 was realized, which will provide a handsome lot of prizes for the holiday examination. It is to be regretted that an entertainment of this kind cannot pass off without the presence of that rowdy element which caused such a disturbance as to necessitate the close of the entertainment before the programme was nearly completed. If the blackguards who are responsible, and who intrude themselves at such places in a state totally unfit for the society of decent people, cannot be checked in any other way, an example should be made of them before a magistrate, for of course they are known.

Why should we chill or freeze, when Clothing is so cheap at Boldrick's? You can buy for $3.50 a good warm pair of winter Pants. You can buy a respectable coat for from $5.50 to $7.50. Every one should see them. The very poor and destitute will have their wants supplied free.

JAS. BOLDRICK'S.

EXPRESS OFFICE.—An office of the Canadian express company is now a settled fact at Stirling, being situated at the depot. Mr. Butcher, the station agent, acts as agent. Offices have also been established at Madoc, Campbellford and Hastings, and an express messenger runs daily on the train.

RAWDON SCHOOL FINANCES.—The following table shows the exact school expenses of Rawdon for 1879. The levy given, it will be understood, is for school purposes only. We are indebted to Mr. Cook, reeve, for the figures:

No.	Required.	Assessment.	School Rate.	Raised.
1	$290 00	$ 81,030	3¼m.	$303 86
3	400 00	90,550	4½	407 47
4	375 00	78,910	4¾	374 34
7	380 00	102,760	3¾	385 35
8	254 75	101,930	2½	254 82
11	281 00	32,960	8½	280 16
12	475 00	53,320	9	485 28
13	285 00	67,700	4½	304 65
14	200 00	63,350	3½	197 96
15	200 00	32,375	6½	202 34
17	225 00	54,000	4¼	229 50
19	360 00	91,500	4	366 00
20	267 44	36,670	7¼	265 85
	$3,993 19	$887,555		$4,057 58

BIRTHS.

In Sidney, 5th inst, the wife of Albert Hagerman, of a daughter.

In Sidney, 2nd inst., the wife of Albert W. Lowry, of a son.

At Madoc, 2nd inst., the wife of W. Bristol, of a daughter.

At Campbellford, 28th ult., the wife of Dr. Pettigrew, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Oshawa, 28th ult., Geo. H. Smith, of Oshawa, and Miss C. Young, of Belleville.

DEATHS.

At Belleville, 4th inst., Polly, wife of Thos. Gardner, aged 44 years.

At Belleville, 8th inst., Wm. Booker, aged 78 years.

At Campbellford, 30th ult., Sarah Ann, daughter of Chas. Crane, aged 20 years.

At Campbellford, 1st inst., Tommy, third son of Garrett Locklin, in the 4th year of his age.

PRODUCE MARKETS.

	STIRLING.		BELLEVILLE.		MADOC.		CAMPBELLFD.	
Flour per bbl	$6 00	to $6 50	$5 75	to $6 50	$6 00	to $6 50	$6 00	to $6 50
Fall wheat per bush.	0 90	to 0 90	0 90	to 0 90	0 90	to 0 90	0 90	to 0 90
Spring do. " "	0 00	to 0 00	0 00	to 0 00	0 00	to 0 00	0 00	to 0 00
Barley " "	0 55	to 0 60	0 55	to 0 60	0 55	to 0 60	0 55	to 0 60
Peas " "	0 65	to 0 65	0 65	to 0 65	0 65	to 0 65	0 65	to 0 65
Oats " "	0 35	to 0 35	0 35	to 0 35	0 35	to 0 35	0 35	to 0 35
Butter, pail	0 15	to 0 15	0 15	to 0 15	0 15	to 0 15	0 15	to 0 15
" tub	0 15	to 0 15	0 15	to 0 15	0 15	to 0 15	0 15	to 0 15
Eggs	0 17	to 0 17	0 17	to 0 17	0 17	to 0 17	0 17	to 0 17
Potatoes, per bag	0 60	to 0 75	0 60	to 0 75	0 60	to 0 75	0 60	to 0 75
Hay	7 00	to 8 00	7 00	to 8 00	7 00	to 8 00	7 00	to 8 00
Straw	5 00	to 5 00	5 00	to 5 00	5 00	to 5 00	5 00	to 5 00
Sheepskins	1 00	to 1 25	1 00	to 1 25	1 00	to 1 25	1 00	to 1 25
Hams	0 12	to 0 12	0 12	to 0 12	0 12	to 0 12	0 12	to 0 12
Chickens	0 30	to 0 35	0 30	to 0 35	0 30	to 0 35	0 30	to 0 35

IF YOU WANT A

Good Photograph

CABINET OR ENLARGEMENT,

OR TINTYPE

Call at the

STIRLING PHOTO. GALLERY.

Photographs, $1.50 per dozen.
Cabinets, $3 per dozen.
Enlargements, $1.
Two Tintypes for 40c.
FRAMES of all kinds kept on hand cheap.

ARNOLD WELLMAN.

Stirling House Space.

Too much business to write advertisements.

A. G. SCOTT,
Proprietor.

GEO. SEELEY

has just received a new stock of

Groceries and Liquors,

including

Teas, Sugars, Tobaccos, Coffee, Vinegar, Coal Oil, etc.

OYSTERS!

XXX, Diamond, Standard, Continental, and all other brands, can be had as cheap as any house in town. Call in and see my FIFTY-CENT TEA.

MORTGAGE SALE

OF

Valuable Farm Property.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage made by Thomas W. Campion to the vendor, and which will be produced on the day of sale, default having been made in the payment thereof, there will be offered for sale at MRS. BRADY'S HOTEL, in the

VILLAGE OF MARMORA,

in the county of Hastings, on

Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1879,

at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all the right, title and interest of the mortgagee and mortgagor, Thomas W. Campion, in and to the north-east quarter of lot number twenty-three, in the third concession of the township of Marmora, in said county of Hastings, containing fifty-seven acres more or less.

Persons wanting an excellent farm will find this a splendid opportunity for buying, as it is said to be a valuable property. Mortgagee reserves one bid.

I also offer at private sale lot 31, 12th concession of Belmont, cheap.

For further particulars and terms apply to

GEO. A. SKINNER,
Vendor's Solicitor.

CHAS. BUTLER, auctioneer.
Stirling, November 26th, 1879.

Who would be without a DRESS when Parker & Hewat are selling lovely Cashmeres (all colors) for 20c. per yard?

Who would freeze when he could get an ULSTER at Parker & Hewat's for $7?

Who would go without BOOTS when they can get any kind they want at Parker & Hewat's?

Who wouldn't be glad "to be made happy" at Parker & Hewat's? And

Who's your Tailor?

GEO. LAGROW,

Baker, Confectioner, etc.

OYSTERS

served in all styles.

20c. PER CAN.

J. V. HOUGH,

Carriage & Wagon Maker, General Jobber & Horse-shoer.

Notwithstanding the destruction of his shop by the late fire, the undersigned still has full facilities for filling all orders in the line of Carriages, Wagons, Horse-shoeing and General Jobwork. First-class work done, and the best of material always used. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

While thanking his old customers for their liberal patronage for the past number of years, he trusts still to be favored with their orders.

Shop at the old stand, Front street, Stirling.

J. V. HOUGH.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!

CHAS. CRAIGE BROS.,

Having REMOVED TO THEIR NEW STORE, are now engaged opening up one of the Finest Stocks of Goods ever shown in Stirling. The stock of

DRY GOODS

Is very complete. Blankets, Flannels, Cottons, Dress Goods, and all the Latest Novelties in Clouds, Scarfs, Fancy Goods, etc. The

TAILORING DEPARTMENT

In charge of Mr. FRED. WARD, will be found complete. All the newest patterns in Canadian, Scotch and English Tweeds, Worsted Coatings, Ulster and Beaver Overcoatings. A perfect fit guaranteed.

BOOTS & SHOES

In all styles. Ladies' and Gents' Overshoes and Rubbers. A full stock of

FRESH GROCERIES.

The stock of Shelf and Heavy

Hardware, Bar Iron, etc.,

Will be found very large and well assorted.

The whole stock being new, and having been bought before the recent heavy advance in prices, and on the most favorable terms, intending purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine the goods and prices.

Stirling, Dec. 5, 1879. CHAS. CRAIGE & BROS.

TINWARE

AND

STOVES!

H. & J. WARREN,

Mill street, Stirling.

Have on hand a large and well assorted stock of Stoves and Tinware, which they offer at

Extremely Low Prices!

Hot Air Furnaces, Roofing and Eavetroughing.

☞ General Jobbing done on the shortest notice.

H. G. THURBER,

dealer in

GROCERIES

of all kinds,

Wines and Liquors, Flour, Pork, Salt, Baskets, Stoneware,

and all articles usually found in a grocery store.

North side Mill street, Stirling.

HARNESS

AND

SADDLERY.

The undersigned, having secured the services of Mr. John Gallagher, is prepared to do all work entrusted to him in first-class style.

JOBBING AND REPAIRING

done on the shortest notice. A full assortment of

Whips, Lashes & Brushes

always on hand.

Stand—Front street, Stirling, opposite Dr. Parker's drug store.

PHILIP CONLEY.

R. FINCH,

Manufacturer of

BOOTS & SHOES,

Mill street, Stirling.

Work done in the latest styles, and of the best material.

ALL HAND WORK,

and Warranted to give satisfaction. ☞ Repairs neatly executed.

To Owners of Sewing-Machines.

I would announce to the citizens of Stirling and vicinity that I am now prepared to repair all sewing-machines, of whatever make, however old or new, at a moderate expense and on short notice, having secured the services of a first-class sewing-machinist, who has had a long experience in the best manufactories. Satisfaction given or no charge.

I have also a large stock of the celebrated

WANZER F MACHINES,

and offer the best possible inducements to buyers both as to prices and terms. Also, a large number of

SECOND-HAND MACHINES,

in good running order, for sale cheap.

JOHN CONLEY, Emma street, Stirling.

ISAAC ROSEBUSH,

Model Maker and Sewing-Machine Repairer.

The undersigned is prepared to execute repairing, model making, and

Jobwork of All Kinds,

on short notice and at reasonable rates.

Sewing-machines, guns, etc., repaired, skates sharpened, saws filed and set, springs of all kinds made and tempered, models of all kinds made, and general Jobbing attended to with promptness.

SHOP—At the corner of Front street and the Frankford road, Stirling.

ISAAC ROSEBUSH.

THE VICTORY IS WON!

We have now

CHEAP GOODS

A new assortment of

Lamps, Vases and Toilet Sets,

which for quality and price cannot be excelled. A large quantity of

COAL OIL,

Very cheap for cash.

Faulkner & Youker's.

Card of Thanks.

Stirling, October 1st, 1879.

Andrew Glass, Esq.

Dear Sir—We beg, through you, to thank the National Insurance Company, of Montreal, for the honorable and prompt manner in which they settled our claims for losses occasioned by the late fires in Stirling.

We are, dear sir, respectfully yours,

DAVID WHITE,
R. M. PENNOCK.

W. GIRDWOOD,

Carriage & Wagon Maker, General Jobber, etc.

Light and heavy work of all kinds done in first-class style. A full assortment of

BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS AND PHAETONS

on hand, which will be sold on terms advantageous to the purchaser.

Orders in repairing filled with promptness. Front street, Stirling.

HARNESS.

THOS. McKEE

keeps always on hand a full assortment of Single and Double Harness, and promises all work to give satisfaction. Special attention to Horse Collars. All orders promptly filled. Good workmen and first-class stock. Also, a full assortment of

WHIPS, COMBS, BRUSHES, ETC.

Parties wishing to purchase will do well to call and examine stock.

The old stand, Mill street, Stirling.

STIRLING Steam Cabinet Factory!

WM. MARTIN,

having fitted up his factory with the most improved machinery, is prepared to manufacture all kinds of

CABINET-WARE

of the latest designs and best material, and at prices that defy competition in the county. Having purchased

A NEW HEARSE

he is now prepared to furnish funerals in the most elegant styles and on the shortest notice, at as low rates as can be found elsewhere.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The undersigned has on hand the largest stock of boots and shoes in Stirling. All kinds of

Men's, Women's & Children's Wear

in coarse and fine.

Custom Work

a specialty, in which department orders will receive prompt attention.

W. S. MARTIN.

Mill street, Stirling.

Who keeps the most fashionable

MILLINERY

in town?

R. P. FIDLAR.

Who sells the most fashionable and

Cheapest Mantles

in Stirling?

R. P. FIDLAR.

Who sells yard-wide

WINCEY

worth 20c. for 12½c. per yard?

R. P. FIDLAR.

P.S.—Clouds and Mufflers at Cost.

Nothing at All in the Paper To-day

Nothing at all in the paper to-day!
  Only a murder somewhere or other—
A girl who has put her child away,
  Not being a wife as well as a mother.
Or a drunken husband beating a wife,
  With the neighbors lying awake to listen;
Scarce aware he has taken a life
  Till in at the window the dawn-rays glisten—
  There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.

Nothing at all in the paper to-day!
  To be sure, there's a woman died of starvation,
Fell down in the street—as so many may
  In this very prosperous Christian nation.
Or two young girls, with some inward grief
  Maddened, have plunged in the inky waters;
Or a father has learned that his son's a thief,
  Or another been robbed of her daughters,
Things that occur in the regular way—
There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.

There's nothing at all in the paper to-day!
  Unless you care about things in the city—
How great rich rogues for their crime must pay
  (Though all gentility cries out "pity!")
Like the meanest shop-boy that robs a till—
  There's a case to day, if I'm not forgetting,
The lad only "borrowed," as such lads will—
  To pay some money lost in betting.
But there's nothing in this that's out of the way—
There's nothing at all in the paper to day.

Nothing at all in the paper to day
  But the births and bankruptcies, deaths and marriages,
But life's events in the old survey;
  With Virtue begging, and Vice in carriages;
And kindly hearts under ermine gowns,
  And wicked breasts under hodden gray,
For goodness belongs not only to clowns,
  And o'er others than lords does sin bear sway.
But what do I read? "Drowned!" "Wrecked!" Did I say
There was nothing at all in the paper to day?

AFTER FORTY YEARS.

"It won't do," said old Tibbets, shaking his head furiously. "I always have hated those Partridges, and you shan't marry Fanny."

"A man's affections"—began Horatio.

"Nonsense!" cried old Tibbets. "You talk like a boarding school girl. You are of age, I know; but I give you warning, if you persist, I'll take that clever little Johnson into partnership instead of you, and you may beg or starve, as you please, for the sake of a red haired girl like Fanny Partridge."

Off trotted old Tibbets as he uttered these last words.

"Give up Fanny Partridge? Never!" said Horatio.

Meanwhile Mrs. Partridge and Fanny were hard at it—Fanny in tears; Mrs. Partridge in a fury.

"I'd rather see you in your grave, Fanny," cried Mrs. Partridge. "Old Tibbets' son! Why didn't you choose a chimney sweep! It was Tibbets that cheated your pa's brother out of that piece of property. A bigger rascal never walked. No, Fanny; you walk over my dead body before you go to church with him."

Fanny was seventeen, and very submissive. Horatio, though five and-twenty, submissive likewise. Parental authority prevailed. One meeting was allowed, in which the two might bid good-bye to each other. Fanny wept. Horatio held her hands in both his, and kissed them fondly.

"They may yield in time," said Horatio, "or something may happen to alter things. Be true to me for a little while. I shall never love any one but you."

"My heart is broken," said Fanny, believing it sincerely. "But I shall be true to you all my life."

Then he kissed her. He never forgot how hard it was to take his lips from hers; and their arms encircled each other, and it was really a wonder that the two young lovers did not die then and there.

Old Tibbets rewarded his son by making him partner in the prosperous firm of Tibbets & Co. forthwith, while Mamma Partridge hurried Fanny away to the north of France.

Horatio did not forget easily. It had been a cherished plan of his to marry Fanny. He had a mind that was prone to dwell upon detail. All his fancies about the future had been perfectly finished pictures.

It was hard to believe that the little round tea-table would never be set with painted china: that Fanny, as Mrs. Tibbets, would not sit beside him in the third pew from the front on Sunday mornings; that he would not go with her to choose the color for the drawing-room furniture; that they would not have their portraits painted to hang one each side of the parlor mantelpieces.

Fanny was his practical or general idea; that they might have walked together forever in the moonlight was, perhaps, strongest with her. But had he been the most perfect hero of romance she could not have placed him on a high pedestal.

The match would certainly have been a happy one had fate willed it to be a match at all. They loved each other too well to seek comfort in new lovers.

Horatio became very steady and shunned ladies' society, and Fanny, after refusing an English baronet and a German baron, declined going into society any more and settled down with her mother in a little town upon the Continent, where four or five English families dwelling there exchanged whist parties, and there was no young English people whatever. There, at thirty, she was still living, and then it was that there came to the place an English traveller who called upon her. He was a friend of Mr. Horatio Tibbets and had been commissioned to hand her a small parcel, and he was to tell Mr. Tibbets how she looked and was, and that he was very well, quite bald for his years and unmarried. Then the traveller went away. The gift was a dainty work-box, worth a good deal in money, and in the little box where the thimble lay was also a ring. Its motto was "Dinna forget."

"Dinna forget."

Fanny never showed this gift to her mother, but she wore the ring against her heart under her dress.

New hope crept into her soul; and when, a year after, a good-looking, wealthy widower offered his hand, with a genuine love into the bargain, she refused it without hesitation. Forget? Never! He had not forgotten. But more years passed, ten of them at least, and that memory of the old family feud dwelt in the bosoms of the two old people.

At last, at the age of eighty, Mrs. Partridge died; and Fanny, all alone in what had always remained a strange land, felt miserably desolate. Youth had departed—friends were few. It had been her mother's wish to remain in France; now her heart dictates a return home. The first morning paper that she opened there told her of the death of Mr. Tibbets, aged ninety.

The paper dropped from Fanny's hand and she sat quite motionless for more than twenty minutes. Then she began to cry very softly; and took the ring from her pocket and looked at it.

"Dinna forget," she sobbed. "I am sure he has not forgotten."

And she began to wonder what he looked like now. He must have altered. Perhaps he was so portly, like his father. Well, she was rather stout herself. One could not be a slender youth forever; and he had probably a streak of grey in his dark hair. Nothing could alter his eyes, however. Or, if he were altogether altered, she would love him still. Why not, since it was the heart that loved, and not the flesh and blood?

And she so managed that the news should reach him in a few days' time that she was there. He had heard it, as she had meant he should. He was all alone, and very lonely. He had been an obedient son, and an affectionate one, and had loved the testy old man dearly. But now he thought that it would harm no one if he should try to realize his youthful dreams.

He sighed and looked out of the window; walked to the fire place, and stood there unrelenting; brightened up, and began to make one of his old fancy pictures of Fanny at the other side of the fire.

"She'll be older, of course," he said. "Thin—perhaps fragile and worn; pale, too. No matter; it's Fanny, and she'll be beautiful to me."

And he wrote her a letter on the spot, in which, however, he only told her that he was coming to see her.

An elderly lady was walking in a green lane near Honsey with two children, and a poodle which was her own, the children her landlady's. She was a very stout lady, with four chins and a red face, and no waist whatever.

As she walked, there came up the lane a weazen old gentleman, with a large, green umbrella under his arm. His nose and chin met. His head was as smooth as an egg, except just at the nape of the neck, where six hairs still clung. His ears stood out on each side of his face, large, yellow and with frosty pinches on them. He had watery-blue eyes and a wart on his forehead. Just the kind of old men the stout lady hated. For his part, he disliked fat women.

"A frowzy old creature," he thought; and just then poodle and children, all tied together with blue ribbon, tangled themselves about his legs and nearly overset him.

"Come here, my dears; don't run against the gentleman in that way," said the fat lady, in a faint voice.

"People should teach their grandchildren and their dogs better manners," said the old gentleman, testily.

"My grandchildren!" panted the old lady; "what impertinence!" I beg you'll not kick that dog, sir. Cruelty to animals is forbidden by law, thank heaven!"

"If this dog is mad, as he seems to be, I'll have him shot," said the old gentleman.

"Come here, Fido, darling," cried the elderly lady. "My dears, run home to your ma."

And just then out stepped the landlady. To her the old gentleman addressed himself:

"I beg pardon, ma'am." Can you tell me in which of these houses I can find a lady of the name of Partridge—Miss Fanny Partridge?"

"Why, this is the house, sir," said the landlady; "and here's Miss Partridge herself."

"Will you hand her this?" said the old gentleman, looking eagerly around in search of Miss Partridge, and never thinking of the stout lady.

"Here, ma'am," said the landlady, presenting the card to that individual. "This, sir, is Miss Partridge."

The name upon the card was "Horatio Tibbets." That hideous little old man, like a weasel, with green cotton umbrella, and no hair, Horatio?

That overgrown woman, like a lobster, Fanny?

Neither would believe it; but it was true—as true as age is, and time, and change, and all the rest of it. They sat on the horse-hair sofa in the parlor, and tried to talk; and as they did so, they discovered that Fanny and Horatio, who loved each other, were both dead—as though the sods were over their poor hearts!

Had they married years before, probably they would have been still dear to each other, still pleasant to look upon in the blindness of affection; but meeting as strangers they repulsed each other.

"If he should presume upon our old affection!" thought Fanny; "such a very disagreeable old man!"

"If she should expect me to remember the past, this dreadful mountain of flesh!" thought Horatio; and then he told her he was glad to see her so well, and "hoped they would be neighbors."

She "thought that unlikely;" the place did not agree with her.

Each dodged the past, not guessing how very glad the other was to dodge it also, and they parted forever, politely hoping to meet very soon. That night two pillows were wet with tears. Fanny wept for the youthful lover of whose death she seemed to have heard that day, and Horatio for a lost Fanny, now only a memory. But there was no thought of any present liking, of any new flashing up of the dead flame. They did not even wish to meet again.

There was a certain horror in that first meeting not to be forgotten.

They never met more; but when Fanny died, years after, the ring with its motto of "Dinna forget"—the ring which no power could have placed upon her fat finger—hung by its ribbon over her heart, and Horatio had buried with him a lock of hair severed from Fanny's head in that long ago, and when it was golden.

Each heart was young and true; but forty years of comfortable, well-to-do life had been very cruel to their bodies—to their voices—to their manners.

Do you suppose that somewhere beyond the stars they have met and are lovers again? I hope so; for in their own way they suffered greatly here for no faults of their own.

Artificial Digestion.

A new vegetable substance has recently been discovered by M. M. Wurtz & Bouchat, which dissolves meat completely in a few hours, thus furnishing the first instance of perfect artificial digestion. The solution obtained can be used as an article of diet, and is at once absorbed into the system. The substance used in these experiments was extracted by a simple process from the juice of a tree, and can be procured in large quantities. Since the researches of Darwin and Hooker in insectivorous plants were published, it has been known that certain vegetable juices were capable of dissolving animal substances; but the digestive ferment had not been isolated in any quantity, and the discovery was of little practical value. Now, however, it will not only be possible for those with weak stomachs to digest their food before eating it, but they will also be able to distinguish between those articles of food which can be readily dissolved, and those which are insoluble, and consequently indigestible.—*The Inventors' Record and Industrial Guardian.*

At the autumn congress of the Sanitary Institution, Dr. B. W. Richardson, prefacing his remarks with the statement that under proper hygienic conditions men ought to live one hundred years, proceeded to create, in imagination, his people of "Salutland" in the fiftieth year of the twenty-first century, as follows: Five separate dwelling houses to an acre and five inhabitants the maximum in a dwelling—the bed rooms to be entirely disconnected from the living-rooms. Gardens are all around and on the roofs. The surrounding land is under perfect cultivation, interspersed with delightful glades, abounding with animals, the elephant being an especial favorite and sharing with the horse (for Salutlanders are consummate in the saddle) the utmost care. The roads are perfect. Having mastered the pestilential diseases, an epidemic from pollution of air, water or food would be to the Salutlanders an impossibility and the death rate comes down to 8 in the 1,000.

Mr. Fawcett, the blind member of Parliament, is not more remarkable for scholarship and ability as a debater than for his fondness for out door sports. Recently he has been salmon fishing in Wales, and among other fish caught one salmon weighing twenty-two pounds. Mr. Fawcett also skates, rides on horseback, climbs mountains, recognizes any voice to which he has been in the slightest degree accustomed, and when speaking in Parliament makes elaborate use of statistics and figures without the slightest hesitancy or error. He is, besides, a capital story-teller, and the most genial of companions.

Kossuth has completed and is about to publish a history of his life, on which he has been engaged for several years. It will also embrace all his writings of importance and fugitive essays in periodical literature since 1859. The chief interest in Kossuth's career, however, will be in what he did before 1859—say from 1829, when, at the age of twenty-seven, he first took his seat in the National Diet of Presburg, his confinement for treason in 1839, his course as Finance Minister, his expulsion from the country, and his unique career in the United States. He is now seventy-eight years of age.

Astrachan fur and cloth, so long popular, have entirely disappeared. The fur was handsome and becoming, but the cloth imitation ruined its sale.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Latest Interesting British and Foreign News.

The hour dinner in Paris is at half past seven p.m.

The Irish of County Westmeath are likely to return a Jew.

Mr. Gladstone writes that the next election will be the most important of the twelve in which he has taken part.

Martin Luther was the hero of a play lately produced in Paris to a delighted audience, and Sardou's latest piece has spiritual conflict for its theme.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts narrowly escaped shipwreck lately off Jersey, in her steam yacht Walrus. The vessel struck a reef, knocking a hole in her side.

According to Mr. Lowe, the cost of bringing the 7,000 Sepoys to and from Malta last year, at the time of Lord Beaconsfield's grand *coup*, was $765 per man, or a gross sum of $5,355,000.

Three kittens have died of diphtheria in Ogdensburg, N Y. They contracted the disease from children affected with it. The *post mortem* examination showed plainly the diphtheritic membrane in the kittens' throats.

The Egyptians built the Pyramids, the Greeks created the Parthenon, Christianity raised the Gothic cathedrals, some uncertain architects gave Ireland the round towers and the people of the United States have enriched the earth with the great hotels. So says the London *Daily News.*

The Cologne *Gazette* says that it is still doubted whether the Duke of Cumberland will renounce his rights to the throne of Hanover, and thereby take possession of the 16,000,000 thalers put aside in the cellars of the royal palace at Berlin. When the old Duke of Brunswick dies, the Duke of Cumberland will be among the richest of princes

On Nov. 3 the Prince and Princess of Wales opened the new medical school of the Bartholomew Hospital. The London *Standard* says luncheon was afterward served in the great hall, and it was interesting to observe a strong likeness between the Prince of Wales and a portrait on the wall of Henry VIII., who granted the hospital its present charter.

It is hard that not only the bread stuffs, but the wine stuffs of France should fall short this year. In Champagne the failure of the latter is total, the grape not ripening—a disaster without parallel since 1820. Yet it will not weigh heavily on all foreign drinkers of so called champagne wine, since much of this has no connection with France, and only a faint connection with grapes.

According to the investigations of a Russian professor, Dr. Monassein, singing is an excellent means of preventing consumption, and for the development and strengthening of the chest it is more efficient than even gymnastic exercises. The professor has examined 220 singers varying in age from nine to fifty-three years, and found that the chest is greater and stronger among them than among persons of any other occupation.

In England one Harding and his wife, while drunk, resolved to drown themselves. She was rescued and charged with murdering her husband. Her counsel urged that she acted under coercion, but the Chief Justice ruled it established law that if two persons agreed to commit suicide, and one lost life, it was murder on the part of the survivor. The only question was whether they were not overpowered by drink. The jury took this view and recorded not guilty.

Elephants have sold as high as $15,000 apiece, and such animals as are now exhibited with Forepaugh's or the London circuses are well worth $10,000 each. Mr. L. B. Lent once paid $8,090 for a baby elephant that died while being trained, and before it had been exhibited to the public. There are at present no very noted elephants in the country, but the largest and most valuable is Bolivar, a huge and very intelligent animal, 9 years old, and owned by Mr. Hyatt Frost of the Van Amburgh show.

"The telegraph wire," says the London *World*, "is equal to wondrous vagaries, we all know; but it has attained its extreme expression of eccentricity at last. The following sentence was dispatched from Winchester in Lord Carnarvon's spoken essay on sermons at the Diocesan Conference: 'The worst-paid country curate is expected to preach twice on Sunday with the persuasiveness of a journeyman-tailor and the eloquence of a barrow.' For 'journeyman-tailor' read 'Jeremy Taylor,' and initial 'barrow' with a capital letter, and all is right."

Notwithstanding the general distress in the agricultural and manufacturing interests in England, a large number of persons there are laying by money. The amount of deposits in British savings banks—post-office and private combined—was, at the close of 1872, £58,998,219. This was the most prosperous year of the country. Nevertheless, at the end of 1878, these deposits had risen to £74,704,-948. This exhibits an increase of 26½ per cent. in the surplus earnings of the working masses and the small farmers. These are the classes that generally use the savings banks.

The condition of Ireland, says the London *Examiner*, is attracting great attention in Russia and the newspapers contain numerous articles describing the distress existing in the Emerald Isle. *Novoe Vremya* affirms, on the strength of advices from Ireland, that the Irish are only waiting for a rupture between Russia and England to rise *en masse* and declare their independence. That this is seriously believed by many Russian politicians is shown by the intelligence from Moscow that Aksakoff and several other noted Pan-slavists have promised to give subscriptions toward the cause if applied to by the promoters of the Irish revolutionary movement.

The late Duke of Brunswick's sealed packet has been found. The document reads: "To M. de Munchhausen, to my Marshal of the Court, Superior Councillor of State—I wish that after my death I may be put into a coffin of which this is the description: Let it be of a similar form to that of my father's, only larger still; let it be made of the finest wood, lined with the best dark red Genoese velvet, abundantly garnished with gold lace and fringes." The document continues in a similar strain throughout, except that at one passage there is a paragraph ordaining that the lid should be constructed "so that in case I may not be quite dead I may be able to open it myself from the inside."

The sunflower is turned to extraordinary account in Lithuania. The seeds yield at first pressure excellent salad oil, and the residue forms excellent oil-cake for cattle, who also relish the leaves and stalks chopped up. The flowers a little short of full bloom are, when cooked, nearly as good as artichokes and are in the garden very attractive to bees. The leaf well dried is used as tobacco. The seed receptacles are made into blotting paper, and the inner part of the stalk is manufactured into a fine writing paper. The more woody portions of the plant, which attains great size, are used for fuel. The best seed is obtained in the Crimea. As an anti-malaria agent the sunflower is most valuable.

The London correspondent of the Liverpool *Post* says: "Rumors have been current all day that the meeting of the Cabinet next week will be followed by a *denouement* of a most extraordinary and startling nature. This is nothing less than the resignation of the Prime Minister. It is reported that Lord Beaconsfield has been advised by his physician to take an early opportunity of withdrawing from public life. That such advice has been given is possible enough, but that it will be followed is quite another matter. If Lord Beaconsfield contemplates retiring from public life, he will hardly give effect to his inclinations on the eve of a dissolution of Parliament. The direct consequence of such a step would not be favorable to the prospects of the Conservative party at the poll, and the Premier is not the man to jeopardize the interests of his followers on an occasion like that."

Prince Gortschakoff's retirement has been prematurely announced almost as often as his death; but even when it has taken place he will none the less be the moving spirit of Russia's policy while his life and mental powers continue. The recall of Count Schouvaloff from London has, of course, pointed him out as the Prince's probable successor, but although thirty years younger, he is no match for his great master. The Count's gifts are those of a sharp detective; the Prince's are those of a far seeing statesman. Born on the 16th of July, 1798, Gortschakoff has figured in every great political movement from the congress of Vienna, in 1815, to the treaty of Berlin, in 1878. In 1855 he saved Russia from the heaviest blow of the Crimean war, and in 1870 he restored what that war had taken from her. Such a man is not to be replaced; and although he may retreat, he cannot retire.

A singular case of recovery from insanity through an injury occurred recently in the N. Y. Homœopathic State Asylum for the Insane. A male patient, 24 years old, when in a state of violent irritation, sprang up to the gas fixture, caught hold of a slender tubing, and swung himself with considerable force. The fixture gave way and the patient fell, striking his head upon the stone pavement. Instantly he arose, walked out of the ward, and gave a clear account of the accident he had met with. He had, in fact recovered his mind, though he suffered greatly from the external injuries to his scalp. This case is not alone of its kind. Some physicians have seriously tried to raise the question of the application of sudden and violent shaking of the head to the treatment of insanity; but as the question of the dose is one of great difficulty, this heroic method remains optional with the patients themselves.

ALLAN LINE.

Important New Shipbuilding Contract

(From the Liverpool Journal of Commerce, Monday, 10th November, 1879.)

Referring to a recent announcement that tenders were being asked for the construction of a large passenger steamer of 5,500 tons for the Allan Line, we are now in a position to state that the order for this steamer—to be called the Parisian—has been placed with Messrs. Napier, of Glasgow, the celebrated ship builders and engineers. The Parisian will be built of steel, made on the Siemans-Martin principle, and the material to be used in construction will be subject to the most rigid tests both by Lloyd's and by the owners' own surveyor. She is to be fitted throughout her entire length with a double bottom, divided into water tight compartments. This mode of structure, besides adding greatly to the strength of the steamer, gives a special security in case of grounding or other mishap—injury to the bottom of such a vessel being harmless. About nine months ago the Messrs. Allan had the courage to contract for a vessel for their ocean service, to be constructed entirely of steel and of the double-bottom arrangement, before such had been so employed in the construction of any Atlantic vessel. The vessel in question—Buenos Ayrean, now nearly ready for sea—was recently launched by Messrs. Denny, of Dumbarton, and is the largest steam vessel that has ever been built of steel. It may be mentioned that the same system of construction is also to be adopted in the new Cunard steamer Sahara. The Parisian will be 440 feet long, 46 feet broad and 36 feet deep, and of about 5,500 tons gross tonnage. Her engines will be of great power, three-cylindered, and built to the designs of their superintending engineer, Mr. Wm. Wallace, of Liverpool. The saloon, which will be placed amidships, and fitted up in the most complete and sumptuous manner, will have permanent accommodation for about 200 cabin passengers. She will also have room for over 1,000 steerage passengers. Every appliance that can increase the safety or inhance the comfort of passengers will be found in the Parisian, which may be expected to take her place among the other well known steamships of the Line in April, 1881.

A FAITHFUL DOG'S FUNERAL

Laid to Rest with all the Ceremony Attending a Human Being's Burial.

New York, Nov.— .—An account is published to-day of the burial in Greenwood Cemetery yesterday of a large Newfoundland dog owned by Mr. and Mrs. Wilmarth. Their twenty-three years of constant association with the animal had created an affection, which was enhanced by the circumstances of the dog having saved Mrs. Wilmarth from drowning several years ago, and the old couple having no children, their feelings were lavishly expressed in attention to the dog. The undertaker made a coffin, and was ordered to put a silver plate on it. He sent the remains to Mrs. Wilmarth's residence, where it was met by two carriages and escorted to Greenwood Cemetery by a couple of their relatives. Arriving at the cemetery, they proceeded to the Wilmarth family plot, wherein the casket was buried. After the grave had been filled the party returned home. An order was left for the erection of a headstone to be put over the grave.

Latest Business Changes

The old established firm of McGauvran, Tucker & McDonnell, lumber merchants, of Montreal, have called a meeting of their creditors.

The stock of William Bryan, stoves and tinware, Whitby, has been advertized for sale by the assignee.

C. B. Williams, millinery goods, Exeter, Ont., is reported to have left town, and it is said creditors will realize little or nothing.

The stationery and fancy goods business lately carried on by Thomas Wood, Ingersoll, has been purchased by G. A. Odell.

David Cook, hotel-keeper, Guelph, has been succeeded by T. Reynolds.

C. MacDonald & Co., wholesale hatters and furriers, Montreal, have dissolved partnership, and the business will hereafter be carried on under the firm name of McLean, Shaw & Co.

Henry Bishop, dry goods, boots and shoes, etc., Petrolia, has sold out to Elijah H. Pinney, who will continue the business at the same place.

A correspondent says that the number of absconsions from Springfield Village during the past three months is nineteen.

Messrs. Hettle & Inglis, Teeswater, have sold their butter factory to Mr. Brill, of Guelph, for $2,750.

An Interesting Presentation.

In July last Mrs. Isaac McTaggart, a lady sixty years of age, plunged into the Rideau River near the falls and rescued a child belonging to Mr. Surtees, the City Engineer, Ottawa, as it was being swept by the rapid current towards the falls. The Royal Humane Society awarded her a medal, which was presented to the lady yesterday morning by the Governor General. In making the presentation His Excellency remarked that it gave him very great pleasure to have such an opportunity afforded him, and added that he had a personal as well as offical interest in the act, as his father, the Duke of Argyll, was President of the Royal Humane Society. Mrs McTaggart is a resident of New Edinburgh, where she has lived forty-three years. At the time the act of bravery was done it passed almost unchronicled by the press of Canada.

The misery in Constantinople and its suburbs is said to be appalling. To make matters worse, typhoid fever and anæmia everywhere prevail. Soldiers who were sent to their homes with only a very small instalment of the pay due to them are to be found by dozens starving and dying on the road-sides, their farms and homes having been destroyed during the late war.

Baring-Gould says: "An English woman is lovely, a French woman is charming, a German woman is angelic."

FARM AND GARDEN.

A BUDGET COMPILED BY A PRACTICAL AGRICULTURIST.

Experiments at the Model Farm.

A talented agriculturist thus refers to the experiments lately made by Prof. Brown at the Ontario Agricultural College:

Although nothing final and conclusive is as yet attained by Professor Brown, or could possibly be in so short a time, his labors afford some practical hints and lessons worthy of mention. He started experimenting with unbounded faith in good barnyard manure, and also with the belief that most, if not all, other fertilizers are stimulants and medicines, not of much real value except on land already containing a pretty fair supply of plant food. The ordinary farmer cannot go wrong in doing his best to make, preserve and employ to the utmost advantage whatever manure can be obtained from the stables and farmyard. The chief efficacy of other fertilizers has been found by the Professor to be in conjunction with this, and there is ground to suspect that, for the most part, they hasten the effect of barnyard manure, giving immediate rather than continuous results. It may turn out that, for the best returns from a rotation of crops, it is better that manure should act in a gradual instead of a speedy manner. In the meantime, we cannot err in making farmyard manure our main dependence. Farmyard manure and nitrate of soda, used conjointly, have, so far, yielded the largest crops. Farmyard manure and bone dust come next, then farmyard manure and gypsum, a lime compost follows suit, and so on, all the experiments being confirmatory of farmyard manure as entitled to the first place among fertilizers of the soil. Experiments with wheat, barley and oats, after roots and several kinds of manure the previous year, also plainly indicate the superiority of farmyard manure. Indeed, so marked is this, that on a careful summing up of values, farmyard manure is found to be eighteen per cent. better than either bones, superphosphate or nitrate of soda. Of the three grains concerned in this trial, oats were found to be the most profitable crop, estimating them at 40c. per bushel, barley at 60c. and wheat at $1.

The experiments in sheep and cattle feeding deserve and will repay careful study. In the feeding of sheep for the market, the best results were obtained from the use of palmnut meal and linseed cake, and the most profitable animals were Oxford Down crosses on grade Cotswold-Leicester ewes. Professor Brown's figures in regard to the cost of feeding fat cattle are somewhat startling. They show that in order to carry on this business profitably, cattle must be bought at a cheap figure, fed so as to make prime beef that will bring the top market price, and their manure carefully saved. A lot of steers, bought too high, were fed at an actual loss, when cost of food and attendance were fully estimated. Professor Brown remarks that "few of us have any idea as to the actual cost of feeding, because few of us are in the habit of placing a value upon the produce consumed on our own farms." He quotes an assertion of Dr. Lawes, that in no case would an animal pay for the cost of its food by the direct increase of its weight from such food. There must also be an improvement in the quality of the meat, and a corresponding increase in the price obtained. The experiments made at the Model Farm prove that it does not pay to buy steers at four and one-seventh cents per pound, feed them five months, and then sell them at four and two-fifth cents per pound, live weight. With first class management in all respects, Professor Brown thinks forty-three per cent. may be made at cattle feeding. But how is this first class management to be secured? "Aye, there's the rub."

Such facts as the foregoing, and a great many more that might be cited, prove that farming must be conducted on business principles, and with a constant eye to economy, in order to pay. Slip-shod, hap-hazard farming cannot be remunerative, and those who suppose that anybody can farm, need only try their hand at it to find out their mistake. No occupation can be named that requires more constant attention to profit and loss. The upshot of it all is a strong argument for agricultural education, and an urgent demand for such institutions as the Ontario School of Agriculture.

CANADIAN APPLES IN ENGLAND.

A dealer in Birmingham, England, writes:

Sir,—We are now receiving from your side of the Atlantic large quantities of apples, and owing to the failure of the fruit harvest here the demand upon your resources will be unprecedentedly heavy. I must tell you, however, that you are doing your trade all the harm you can by your manner of packing the fruit. I have bought in the markets here and have imported apples direct from Canada for the use of my family for the past ten years, and speak from experience when I say that on an average at least half are spoiled before they reach the consumer. I have endeavored to induce some friends in Canada to pack me apples in grain, as an experiment, hoping thereby to prevent injury to the fruit, but in vain. I was met by the assurance that the apples should be carefully packed in the usual way, and that no one besides me complained. The "carefully packed" apples came in due time to hand, and the greater part were in a state of pulp. Had dry wheat or barley been placed in the casks with them, I think most would have been saved, and the expense of packing would have been defrayed by the increased value of the apples and by the price which can be obtained here for damaged grain as fowl feed. When in Canada I have often heard the obstinacy of the Englishman's persistence in old ways ridiculed, but certainly you are most worthy scions of the old stock.

HOW TO PREPARE POULTRY FOR THE MARKET.

Abstain from feeding poultry twenty-four hours before killing. Pluck while dry, leaving wing and tail feathers on, and entrails not drawn. Wrap the head in brown paper, tuck it neatly under the wing and tie the body round with a piece of string. One important point which many forwarders neglect is proper packing. All cases used for that purpose should be perfectly clean, lined with brown paper, and large enough to contain from 150 to 200 lbs. Great care should be taken to pack the goods, so that the top represents a fair average of the contents of the case. The bad habit of "topping off" frequently resorted to begets suspicious customers, and injures the reputation of both shipper and consignee. Upon the cover or head of each package should be marked neatly its gross weight and tare.

SOMETHING FARMERS SHOULD REMEMBER.

Pigs that have always been kept in comfortable quarters are very susceptible to colds if unduly exposed. We once knew of a fine herd that had been carefully fitted for the autumn shows almost ruined by being turned out when the fairs were over, and left to shift for themselves, without shelter of any kind. A cold rain storm coming on, nearly every hog in the herd contracted a severe cold; in many cases this terminated in rheumatism, while, in others, a chronic cough and a gradual decline, ending fatally, was the result.

DON'T SPARE THE FEED.

Now is the time to make money and enrich your farm. The prices of all kinds of farm stock are good. The best yield the most profit. Do not sell your coarse grain, but use it to fatten the old stock and keep the young growing. You can make more profit by feeding a pig twelve months than by taking twenty-four months to fit it for market. You can make more money by feeding a beast for thirty months than keeping it double the time. By using grain, and keeping stock warm and comfortable, you can enrich your farm. The effects of feeding corn or grain to your cows and young stock enhances the value of your manure pile far more than you have any idea of.

KEEP YOUR CATTLE WARM.

Make the stable tight and warm, give the cow a good warm bed at night, of soft straw, oat straw is the best; keep her coat clean with a card and brush, feed her four pounds good clover hay cut up and wetted with warm water, and then mixed with one quart of wheat bran and one quart of cornmeal, twice a day; at noon give a slop of about a quart of bran in a pailful of warm water with a small handful of salt; and about six pounds of good hay. This should keep a cow of 12 or 14 quarts on full milk all the winter.

AN ENORMOUS WOMAN.

She Dies and Leaves a Five Year Old Son One Hundred and Seventy-five Pounds in Weight.

On Sunday last a Mrs. Evans was buried in the Township of Murray, Hastings County, whose weight sometime before her death was 475 pounds. Her coffin was 3ft. high and 3ft. 7in. across, and a hole had to be cut between the front door and window to get it out. Death was caused by fat around the heart. The deceased lady was only thirty-four years of age, and the large concourse which assembled at her funeral showed the respect in which she was held. She leaves a son who is not yet six years old, and who turns the scales at 175 pounds. Last year the parents were offered $2,000 by a travelling showman for the privilege of putting this boy on exhibition.

SELF-PUNISHMENT.

A Man Freezing Himself for Sins Committed in His Youth.

Those who happened to be in the Boston and Providence Depot at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon witnessed a sight which caused many to feel sad. At that time there came plodding into the station an old man not less than sixty years of age, barefoot, bareheaded, and in fact with nothing on but a pair of well worn overalls, which reached nearly to his knees, and a thin white shirt which was thrown open in front. With the unfortunate man was a small child warmly clad, which he seemed to take great care of. On entering the depot he went into the gents' waiting-room where he placed the child near the stove, while he proceeded to purchase a ticket. After buying his ticket he took a seat near the child and was soon surrounded by a large crowd. One gentleman, anxious to see if the man was in need of money, asked him why he was so poorly clad. To this question at first he seemed not inclined to reply, but he finally said that in his early days he had been very wicked and that he was now punishing himself for it by going in an almost naked condition. He further stated that his intentions were to go in that condition during the remainder of the winter. At this point he took the child which accompanied him by the hand and boarded the 4.30 train on the New York & Northeastern Railroad for Berlin. A gentleman present who seemed to know, informed those who collected about him that the old fellow was really worth considerable money, he being the owner of three houses on Smith's Hill and a small farm near Berlin, Conn.—*Providence Journal.*

Worth's Newest Fashion,

(Paris Correspondence Chicago Times.)

It is rather a refreshing amusement, nowadays, to drop in at Worth's when passing through the Rue de la Pain, and to indulge at a glance at some of the models, whose artistic combinations of color and grades of shape are due to the inventive genius of his fertile brain. His graceful lady attendants are just "dressed" for the Fall and Winter; he, as is well known, furnishes to each of them a dress at the beginning of each season, which serves as a model to guide the selections of his customers. The chief among this bevy of damsels is Miss Mary. Next to her I should be inclined to class Mlle. Marie, who is the antithesis of her English namesake in everything but the name. She is a French blonde and looks best in tight-fitting velvets and heavy brocades. Her dress this year is a rich mauve silk, profusely trimmed with velvet of a dull bluish-purple hue. Miss Mary's dress is extremely elegant in its combination of hues and materials. It is not unlike in style the one just mentioned as having been worn by Mme. Patti at her recent concert. It is composed of a corsage and long train of caroulier brocade, made princess behind and looped in a full puff just below the waist, the corsage in front forming a cuirass. The train is drawn back over a close fitting underskirt of ribbed velvet, of a rich olive hue, cut in squares around the edge, from under which a fringe falls over a narrow plaited flounce of caroulier satin. Around the skirt, just below the hips, is placed a scarf in cashmere, patterned Oriental material, whereof the prevailing tints are black and white and gold. The scarf falls in long ends at the left side, and is kept in place by a buckle of oxidized silver.

An Experiment with Canada Ashes.

The use of leached ashes, brought mainly from Canada, is largely increasing upon our shore farms. They are shipped from Oswego and other lake ports in canal boats, brought down through the canals and the Hudson River, and towed to the ports on Long Island and in Connecticut, where they are sold to farmers, who carry the ashes in their own teams to the fields where they are to be used. These ashes are not very thoroughly leached, and contain a considerable quantity of potash, as well as other kinds of plant food. They have long been used to great advantage in the onion growing districts, and more recently their use has extended to all farm crops. Last year, William R. Fish, of Mystic Bridge, purchased about 1,500 bushels, and used them upon his farm. They were put upon his grass lands and upon other crops, with very satisfactory results. They were spread upon his meadows at the rate of 100 bushels to the acre. The cost of the ashes was seventeen cents a bushel, making seventeen dollars an acre for the manure. The increased yield of hay was at least one ton to the acre, doubling his crop wherever the ashes were used. He thinks the increase in the hay will pay one-half the cost of the fertilizer the first season. It is well known that the effect of ashes is visible for a long time upon grass lands, some say for twelve or fourteen years. Meadows can be kept much longer in grass where the ashes are used as a top dressing. The ashes were also applied to corn and potato crops, with equally satisfactory results. The best evidence of the value of this fertilizer is the fact that the farmers who use them are making larger investments in them every year. They are most economically applied to farms near seaports and river landings, where they can be taken directly from the canal boat. They are not a concentrated manure, and cannot be carried long distances by rail with profit. CONNECTICUT.

Outrageous and infamous as Colonel Bob Ingersoll may be theologically, he has a keen discrimination between right and wrong, and a very clear sense of justice. He shows that he has studied human nature to some purpose when he says—"I tell you women are more prudent than men. I tell you, as a rule, women are more faithful than men. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the very ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore where she had been morally wrecked, waiting for the waves to bring back even her corpse to his arms; but I have seen woman with her white arms lift man from the mire of degradation, and hold him to her bosom as though he were an angel."

Sir Evelyn Wood having refused the offer of the command of the Colonial forces at the Cape, it is proposed by the local authorities to offer the appointment to Colonel Redvers Buller, V. C., C. B.

A recently published French book of etiquette, the "Almanach du Savoir-Vivre," asserts that no modest girl will shake hands with gentlemen.

Don't buy thermometers now. They'll be lower after awhile.

The Chess Board.

My little love, do you remember—
  Ere we were grown so sadly wise—
Those evenings in the bleak December,
  Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
  When you and I played chess together
Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ah! still I see your soft white hand
  Hovering warm o'er queen and knight.
Brave pawns in valiant battle stand;
  The double castles guard the wings;
  The bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves sidling through the fight.

Our fingers touch—our glances meet
  And falter; falls your nut-brown hair
Against my cheek—your bosom sweet
  Is heaving. Down the field your queen
  Rides slow her soldiery between
And checks me unaware.

Ah me! the little battle's done,
  Dispersed in all its chivalry.
Full many a move since then have we
  'Mid life's perplexing checkers made,
  And many a game with Fortune play'd—
What is it we have won?

This—this, at least! if this alone—
  That never, never, nevermore,
  As in those old still nights of yore
  (Ere we had grown so sadly wise),
  Can you and I shut out the skies,
  Shut out the world and wintry weather,
  And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess as then we played together!

WARMING APPARATUS.

How to Produce a Pure and Healthy Atmosphere.

The London *Times* in a recent issue says: The season has now arrived when the cold of winter has to be combatted in our houses by artificial heat, and a few remarks on this subject may be of interest. One of two methods is generally adopted. The first, that of the open fireplace in which coal or wood is burned, is by far the pleasantest and most wholesome, especially where the chimneys draw well, but it has the inconvenience of being more expensive than the other. The latter is the mode principally used on the continent of warming by a stove. It is true that those in use differ much in their construction, for chemists have found in the air heated by some of them appreciable traces of oxide of carbon, a deadly poison. Consequently most hygienists consider the use of stoves, whether in cast or wrought iron, as dangerous, unless they are lined with fire-brick or clay, so as to prevent them from attaining a red heat.

An almost universal practice is to place on the stove a pan of water, with a view to purify the air by absorbing the carbonic acid contained in it. Dr. Polli, of Milan, who has long been engaged in investigations on this subject, is wholly opposed to this system. According to him, the water does not absorb carbonic acid, but, on the contrary, adds to it by the decomposition of the carbonate of lime contained in all drinkable water in greater or less proportions. The white incrustations found on the sides of the vessels are, in fact, formed by the deposit of subcarbonate and sulphates of lime, produced by the evaporation of the water, the principal part of the carbonic acid having been given off to the surrounding atmosphere. M. Polli proposes instead to place on the stove pans containing quick-lime, which after a few days augments in volume and is transformed into carbonate of lime by absorbing the carbonic acid in the air. By this means the atmosphere is constantly purified, and at the same time is rendered very dry. To obviate this inconvenience, vessels containing water may be placed about the room in positions where they are not subject to the immediate action of the fire, and they will give off by their evaporation sufficient humidity to render the air agreeable without adding to the quantity of carbonic acid already present.

A Touching Story.—This touching story was told by Eastman Johnson to our correspondent in Nantucket: On a narrow island near the New England coast, where primitive customs still obtain, where the crier goes about the streets by day and the watchman by night, where they dispose of surplus meat by auction, and the merry maiden and the tar go junketing together in an ancient calash, lives an old lady, Auntie B——. The same roof has sheltered three generations of her family, and it would require little less than an earthquake to dislodge her from her seat by the old-fashioned fireplace. There she sits, a picture of peace and contentment. "Haven't you a single regret in your whole life?" we asked her once. She dropped her knitting, and a dreamy look crept over her placid eyes. "Yes," she said at length, "I have. Ten years ago, when my dear dead sister was alive, a man with a hand-organ came to this island by the steamer. Oh! he could play beautifully. He came near our street, and my sister says to me, 'Let us go down to the corner and see him play.' Well, do you know, I didn't go, after all, but she said it was just splendid, and I suppose I shall regret not hearing that hand-organ to my dying day." And the dear old soul dropped a tear on the half-heeled stocking.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Within the past few weeks there has passed away another relic of the London of the days of Elizabeth—the residence on the western side of Aldersgate, commonly known as "Shakspeare's House." The local tradition goes that William Shakspeare lived in it when he was proprietor of the theatre in Golden Lane, toward the close of the fifteenth century. In Shakspeare's time the house bore the sign of the "Half Moon," to which sundry inscriptions and hieroglyphics in the old wood work referred. It is recorded in "Ben Johnson's Life" that on one occasion the poet, feeling an inward craving for "sack," went to the "Half Moon" in Aldersgate street, but finding it closed took himself off to the "Sun," in Lone Acre, where he immediately sat down and wrote the following epigram:

"Since the Half Moon is so unkind
  To make me go about,
The Sun my money now shall have.
  The Moon shall go without."

The London *World* speaks thus of a familiar nuisance at fancy fairs—"Buyers at the Brighton Bazaar were very scarce, and required a lot of pressing. I saw an American millionaire being literally dragged across the room by a lady to her stall. The manner in which ladies unsex themselves at these bazaars is simply disgusting, and defeats its own object, for it has come to this, men will not now go 'near the place.' If I had to organize a bazaar it would be on the distinct understanding that no person should be importuned, articles should all have their prices ticketed upon them in large characters, and lady stall keepers should only be allowed to invite buyers with their eyes."

Extraordinary Rumors.—According to rumors, Gen Grant has been tendered the Presidency of the Erie Line at $50,000 salary annually; the Pennsylvania Railroad at $50,000; the Great Western and Grand Trunk Lines of Canada at $100,000; the Atlantic & Great Western at $50,000; and lastly the Texas & Pacific at $50,000. There is no truth in the rumors so far as the Canadian lines are concerned.

Aloes as a Dressing for Wounds.—Dr Millet, a French army surgeon, recommends powdered aloes as a dressing for wounds, both as a means of favoring cicatrization and for closing them. It is said to relieve the severe pain of wounds almost immediately, and requires to be renewed only at long intervals.—*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

The wives of men of sentiment are not always the most appreciative of sentiment. Walter Scott read one of his beautiful imaginings to his wife, who listened with eyelids cast down and bated breath. As he closed, the sharer of his joys beamed forth with "Don't put on your left stocking to-morrow, dear; I must mend the hole in it!"

London Truth has become alarmed at the increasing number of old maids, and says the only way in which the evil can be diminished is for parents to give their daughters as much money as the sons.

When a Japanese prisoner pleads not guilty it is the duty of the Judge to do everything possible to convict him, and thus prove him a falsifier.

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Her King.

She has not found her King as yet;
The golden days glide by,
Tho' bring no sorrows to forget,
Nor any cause to sigh.
No heart for her devotion made
The passionate summers bring;
Unhurried she walks, and unruffled—
She has not found her King.

Men bring their titles and their gold
She turn is scorn away,
The man must be of different mould
She swears she will obey.
Though poor in honour and in lands,
Rich in a rarer thing,
Titledby God alone, he stands,
Whom she will own her King!

But when he comes, as come he will,
Strong to support, and grand,
With supplication cast shall fill
Her soul, like a command.
But if pleas her hand in his, and tak
Whate'er this world may bring,
Proud and confeated for his sake,
Whom she hath crowned her King!

FORGIVEN — TRESPASSES.

John Ashuret was "out of sorts."

That was his mild way of speaking of his own ill humour.

"As cross as two sticks!" muttered old Dinah—a servant who spoke her master's mind empty kitchen by right of a lifetime service. "Dar don't nothin' suit. An' he's allegedder unreasonable. Folks has jes as good right to move nex' door as he's got to lib nex' door to 'em. Young Mars Fred," she said, as a young man stepped on the piazza, "hab you lard anything 'bout de new neighborn?"

"It's a widow, Dinah," answered the young man, in the tone he might have said, "It's a joke."

"De lawful sakes!" exclaimed Dinah. "An' Mars John hates widders like pizen. Is dat all?"

"Four children," continued the young man, as if the joke was increasing in magnitude.

"De lanky mass!" ejaculated Dinah. "An' he dislikes children special."

"Three boys," volunteered Fred Ashurst, in the unmistakable tone of a natural joker who deals out his fun by piecemeal.

"Wass an' wuss!" mutterd Dinah. "Boys am his special deversion. An' boys, too, wid dar fader in hobben—leatways it's to be hoped he am dar."

"And there is a baby."

Fred Ashurst gave the last item of news as a joker gaps the climax with the best bit of all.

Dinah lifted both hands. "Mars John 'll move away. Is oan's abide babies. *Jess* to tick de cat's tacks! Dat's come chickens to scratch up our garden, an' a guinea fowl dat's de noisest bird ebber tibbed, an' a peacock dat screeches like a hoosier, an' a parrot dat chatters like aunider lunytick, an' a dog, an' a cat, an' dar's a widder an' three boys an' a baby yet fur to come. An' to tink oh de peace an' quietfulness we has had fur twenty year an' more. Mars John 'll move away shore!"

"Don't know," answered Fred Ashurst, meditatively. "Uncle John isn't migratory in his habits. Can't sell nor rent in these days either. I think he will stick to his face like mussis. It isn't in the course of nature," philosophized the young man, "for good girls neighbors like Dinah to have a new wife to live forever, and I must confess, for my own part, I am rather glad of a change, even if it involves widows, boys, babies, guineas, peacocks, parrots, dogs, cats, drums, Jews'-harps, tin horns, and a hundred possibilities for creating a Babel. It's pretty rough on Uncle John. I must admit it. Too old gentleman don't take to it kindly. I think there will be some fun."

"Now, Dinah," said John Ashurst, a little later, as he entered the tidy kitchen, "I don't want anything to do with these new neighbors. If they attempt to borrow, don't or no go. Drive out any of the animals that trespass on our grounds, and the children as well. I will have my nephew paint a notice: 'No trespassing allowed on this premises.' They might as well know my sentiments first as last. You understand, Dinah?"

"Yes, mars," replied Dinah, meekly. Then she dropped into a meditative soliloquy as her master left the kitchen. "Dat's de mighty queer for Dinah to say 'no' of a neighbor come fur to borrer a little rice or salt, or starch; an' as for drivin' off children, 'twill be mighty hard to tramp 'em off. I don't mind sayin' 'scat' to a cat; but a chile! Lud! was a chile his own self, an' as nice a chile as de good Lor' ever made. He's my opinion de Lor' don't make bachelors; dey makes themselves, an' dey jess spiles themselves. Now if Mars John had a wife an' little children, dar wouldn't be a better man on de face ob de airth. Sich a play 'bout Miss Russell!"

"Come, Dinah," said Fred Ashurst that night, as he stood before a large board on which he had painted, in large letters, "No trespassing allowed on these premises"—"Come, Dinah, tell me about Uncle John's lady love. He is a family tradition he had one. Was she a beauty?"

"Not such a beauty as her cousin Miss Edit," answered Dinah. "Miss Amy was tall and slender, an' ebbery inch a lady; but I war'nt sweet way, more'n her face, dat made folks worship de groun' she walked on. She war a Quaker, you know. Mars John an' she come an' went, an' come an' went, jess like two weddinars; an' Miss Edit an's Southern man—Dunal war his name—dey come an' went jess like two odder weddinars; an' den dey got to changin', an' Miss Edit went wid Mars John, an' Miss Carrol went wid Miss Amy, an' it war plain as de nose on your face dat he war extreme fond ob her; an' den Mars John broke a mighty down, fur war mighty spunky, an' Miss Amy's picks war took out ob his room, an' all de little fancy fixin's she had in de room war took away, an' he nebber went wid gals any more at all—more's de pity."

"What became of this Quaker girl?" asked Fred Ashurst.

"Oh, she went away, somebody tole me, to England, an' she mighty fur got to be wedd'ness, any ob 'em, so far as I know on. Book a play fur Mars John! He nebber cared much for nothin' till your mother died, an' he brought you up. He war a mighty fine man, Mars Fred, an' dat shows de heart dat is in de man. But he's got so a meetin' house in his way. Ob course, he's a Christian fur gen'ral he says right. S'pose he's done forgot Miss Amy? If he had, he wouldn't act in de christian manner. Don't de Bible say, 'Lub your neighbors?' An' here he sets himself again 'em fors dey come, an' says, 'Don't lend him a scrap, no drive off de chilun,' an' den puts up dat big board warnin' em off, jess as if dar war a lingine in our yard wuld smash 'em to pieces. An' de sweet little chillun wid dair father in hebben will jess b'lieve Jack de Giant killer like here. Sarves him right, too, fur harborin' such onchristian feelin's!"

The next morning three little children—two boys and a girl—stood before the wooden board that lifted its warning above the hedge that divided the Ashurst lawn from its neighbors. With difficulty the eldest boy spelled out the words.

"What does it mean?" asked the little girl, curiously. "Trespassing! trespass! that's what the prayer is about. Don't you know—'Forgive us our trespasses?'"

"Don't mean that at all," re lied the eldest boy, sagely. "Mamma says that means he tries to be good to us 'cause we are good to folks who have been naughty to us. We haven't done anything to the folks next door, 'cause we're just comin' to."

"Maybe he's afraid we will," replied the little girl, shrewdly. "I'll ask mamma."

Fred Ashurst, sitting on the piazza, heard this conversation, and repeated it to Dinah.

"Humph!" ejaculated that individual, moodily. "I hope the woman will have sense enough to tell him."

A week elapsed, and John Ashurst was, to his own expression, "more out of sorts than ever."

"Crosser dan two sticks," was Dinah's version of his mood, as she addressed her pots and kettles.

"I won't stand this any longer," he exclaimed, testily. "The baby cries all night, and the older ones raise Bedlam all the day. When the guinea stops, the peacock begins. When a drum is at rest, a blast comes from a tin horn. Boys have been scratched up my seeds, the dog has—I might as well tell my grievances to her."

Forthwith he sat down and wrote:

"MADAM,—Patience ceases to be a virtue. I cannot think by day nor sleep by night. Would it be possible for you to change your nursery to the other side of your house? Could your children exist with a smaller allowance of drums, trumpets, Jew's-harps and tin horns? Your chickens have pulled up my seeds. Your dog tore my door-mat into bits yesterday. Your boys stone my fruit trees and your girl bothers my cook. Your guinea, peacock and parrot I protest against as nuisances. If you can effect an abatement of all these nuisances, you will greatly oblige

"Your neighbor, JOHN ASHURST."

He rang the bell—"Fred, take this next door."

"Yes, sir; but I am late for the baseball match; I'll stop on my way home. I guess it will keep; gunpowder is apt to," he said, with a meaning smile.

"I don't want any delay," replied John Ashurst, sternly. "This thing must be stopped."

That afternoon John Ashurst sat in his office writing, when he heard a stealthy step pass his window, followed by the rustling of leaves. "It is that plague's brood of children," he said, excitedly. "They're at my cherries again."

A few hasty strides brought him to the tree, where a boy was scrambling down. "You young scoundrel!" exclaimed John Ashurst. "I've caught you now, and I'm going to take you straight in to your mother. Don't belong there? None of your tricks. Come, march along, and we shall see where you belong."

Dragging the culprit along, John Ashurst rang his neighbor's door bell.

"Be silent, Fred, or I'll tear your ears off!" screamed the parrot in its unearthly tones.

John Ashurst was very angry. To have his warning cast into the teeth by this ugly green bird was not pleasant.

"I want to see the lady," he said curtly, to the servant who opened the door.

"Yes, sir. Will you walk into the parlor?"

"Will you walk into my parlor?
Said the spider to the fly;
'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That I ever you did spy."

In spite of his anger, John Ashurst said this to himself as he glanced about the elegant room, such a room as he had not seen for many years. There was no disorder, neither was there in his own stiff parlor next door, but the air of comfort and simple elegance was something unattainable by all the rules of arrangement he knew. John Ashurst was a critical man. When he was younger he had been called artistic. Incensually moodied, he thought. On a little table stood a vase of lilies of the-valley. On the wall hung in water-colors lilies-of-the-valley. On a bracket in the wall were lilies-of-the-valley. They were flowers he had avoided for years, for they stirred a memory of his lost youth. Now there flashed upon him a memory of his own room years ago, with lilies-of-the-valley on table, bracket and wall, and their subtle fragrance recalled the perfume of flowers worn in a woman's hair above the sweetest face he ever knew.

The door opened and a lady entered, followed by two boys and a little girl.

"I am glad to see thee," was the gracious reception given this ungracious man. "Thou art our neighbor, I am told. Wilt thou be seated?"

John Ashurst was almost powerless to speak. Tears ago this quaint Quaker speech had thrilled him as the other speech had done, and he had dreamed of a lifetime with such music in his ears.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in a confused, hesitating way; "I have brought your boy home."

"Not much!" exclaimed one of the boys in the rear of the beautiful woman, for John Ashurst said to himself that she was beautiful.

The mother gave the boy a look of smiling reproof, as she said, "Thou hast made a mistake. I have only these three children and their baby brother, who is asleep."

"Told him I didn't blong here, but he wouldn't b'lieve me," explained the boy, sadly.

"I beg your pardon," said John Ashurst, with deep humility; "I am afraid I have wronged your boys—and you," he added, still more humbly, thinking of the note he had indited that morning.

"Do not mention it," said the lady, politely. "I am fearful we have disturbed thee. Thou art aware we have had a great grief. I have spoken to my children to have whatever pets they choose and amuse themselves in every innocent way, that their minds might be diverted from their great loss."

John Ashurst's face was sympathetic, and troubled too, for he was thinking of his note. "A heartless thing, under the circumstances," he said to himself. Had Fred forgotten to deliver it? Fred were a lucky slip of the memory, he thought.

The sweet-faced, sweet-voiced Quakeress continued: "Thee may have been very ill and I have been obliged to keep this side of thy house, as it is cooler. When he is better I shall change my nursery."

John Ashurst's face fell. After all, she had read his note. "I beg your pardon," he said, with real trouble in his tone. "I did not know your baby was ill. I beg you will not change your nursery on my account. I was mistaken about the boy—turning to see that the urchin had made his escape. I may have made other mistakes. Perhaps they were not your chickens. It may have been some other person's dog."

"Chickens? Dog?" asked the lady, in a puzzled way. "I do not understand."

John Ashurst's face brightened. She had not received his note. "It does not signify," he replied, carelessly. "I thought you might have heard complaints about your chickens or dog—from—my cook—or my nephew—or somebody," he said, desperately.

"Thy cook has been extremely kind," answered the lady. "We were obliged to borrow some brandy one day when the baby was very ill, and we could not get at ours in the confusion incident to moving. Thy nephew has won the heart of my boy by teaching them how to shoot arrows, and lend—this little girl—and thy nephew are great friends. My children were puzzled about the sign board in thy hedge, but thy nephew told them it was to ward off witches."

"He is a good boy. Fred is an uncommonly good young man," exclaimed John Ashurst, forcibly. "I told him to deliver that note was a mark of superior judgment, he thought.

The servant entered. "I hope you will excuse me," she said, addressing her mistress; "but a note was left this morning, and as you were getting the baby to sleep, I did not disturb you."

John Ashurst stepped forward eagerly. "I am the writer of that letter," he said, extending his hand. "As I have come myself, it will be quite unnecessary for you to read it. I can do my errand without taxing your patience to read my illegible writing."

"Decidedly," answered the unsuspecting Quakeress. "Thou art very kind to trouble thyself about us."

John Ashurst thought of himself "Hypocrite," and yet he was glad, glad as if he had seen an enemy in the act of applying a match to gunpowder, and suddenly he found himself in possession of safety and gunpowder. What should he say, for the Quakeress was looking in an expectant way, as he had told his errand.

"We have a great many cherries. Send for them whenever you like," he said, as he awkwardly as a school-boy.

"We are grateful for thy kindness," replied the Quakeress, pleasantly.

"Do not change your nursery on my account," pleaded John Ashurst, his mind reverting to that dreadful note. "Let the children come over when they please. Fred will amuse the boys, and the cook will be pleased to spoil the girl."

John Ashurst went home with a light heart. He clinched the note as if it had been a prize. "To think," he said to himself, "how near I came to wounding that grief-stricken, sensitive woman!"

He drew the note from his pocket to read the cruel words before destroying them, and found, instead of his note to his neighbor, his last month's gas bill.

"Fred is a young man of superior judgment, as I told our neighbor, Mrs. Gurney," he said, with a smile. "This would have been quite harmless had she opened it."

"It was dreadfully careless of me to leave the sealed letter," scolded Fred Ashurst, with a merry twinkle in his eye, as he drew the offensive letter from his pocket that night. "Baseball makes one lose his wits," he added, in self justification. "Set it down, uncle, to profit and loss."

"Dinah," said John Ashurst to the colored servant that night, "I've been a fool about poor neighbor. She is an estimable woman who has seen much trouble. You need not drive the children away, or anything," he added, as he walked away.

"Sho!" exclaimed Dinah, addressing her unwashed dishes. "What's de meanin' ob de sermons? Ole ophiner Gurney war wid widder indeed, as de good Book says. S'posin' he should—"

Dinah did not finish the sentence, but all the evening as she worked about her kitchen she exclaimed over and anon, "S'posin' he should!" An' all dem chilun come to bain't! Then she shook her head. "Tain't de way fur him. Lor'! What a power widders has got to be shore!"

Weeks passed, and John Ashurst paced his room, with trouble on his face. His nephew came in. "Anything wrong, uncle?" he asked, kindly.

"I believe I am a little out of sorts," answered John Ashurst. "In fact, Fred, I was thinking of you."

"Of me? Don't worry about me; I am happy as a lark," answered Fred, carelessly.

"The fact is, Fred," said John Ashurst, stopping in his nervous walk, and looking attentively at his nephew, "I am a little worried about you and—our neighbors."

"The Gurneys?" asked Fred, in amazement.

"Yes," answered John Ashurst, gravely. "It has just occurred to me that people are talking about our going there. I have been very kind to Mrs. Gurney because I was sorry for her at first and wished to make amendments. She is a charming woman, more than that, a good woman. To me there is no woman so attractive as these sweet-voiced Quaker women, with their quaint speech and gentle ways; so I realize your danger."

Fred Ashurst's eyes twinkled. "Folks talk about us, do they? If I were a man with your age and your means, I'd make them talk to some purpose. If I were in your place, Uncle John, I would marry the widow."

John Ashurst bent a searching glance on his nephew. "It would not hurt you in the least if I loved and wedded Mrs. Gurney?" he asked.

"Not in the least. I would congratulate you with all my heart," answered Fred, earnestly.

"That is enough," said John Ashurst, with a peaceful smile. "You don't love the woman if you are willing to see another win her."

"You needn't fear a rival in me," replied Fred, laughing.

"Oh, Fred, that is all nonsense!" exclaimed John Ashurst, impatiently. "I shall never marry. Unfortunately there is a memory of the past that would always come between me and a new love. I tell you has much than you need not speculate or plan about my future."

"Mrs. Gurney might make you forget the past," suggested Fred Ashurst.

"On the contrary, she makes me remember," replied John Ashurst, half to himself. "Take night, for instance. Years ago, she, the children were crowded about a new comer, whom they called Cousin Lily. In a place in the conversation she said, addressing Mrs. Gurney:

"'Pray tell me who these new found relatives are.' Then the talk of Fred and Uncle John as if they were kin."

"'Tony are our neighbors,' answered Mrs. Gurney. "'I wonder if we met them, how we had lived here about a week, our neighbor called. He had made a funny mistake, and brought a boy who was stealing her cherries, thinking he belonged here. Think of it, Lily—one of my boys stealing fruit!'"

"I would have been very angry," said the visitor.

"Oh, no," answered Mrs. Gurney. "I was sorry for him. He was so gentlemanly and so humble, really contrite, as if he had offended me and was sorry for it. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word, quite make out what he meant. A school boy would not have been more embarrassed; and like ourselves, Lily, he is no chicken. Then a note came in he had sent me, and there had been delay in giving it to me. He took it quite sagely and said he would do the errand himself, and offered us all the cherries we wanted. That was the beginning of our friendship. Since then Fred Ashurst and his uncle have been frequent visitors. This uncle has the most wonderful smile; it lights up his whole face. But he is not a man given to smiling. I judge he has had some great trouble. When ants shee, Lily? The blood has all gone from thy face."

"My journey has been a little exhausting, this air, I suppose," said the visitor, carelessly. "By-the-way," she said, with affected indifference, "is the uncle's name Ashurst?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Gurney. "Is the family known to thee?"

"We knew Ashurts years ago," replied the visitor. "I wonder if this man has made a change of base when he called. It is like the Ashurst to be hasty and unjust. I know nothing of their business."

Mrs. Gurney looked at her visitor curiously. To herself she said, "I never knew my husband's cousin so near being bitter in all my life."

Fred Ashurst the next morning at the breakfast table was in exuberant spirits. "I think I am in love, uncle," he said gaily. "I know you won't approve, for my charmer is not a day younger than Mrs. Gurney and one of those dangerous Quaker women."

"Where did you meet her?" asked John Ashurst.

"At our neighbor's," answered the nephew. "Birds of a feather, you know. But this is a finer bird, with finer feathers, than our neighbor even. I don't know what mm. Lily is been thinking of to let such a specimen go unesged."

John Ashurst laid down his knife and fork and listened.

Thus encouraged, his nephew continued: "She is tall and slender, as graceful as a wand. Her face is like a Madonna's, but its beauty is in expression rather than feature. She wears lovely white dresses, with a few worldly touches and ruffles, and her feet and thone are beautiful to hear."

John Ashurst's face was very grave. "Be careful, Fred," was his only reply.

"Such women are not false, surely," said Fred, watching his uncle closely.

"They may be false and subject," replied John Ashurst, sternly.

"I would swear Miss Russell is neither," exclaimed Fred Ashurst, passionately.

John Ashurst's lip twitched and he beat his foot nervously on the floor.

"Miss Lily Russell," explained Fred Ashurst, emphatically the first name.

John Ashurst resumed his usual manner at that. "Be careful, Fred, my boy," he said, kindly. "I don't want your ships to go down so mine did?"

That day John Ashurst was restless and nervous, "almost out of sorts," he said of himself. He could not forget his nephew's description of the woman next door. "Nonsense!" he would exclaim, half aloud, in an impatient way. "This is a woman with another name. The other one forgot me years ago. Suppose she had not forgotten?"

John Ashurst's face was lighted with the wonderful smile of which Mrs Gurney spoke; but it faded out, and the man's restless mood came on.

There came a child's tap at the door, and a moment later Lucy Gurney entered. "See I have lot of books," she said with great glee. "I have come over to study with you, where the boys won't bother. I took them out of Cousin Lily's room as soon as she went with mamma. This is verses," and she laid down a volume of Tennyson; "and this—" As she lifted the book there dropped some withered flowers, lilies of the valley and a cluster of forget me nots.

John Ashurst took the book eagerly. It was a Bible. On the fly leaf was the name "Amy Russell." As he turned the leaves he came to more withered flowers, and on a slip of paper the prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

"I must always pick up trash, mamma says," remarked the little girl, as she stooped to gather the withered flowers.

Trash! John Ashurst touched them reverently, and put them back in the book into face was radiant with that wonderful smile. She had not forgotten.

"Is your cousin Amy home?" he asked of the child.

"Tien't Cousin Amy; it's Cousin Lily," answered the child.

John Ashurst looked puzzled; then he put on his hat, and walked straight to his neighbor's.

"Is Miss Amy Russell in?" he asked of the servant as he put her his card.

"Miss Russell is in; I think it is Miss Lily," answered the servant.

"I would like to see her," said John Ashurst. To himself he was saying, "She must be a relative. If Amy is dead, I will have the Bible and the faded flowers."

"Cousin Amy," said the sweet-faced Quaker woman, with just a touch of worldliness about the tucked and ruffled dress, who came into the parlor, but put her hand to John Ashurst as an old acquaintance. Her face was very calm, but her hand was trembling. "I have heard thee is in bad health, she exclaimed, "Forgive me, Amy; I was unjust to you, and cruel to my both. You have not spoken of your husband. I know it is for this prayer makes me bold to ask forgiveness."

He opened the Bible to the faded flowers and prayer for forgiveness.

Tears filled the eyes of the Quaker woman as she said, "I forgave thee long ago. It was a mistake, mistake," she added, sadly.

"But there is no reason why I may not spend the rest of my life in making atonement," asked John Ashurst, earnestly.

"I have never ceased to love thee, John, was the simple, earnest answer.

"Then I would like to see the houses of the two neighbors! Old Dinah's equanimity was quite upset. "I declar I don't know whether I'm standin' on my head or my feet. Day look jess like weddinars, for shore as sartain. An' jess to think it all come fro de Gurneys! Dat's de ophiner Gurney, I will de new folks; dont lend 'em a scrap. Dinah; drive off de children," an' all sich!"

The next morning John Ashurst remembered that he had forgotten to make amends for his cruel note. "A heartless thing, under the circumstances," he said to himself. Had Fred forgotten to deliver it? Fred were a lucky slip of the memory, he thought.

The sweet-faced, sweet-voiced Quakeress continued: "Thee may have been very ill and I have been obliged to keep this side of thy house, as it is cooler. When he is better I shall change my nursery."

John Ashurst's face fell. After all, she had read his note. "I beg your pardon," he said, with real trouble in his tone. "I did not know your baby was ill. I beg you will not change your nursery on my account. I was mistaken about the boy—turning to see that the urchin had made his escape. I may have made other mistakes. Perhaps they were not your chickens. It may have been some other person's dog."

"Chickens? Dog?" asked the lady, in a puzzled way. "I do not understand."

John Ashurst's face brightened. She had not received his note. "It does not signify," he replied, carelessly. "I thought you might have heard complaints about your chickens or dog—from—my cook—or my nephew—or somebody," he said, desperately.

"Thy cook has been extremely kind," answered the lady. "We were obliged to borrow some brandy one day when the baby was very ill, and we could not get at ours in the confusion incident to moving. Thy nephew has won the heart of my boy by teaching them how to shoot arrows, and lend—this little girl—and thy nephew are great friends. My children were puzzled about the sign board in thy hedge, but thy nephew told them it was to ward off witches."

"He is a good boy. Fred is an uncommonly good young man," exclaimed John Ashurst, forcibly. "I told him to deliver that note was a mark of superior judgment, he thought.

The servant entered. "I hope you will excuse me," she said, addressing her mistress; "but a note was left this morning, and as you were getting the baby to sleep, I did not disturb you."

John Ashurst stepped forward eagerly. "I am the writer of that letter," he said, extending his hand. "As I have come myself, it will be quite unnecessary for you to read it. I can do my errand without taxing your patience to read my illegible writing."

"Decidedly," answered the unsuspecting Quakeress. "Thou art very kind to trouble thyself about us."

John Ashurst thought of himself "Hypocrite," and yet he was glad, glad as if he had seen an enemy in the act of applying a match to gunpowder, and suddenly he found himself in possession of safety and gunpowder. What should he say, for the Quakeress was looking in an expectant way, as he had told his errand.

"We have a great many cherries. Send for them whenever you like," he said, as awkwardly as a school-boy.

"We are grateful for thy kindness," replied the Quakeress, pleasantly.

"Do not change your nursery on my account," pleaded John Ashurst, his mind reverting to that dreadful note. "Let the children come over when they please. Fred will amuse the boys, and the cook will be pleased to spoil the girl."

John Ashurst went home with a light heart. He clinched the note as if it had been a prize. "To think," he said to himself, "how near I came to wounding that grief-stricken, sensitive woman!"

He drew the note from his pocket to read the cruel words before destroying them, and found, instead of his note to his neighbor, his last month's gas bill.

"Fred is a young man of superior judgment, as I told our neighbor, Mrs. Gurney," he said, with a smile. "This would have been quite harmless had she opened it."

"It was dreadfully careless of me to leave the sealed letter," scolded Fred Ashurst, with a merry twinkle in his eye, as he drew the offensive letter from his pocket that night. "Baseball makes one lose his wits," he added, in self justification. "Set it down, uncle, to profit and loss."

"Dinah," said John Ashurst to the colored servant that night, "I've been a fool about poor neighbor. She is an estimable woman who has seen much trouble. You need not drive the children away, or anything," he added, as he walked away.

"Sho!" exclaimed Dinah, addressing her unwashed dishes. "What's de meanin' ob de sermons? Ole ophiner Gurney war wid widder indeed, as de good Book says. S'posin' he should—"

Dinah did not finish the sentence, but all the evening as she worked about her kitchen she exclaimed over and anon, "S'posin' he should!" An' all dem chilun come to bain't! Then she shook her head. "Tain't de way fur him. Lor'! What a power widders has got to be shore!"

Weeks passed, and John Ashurst paced his room, with trouble on his face. His nephew came in. "Anything wrong, uncle?" he asked, kindly.

"I believe I am a little out of sorts," answered John Ashurst. "In fact, Fred, I was thinking of you."

"Of me? Don't worry about me; I am happy as a lark," answered Fred, carelessly.

"The fact is, Fred," said John Ashurst, stopping in his nervous walk, and looking attentively at his nephew, "I am a little worried about you and—our neighbors."

"The Gurneys?" asked Fred, in amazement.

"Yes," answered John Ashurst, gravely. "It has just occurred to me that people are talking about our going there. I have been very kind to Mrs. Gurney because I was sorry for her at first and wished to make amendments. She is a charming woman, more than that, a good woman. To me there is no woman so attractive as these sweet-voiced Quaker women, with their quaint speech and gentle ways; so I realize your danger."

Fred Ashurst's eyes twinkled. "Folks talk about us, do they? If I were a man with your age and your means, I'd make them talk to some purpose. If I were in your place, Uncle John, I would marry the widow."

John Ashurst bent a searching glance on his nephew. "It would not hurt you in the least if I loved and wedded Mrs. Gurney?" he asked.

"Not in the least. I would congratulate you with all my heart," answered Fred, earnestly.

"That is enough," said John Ashurst, with a peaceful smile. "You don't love the woman if you are willing to see another win her."

"You needn't fear a rival in me," replied Fred, laughing.

"Oh, Fred, that is all nonsense!" exclaimed John Ashurst, impatiently. "I shall never marry. Unfortunately there is a memory of the past that would always come between me and a new love. I tell you has much than you need not speculate or plan about my future."

"Mrs. Gurney might make you forget the past," suggested Fred Ashurst.

"On the contrary, she makes me remember," replied John Ashurst, half to himself. "Take night, for instance. Years ago, she, the children were crowded about a new comer, whom they called Cousin Lily. In a place in the conversation she said, addressing Mrs. Gurney:

"'Pray tell me who these new found relatives are.' Then talk of Fred and Uncle John as if they were kin."

"'Tony are our neighbors,' answered Mrs. Gurney. "'I wonder if we met them, how we had lived here about a week, our neighbor called. He had made a funny mistake, and brought a boy who was stealing her cherries, thinking he belonged here. Think of it, Lily—one of my boys stealing fruit!'"

"I would have been very angry," said the visitor.

"Oh, no," answered Mrs. Gurney. "I was sorry for him. He was so gentlemanly and so humble, really contrite, as if he had offended me and was sorry for it. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word, quite make out what he meant. A school boy would not have been more embarrassed; and like ourselves, Lily, he is no chicken. Then a note came in he had sent me, and there had been delay in giving it to me. He took it quite sagely and said he would do the errand himself, and offered us all the cherries we wanted. That was the beginning of our friendship. Since then Fred Ashurst and his uncle have been frequent visitors. This uncle has the most wonderful smile; it lights up his whole face. But he is not a man given to smiling. I judge he has had some great trouble. When ants shee, Lily? The blood has all gone from thy face."

"My journey has been a little exhausting, this air, I suppose," said the visitor, carelessly. "By-the-way," she said, with affected indifference, "is the uncle's name Ashurst?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Gurney. "Is the family known to thee?"

"We knew Ashurts years ago," replied the visitor. "I wonder if this man has made a change of base when he called. It is like the Ashurst to be hasty and unjust. I know nothing of their business."

Mrs. Gurney looked at her visitor curiously. To herself she said, "I never knew my husband's cousin so near being bitter in all my life."

Fred Ashurst the next morning at the breakfast table was in exuberant spirits. "I think I am in love, uncle," he said gaily. "I know you won't approve, for my charmer is not a day younger than Mrs. Gurney and one of those dangerous Quaker women."

"Where did you meet her?" asked John Ashurst.

"At our neighbor's," answered the nephew. "Birds of a feather, you know. But this is a finer bird, with finer feathers, than our neighbor even. I don't know what mm. Lily is been thinking of to let such a specimen go unesged."

John Ashurst laid down his knife and fork and listened.

Thus encouraged, his nephew continued: "She is tall and slender, as graceful as a wand. Her face is like a Madonna's, but its beauty is in expression rather than feature. She wears lovely white dresses, with a few worldly touches and ruffles, and her thees and thone are beautiful to hear."

John Ashurst's face was very grave. "Be careful, Fred," was his only reply.

"Such women are not false, surely," said Fred, watching his uncle closely.

"They may be false and subject," replied John Ashurst, sternly.

"I would swear Miss Russell is neither," exclaimed Fred Ashurst, passionately.

John Ashurst's lip twitched and he beat his foot nervously on the floor.

"Miss Lily Russell," explained Fred Ashurst, emphatically the first name.

John Ashurst resumed his usual manner at that. "Be careful, Fred, my boy," he said, kindly. "I don't want your ships to go down as mine did?"

That day John Ashurst was restless and nervous, "almost out of sorts," he said of himself. He could not forget his nephew's description of the woman next door. "Nonsense!" he would exclaim, half aloud, in an impatient way. "This is a woman with another name. The other one forgot me years ago. Suppose she had not forgotten?"

John Ashurst's face was lighted with the wonderful smile of which Mrs Gurney spoke; but it faded out, and the man's restless mood came on.

There came a child's tap at the door, and a moment later Lucy Gurney entered. "See I have lot of books," she said with great glee. "I have come over to study with you, where the boys won't bother. I took them out of Cousin Lily's room as soon as she went with mamma. This is verses," and she laid down a volume of Tennyson; "and this—" As she lifted the book there dropped some withered flowers, lilies of the valley and a cluster of forget me nots.

John Ashurst took the book eagerly. It was a Bible. On the fly leaf was the name "Amy Russell." As he turned the leaves he came to more withered flowers, and on a slip of paper the prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

"I must always pick up trash, mamma says," remarked the little girl, as she stooped to gather the withered flowers.

Trash! John Ashurst touched them reverently, and put them back in the book into face was radiant with that wonderful smile. She had not forgotten.

"Is your cousin Amy home?" he asked of the child.

"Tien't Cousin Amy; it's Cousin Lily," answered the child.

John Ashurst looked puzzled; then he put on his hat, and walked straight to his neighbor's.

"Is Miss Amy Russell in?" he asked of the servant as he put her his card.

"Miss Russell is in; I think it is Miss Lily," answered the servant.

"I would like to see her," said John Ashurst. To himself he was saying, "She must be a relative. If Amy is dead, I will have the Bible and the faded flowers."

"Cousin Amy," said the sweet-faced Quaker woman, with just a touch of worldliness about the tucked and ruffled dress, who came into the parlor, but put her hand to John Ashurst as an old acquaintance. Her face was very calm, but her hand was trembling. "I have heard thee is in bad health, she exclaimed, "Forgive me, Amy; I was unjust to you, and cruel to my both. You have not spoken of your husband. I know it is for this prayer makes me bold to ask forgiveness."

He opened the Bible to the faded flowers and prayer for forgiveness.

Tears filled the eyes of the Quaker woman as she said, "I forgave thee long ago. It was a mistake, mistake," she added, sadly.

"But there is no reason why I may not spend the rest of my life in making atonement," asked John Ashurst, earnestly.

"I have never ceased to love thee, John, was the simple, earnest answer.

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"Thy cook has been extremely kind,"

THE LOUISIANA ELECTION.

Prominent Republicans Hanged by Democrats—An Ex-Sheriff Whipped and Robbed—Republican Party Terrorstricken.

NEW YORK, Dec. —The *Times'* New Orleans special says: Four days before the election bull dozers from the country made hostile demonstrations, picked out colored men and women in the vicinity of the campaign rested, and systematically got rid of them. On Sunday Dave Armstrong was hanged at Morganza, St. Francis Town, late postmaster, was hanged on Monday night. Ex-Sheriff Peck was whipped. All the other Republican election officers fled. The parish vote, deposited in the boxes in a bulk, were all Democrat and counted as above. The negroes and Republicans did not vote except in one precinct, where only 100 votes were cast. This operation also makes a difference of 5,000 over Wiltz. The robbing of the negro Jefferson and the capture of one in Algiers destroyed about 2,000 of the Republican majority. New Orleans polled only one half of her usual vote. The debt crislance on repudiation defeated the State Parish of St. Marys and gave 800 majority for Carroll's Republican. Belgar's returns could be compiled the clerk's office was entered and the ballot boxes destroyed

BEACONSFIELD AT HOME.

An Extraordinary Pen Picture of the Premier.

The Earl of Beaconsfield is fearfully and wonderfully made up, if one may trust the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. The latter stood on the door at the Prime Minister entered Guildhall at the Lord Mayor's dinner, and could "see him pall himself in *aurora*. His head pillowed on his spirit, but he has appointed Prof. Don Pietro Balan, an author and under-keeper of the Vatican manuscripts, to have editor-in-chief; Monsignor Schiaffino and many other learned men have also been intrusted with editorial positions. Another contributor to the sheet, similarly inspired and directed, will appear for circulation among the lower classes of the people.

One of the latest Ritualist developments in England has been the formation of what is called the Guild of St. Luke. This Society, which seeks to band together medical men of pronounced Anglican tendencies, recently held high festival in St. Paul's Cathedral and its various ways is thrusting itself upon the notice of the public. The London *Lancet* observes this movement, it says, with unfeigned apprehension.

Another branch of Methodism has come into existence, under the sonorous title of "The Annual Conference of the Methodist Church." Its principles, however, are more Methodistic than its name. Just as Methodist gives them as: no bishops, no time-limit of the pastorate, and the English Wesleyan Conference of making appointments. Already this Church has twelve appointments, ten of which are in Philadelphia, and nine ministers. The next session of Conference will be held in March, 1880.

A Mohammedan priest, Ahmed Effendi, has been for some years assisting a company of Protestant missionaries in a translation of the New Testament, receiving $25 per month for revising, correcting and clothing in poetical Turkish their versions. This coming to the knowledge of the Sultan Abdul-Hamid, he had the priest arrested and tried by an ecclesiastical court. A religious excitement was stirred up and was fomented by the Turkish press, and when the last mail left Constantinople the Court was hesitating whether to sentence Ahmed to fifteen years' imprisonment in a fortress or to death.

At a late meeting of the Stratford Presbytery charges were preferred against Rev. David Inman by members of the Orangeen congregation, and after an investigation the charges were declared unfounded and the Presbytery expressed sympathy with the rev. gentleman. Rev. J. B. Wade appeared before the Presbytery to answer to the charge of heresy. He read the sermon on which the charge was based and asked the Presbytery after deliberation the Court unanimously agreed that whilst it did not commit itself to the whole tenor of the sermon, there was nothing that laid Mr. Wade open to the charge of heresy.

Dr. Gillan, one of the most prominent moderates of the Church of Scotland, died at Inchinnan Manse on the 1

HARNESS.

THOS. McKEE

keeps always on hand a full assortment of Single and Double Harness, and guarantees all work to give satisfaction. Special attention to Hame Collars. All orders promptly filled. Good workmen and first-class stock. Also, a full assortment of

WHIPS, COMBS, BRUSHES, ETC.

Parties wishing to purchase will do well to call and examine stock.

The old stand, Mill street, Stirling.

STIRLING Steam Cabinet Factory!

WM. MARTIN,

having fitted up his factory with the most improved machinery, is prepared to manufacture all kinds of

CABINET-WARE

of the latest designs and best material, and at prices that defy competition in the county. Having purchased

A NEW HEARSE

he is now prepared to furnish funerals in the most elegant styles and on the shortest notice, at as low rates as can be found elsewhere.

THE VICTORY IS WON!

We have now

CHEAP GOODS

A new assortment of

Lamps, Vases and Toilet Sets,

which for quality and price cannot be excelled. A large quantity of

COAL OIL,

Very cheap for cash.

Faulkner & Youker's.

Card of Thanks.

Stirling, October 1st, 1879.

Andrew Glass, Esq.

Dear Sir—We beg, through you, to thank the National Insurance Company, of Montreal, for the honorable and prompt manner in which they settled our claims for losses occasioned by the late fires in Stirling.

We are, dear sir, respectfully yours,

DAVID WHITE,
R. M. PENNOCK.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The undersigned has on hand the largest stock of boots and shoes in Stirling. All kinds of

Men's, Women's & Children's Wear

in coarse and fine.

Custom Work

a specialty, in which department orders will receive prompt attention.

W. S. MARTIN.

Mill street, Stirling.

W. GIRDWOOD,

Carriage & Wagon Maker, General Jobber, etc.

Light and heavy work of all kinds done in first-class style. A full assortment of

BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS AND PHAETONS

on hand, which will be sold on terms advantageous to the purchaser. Orders in repairing filled with promptness. Front street, Stirling.

Who keeps the most fashionable

MILLINERY

in town?

R. P. FIDLAR.

Who sells the most fashionable and

Cheapest Mantles

in Stirling?

R. P. FIDLAR.

Who sells yard-wide

WINCEY

worth 20c. for 15c. per yard?

R. P. FIDLAR.

F.S.—Cloaks and Mufflers at Cost.

IF YOU WANT A

Good Photograph

CABINET OR ENLARGEMENT,

OR TINTYPE

Call at the

STIRLING PHOTO. GALLERY.

Photographs, $1.50 per dozen.
Cabinets, $3 per dozen.
Enlargements, $1.
Two Tintypes for 40c.
FRAMES of all kinds kept on hand cheap.
ARNOLD WELLMAN.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JAMES S. SPRAGUE, M.D., LICENTIATE AND MEMBER College of Physicians and Surgeons.

GEO. E. BULL, CLERK 5TH DIVISION COURT, Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Land Agent, Commissioner in B.R. Money to loan. Stirling, Ont.

GEO. A. SKINNER, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary Public, etc., Stirling. Money to lend.

W. H. BERRY, BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, Shaving, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Mill street, third door from North.

CHARLES BUTLER, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, FRONT STREET, STIRLING—A. McWILLIAMS, proprietor. First-class house, and charges moderate.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the VILLAGE COUNCIL meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock p.m.

F. P. PARKER, Clerk.

Strayed Cattle.

Came into the premises of the subscriber, lot 14, concession 11, Rawdon, about the 1st of November, two yearling Heifers, one all red, and the other red and white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.

JAMES McCOMB.

APPRENTICES WANTED AT Milne & Clute's, in the dressmaking department. Apply to MISS DAFOE.

CASH FOR WHEAT!

The undersigned will pay the highest market price for Good, Clean, Plump Wheat, delivered at the TRENT RIVER MILLS.

D. MORGAN.

GOODMURPHY'S

Stirling Livery!

Opposite Scott's hotel. First-class rigs. Commercial men served at shortest notice. If advised by telegraph will meet parties stopping off at junction of G.T. and N.H. railways.

J. H. WILLIAMSON, Lessee.

W. W. SMITH,

Watchmaker and Jeweller,

keeps constantly on hand and for sale

Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Spectacles, Etc.

All repairing in the above lines done in the best manner and on short notice.

ROBT. B. JONES,

Horse-shoer & Jobbing Blacksmith.

First-class work done in horse-shoeing. Particular attention paid to interfering horses, and those lamed by bad shoeing. Interfering or contracted feet cured after one or two shoeings. Jobwork of every description done on the shortest notice and in the neatest style. Front street, Stirling, opposite Dr. Parker's.

CHEAP PUMPS.

The undersigned is prepared to furnish the cheapest and best Pumps in the market, all styles,

With or Without Iron Lining.

Prompt attention given to all

REPAIRING!

A call solicited.

Factory—Opposite Flint & Jellett's block Stirling, Ont.

AUSTIN SAYLOR.

$20000

TO

LOAN

On Mortgage Security.

Apply to

GEO. A. SKINNER,

Solicitor, etc., Stirling.

IRA WILLIAMS

Has opened a Large Stock of

LADIES' MANTLES

In the latest styles, from $2.50 upwards. Also, Gents', Youths' and Boys'

Overcoats and Ulsters!

From $5 upwards.

Together with all articles and notions usually kept in a general store.

MILLINERY,

Comprising New Styles, New Colors, Novelties of the Season.

Any article in stock sold cheap for cash. Orders attended promptly.

BRITISH WAREHOUSE

STIRLING.

MORTGAGE SALE OF Valuable Farm Property.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage made by Thomas W. Campion to the vendor, and which will be produced on the day of sale, default having been made in the payment thereof, there will be offered for sale at MRS. BRADY'S HOTEL, in the

VILLAGE OF MARMORA,

in the county of Hastings, on

Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1879,

at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all the right, title and interest of the mortgagee and mortgagor, Thomas W. Campion, in and to the north-east quarter of lot number twenty-three, in the third concession of the township of Marmora, in said county of Hastings, containing fifty-seven acres more or less.

Persons wanting an excellent farm will find this a splendid opportunity for buying, as it is said to be a valuable property. Mortgagee reserves one bid.

I also offer at private sale lot 31, 12th concession of Belmont, cheap.

For further particulars and terms apply to

GEO. A. SKINNER, Vendor's Solicitor.

CHAS. BUTLER, auctioneer.

Stirling, November 26th, 1879.

PROSPECTUS —OF— The Stirling NEWS-ARGUS.

The subscriber feels the utmost confidence in undertaking the task of publishing a newspaper in the village of Stirling, having had upwards of thirteen years experience of newspaper life in one capacity or another, and having been for some time back at the head of one of the best local newspapers in the province; having thorough control over both the editorial and mechanical branches of the calling, intending patrons may look for a sheet that will be at once a credit to the place and a welcome visitor to their firesides.

The village of Stirling is an important factor in one of the finest agricultural sections of the Dominion, and while THE NEWS-ARGUS will issue from there, it will at the same time record the local proceedings of all parts of the county of Hastings, and will give the items of interest as they occur throughout the two ridings. To this end a corps of regular correspondents will be established at the different points at as early a date as possible, who will forward the news of their several particular localities just previous to going to press each week; besides which a more general summary of the news of the district will be carefully compiled from the columns of local exchanges.

The paper will be open to correspondence on all legitimate subjects, which must be discussed in a proper spirit, no personalities employed, and the real name of the author of any letter must be made known to the editor as a guarantee of good faith, and as a measure of protection. This rule is imperative in all cases.

The minutes of the municipal councils will be published, as also reports of all meetings, etc., of any local interest; a carefully selected miscellany will be given, and editorial matter on current events; but politics will be carefully eschewed.

A report of the markets most interesting to the farmer will be given, properly corrected each week, which may be relied on for all practical purposes.

The paper being only weekly, and strictly local in its nature, special attention will be given to home news; and while a synopsis of Canadian and foreign news will be given, it will not assume to be—what no country weekly can possibly be—a *newspaper* in the widest and provincial sense of the term. Believing that a local paper should make a specialty of local affairs, we will leave the city dailies their own functions to perform in giving in minute detail the passing events of the great world at large.

Owing to the central nature of the place of publication, there being no other paper published within a radius of sixteen miles, and the consequent large subscription list that may be expected, THE NEWS-ARGUS will be a valuable medium through which advertisers, both home and foreign, may reach their customers, or find new ones among the intelligent and well-to-do farming population of the central and northern parts of the county of Hastings.

The advertising rates are as follows: For yearly contracts of one-fourth column, or any less space down to two inches, 9 cents per inch each insertion; one-half column, or any less space down to one-fourth column, 8 cents per inch each insertion; whole column, or any less space down to one-half column, 7 cents per inch each insertion (a column measures 22 inches); two inches, $10 per year; one inch, $6 per year; business cards, limited to six lines of nonpareil, or one-half inch, $4 per year. An increase of one cent per inch each insertion will be charged on advertisements inserted for six months, and a further increase of one cent per inch on those inserted for only three months. The foregoing applies only to contract or standing business advertisements.

Transient advertisements of all kinds will be charged the usual rate of eight cents per line for the first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Births, marriages and deaths will be inserted without charge.

The subscription price of THE NEWS-ARGUS has been placed at the lowest remunerative figure of $1.50 per annum, postage prepaid in all cases by the publisher; those paying in advance, however, will receive the paper at the reduced sum of $1.25 per annum

The office is fitted up for the execution of all manner of Job Printing, which will be made a specialty. Poster, card, circular, commercial and book work executed in the neatest styles and on the shortest notice. Orders by mail in this, as well as in the advertisement and subscription departments, will be promptly attended to.

It is with no hesitation that we launch our bark on the troubled sea of journalism. The field has been well viewed, the probabilities carefully weighed, and the wants of the community considered from every standpoint; we know from experience our ability to produce a paper pleasing to the popular taste, and at the same time free from any taint of immoral or vicious tendencies; and it is our fixed determination to deserve success by standing firm at the helm, leaving the verdict in the hands of those on whom we depend for that support without which no venture can succeed.

The paper will be issued every Friday morning. The office of publication is on North street, Stirling, first door north of Dr. Parker's drug store.

JOHN H. THOMPSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

The Stirling News-Argus.

IS PUBLISHED

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JOHN H. THOMPSON.

Subscription Price, $1.50 per year.

Those paying in advance will receive the paper at the reduced rate of $1.25 per year.

New Advertisements This Week.

Presents—Dr. Boulter.
Removal—H. & J. Warren.
Sewing-Machines—Isaac Rosebush.

The News-Argus.

STIRLING, FRIDAY, DEC'R 19, 1879.

Belleville and the Grand Junction.

By our own reporter.

In accordance with a proclamation issued by the mayor, a public meeting of the ratepayers of the city of Belleville was held on Friday evening last to consider the advisability of extending the time for the completion of the Grand Junction railway to Peterboro' to the first of January, 1881, as asked by the company. The attendance was much smaller than had been expected, as the matter before the public was well worthy the deep consideration of every ratepayer interested in the city's welfare.

The mayor being absent, Hon. Robt. Reid, by request, took the chair.

Ald. M. Jellett was appointed secretary of the meeting.

Mr. Jellett laid the object of the meeting before those present, and called upon any one interested to give their views.

The chairman called upon Ald. Dickson to take the floor and open the meeting.

Mr. Dickson said he was present to hear the opinions of the ratepayers, that he might carry them out in the council, and did not wish to make any remarks.

After some further efforts to set the ball rolling, a resolution was moved by Mr. Hynes, seconded by A. L. Smith, to the effect "that this meeting do not consent to any extension of time, or the payment of any further sums of money, for the completion of the Grand Junction railway."

Mr. Meagher was of opinion that it was the duty of those present conversant with the state of affairs to come forward and express themselves, as by so doing they would enlighten those who had not so full a comprehension of the matter.

Ald. Robertson said the present state of the road was sickening. They had but forty-six miles to lay, and were without funds. Not long since the ratepayers of Belleville had carried a by-law granting a bonus of $50,000 to the company, which was legal in every respect, but owing to the false pretensions of professed friends the road had encountered many difficulties, and the company had been unable to complete it as agreed. They did not ask for a further grant of money, but simply for an extension of time. Peterboro' county was opposed to the Grand Junction, being deeply interested in the Toronto & Ottawa. They refused to pay their bonus of $75,000 to the former road, and legal steps were intended to be taken to procure it. In case the road was not carried through to connect with the Georgian bay lines before the construction of the Toronto & Ottawa, we would lose the trade of the back country, and Belleville would be the loser to an unlimited extend. As it was, the road was of no importance to the city.

An amendment was moved by Mr. Robertson, seconded by E. B. Fraleck, "That the city council be authorized to extend the time as petitioned."

Mr. Fraleck hoped the best interests of the city would be promoted, and was of opinion that had the first $100,000 been granted on condition that none was to be paid till the complete line to Peterboro' was laid, the road would have been in running order before this. It was prudent to avoid a law-suit. As the amount had already been legally granted, they would certainly have to pay it. If the payment of the $25,000, together with the extension asked for, would give the road, by all means grant it and reap the benefit.

Mr. John Bell said the Grand Trunk had a line about completed connecting with Chicago. This line, when finished, would bring an immense amount of traffic eastward. If the Grand Junction were pushed through, and made to connect with the Midland, the Grand Trunk would give the Grand Junction company a fair compensation for the privilege of running the road, as it would be the shortest route to Thunder bay and the head of river navigation, and would lessen the traffic on their main line. Rather than take the road as it was, and complete it to a junction with the Midland, they would lay a double track from Toronto to Montreal on the Grand Trunk, which would enable them to compete successfully with the Toronto & Ottawa. If they had control of the road they would promote their own interests, and in so doing would promote those of the city. As their machine-shops were situated here, and they would soon have the management of the Midland, this would be the headquarters for the engines, and instead of having fifty-six engines, as now, the number would be doubled, and Belleville would become the largest railway centre between Detroit and Montreal. This would cause an increase in the staff of men employed, and consequently an increased amount of money would be paid out in the city. If governed by an independent company, their shops would be stationed no one knew where. It was to the interest of the city to comply with the petition and carry the project through.

Ald. Holden said the council had called the meeting to get the views of the citizens to guide them. He did not approve of granting the extension without conditions. The city had voted a bonus of $50,000 in 1876 on condition that the road be completed to Peterboro' by 1880. Later a majority of the city council had passed a by-law granting $25,000 when the road reached Hastings and the remainder when it was laid to Peterboro'. The first $25,000 was now due the company, and he considered it but just that they accept the conditions he proposed, viz., that they agree to complete the road to Peterboro' before any portion of the $50,000 be paid, on condition that the time be extended. He would therefore move, in amendment to the amendment, to the effect that no portion of the $50,000 be paid by the city until the road is completed to Peterboro'.

Mr. Wills, in seconding the motion, remarked that as the road now was it was a hindrance to the interests of the city. Its going into the hands of the Grand Trunk would be the only way by which Belleville would get any benefit from it. By the Grand Junction and Belleville & North Hastings falling into their hands, it would permanently settle their shops at Belleville, which would be of no small benefit.

Mr. Hynes' resolution was then withdrawn.

Mr. Holden's resolution was made the original.

Mr. Robertson's amendment was lost.

Mr. Holden's motion was put and unanimously carried.

District Happenings.

THE COUNTY TOWN.

From our own correspondent.

Teachers of the public schools in the city have been instructed to dismiss from attendance those scholars representing families afflicted with scarlet fever. The step is taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

Professor Dawson, head master of the high school, met with a serious accident the first of last week. While endeavoring to extract a cork from a bottle, it broke at the neck, when a severe cut was inflicted immediately below the thumb of the left hand. Drs. Tracey and Murphy were summoned and dressed the wounds. It was feared for a time lock-jaw might result. He was unable to attend to his duties for several days.

A gymnastic exhibition was given in the mechanics' institute recently by Professor Beasley, of New York. A large number of spectators assembled to witness his feats, and the day following found young aspirants to the art engaged, at risk of neck and limb, endeavoring to ape his exploits. Professor Beasley seemed at home in his performances, and is evidently a master of his profession.

Directly after the hail-storm of Tuesday evening last a young man named Wellington Jones, of Belleville, engaged as brakesman on the Grand Trunk, slipped and fell from a train under motion at Trenton, and was mangled in a dreadful manner, a number of cars having passed over the body, cutting and scattering it in all directions. An inquest was held on the remains at Trenton Wednesday morning. He was not missed till the train reached Belleville.

According to a report published by the city treasurer, the amount of unpaid taxes for the present year is $46,258.10.

Objection is made to the existence of second-hand stores in the city by one of the local papers. It reasons that these places afford opportunities for young thieves to dispose of their spoils, and in this manner cause them to transgress when they would not if such shops did not exist. There is just reason for complaint, as it is a well known fact that prudent parents will not supply younger sons with spending money, their reasons being good and substantial, as it generally leads to a cultivation of evil habits. Large numbers of those not provided with pocket money for this reason frequently resort to the theft of valuable articles, and are not particular whether the goods are obtained at home or abroad, so long as they realize ready cash, with which they may appease their appetites. As the proprietors of these places are not particular who offers to dispose of wares, and ask no questions of their young patrons, there is no room for wonder that depredations are committed by youths of respectable families. Therefore the sooner second-hand stores are prohibited, if it be possible, the better it will be for the moral state of the city, not only now but in future years.

The ladies of the M. E. tabernacle held a sale of fancy goods in an unoccupied store on the corner of Front and Bridge streets Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The articles offered were made by the ladies connected with the church, and were useful as well as ornamental. The sale was held to raise means in support of the building fund, and was liberally patronized by all denominations. There was also a museum, consisting of collections from the north-west, such as weapons used in warfare and domestic utensils common to the Indian tribes. Other curiosities were also shown from the East Indies. The centre of attraction was a war club, formerly the property of Sitting Bull. The weapon consists of a stick of tough wood, about two feet long, covered with thick leather. At one end is attached, most ingeniously, a good sized oblong stone, while at the other is a braid of strong hair to be twisted around the wrist when the club is in use. This implement of destruction is said to have been used by Sitting Bull in the Custer fight of 1876. The sale and museum together realized a handsome sum of ready cash.

Mr. Glenn, manufacturer of farming implements, Oshawa, is having an extensive warehouse erected at the north side of the market square. It is intended to make this the depot for supplying this and adjacent counties. Mr. John Forin has the contract, and is pushing the work with all possible dispatch.

The rebuilding of P. H. Hambly's bake-shop is nearing completion. It is expected to be ready for occupation before Christmas.

Dr. J. Richmond, a "cure-all" medicine man in the chronic line, was arrested in this city on the 12th, on a warrant issued from Napanee, for practising without a license.

Mr. Barnes, celebrated spurt runner, ran a race against time on the race-course Saturday. Jas. Daly staked $50 to the effect that Barnes could not cover 100 yards in ten seconds. He performed the feat in 9¾ seconds.

The Grand Trunk railway advertise return tickets at one and a third fare, good from December 24th till December 31st, inclusive; also from January 1st to 7th January inclusive.

The Marmora lithograph quarry, known as the Ontario lithograph stone works, was recently placed in the market. The specimens furnished by the company at the Centennial exhibition were awarded first prize, and are pronounced superior to the German stone.

An oyster supper was given by the employees of Walker & Co's foundry at J. & A. Wallace's on Friday evening last. The employees, with the members of the firm and a few invited guests, partook of the delicacies of a carefully prepared board. The usual amount of toasting was indulged in, commingled with songs and recitations. A most enjoyable time was spent by all present.

The bay is coated over with an ice bridge of considerable thickness at this point—sufficient to prevent the *Prince Edward* from running. The upper ferry, however, continues to cross. A few more nights frost and the ferries will have to go into winter quarters. Ice of sufficient thickness for safety would add materially to the volume of holiday trade.

The local railroads advertise a reduction of rates to single fare. The first issue of these excursion tickets will be made on the 24th inst., good to return the 28th, also on 31st and 1st of January, good to return on the 2nd.

Sunday evening cries were heard issuing from an old frame building, opposite Campbell & Co's. warehouse, occupied by an old lady known as Grannie O'Rourke, who is an invalid. Upon gaining admission, it was found her bed had become ignited from bricks placed at her feet by an attending neighbor a short time previous. She was immediately removed, and the burning mass thrust out of doors, where it was consumed without further damage. The old lady lives alone, and is cared for by the neighbors. Had not the accident occurred at the time it did, when people were on the street, the probabilities are she would have met an agonizing death, as she is helpless, and unable to get out of harm's way.

The wrestling contest which opened here Saturday evening, between D. C. Ross and J. C. Daly, was but moderately attended by spectators. The struggle for first fall occupied two hours and thirty minutes, and was won by Daly. Two other holds were won by Ross, but as it was nearly twelve o'clock it was decided to postpone the match till Monday evening. The first fall was won by Daly and the second by Ross. As three falls out of five were all that was necessary to win the medal and champion belt, Ross was declared the winner amid deafening applause. During the contest of both nights great endurance and power was shown by both men. Ross on several occasions threw Daly bodily over his head. At the conclusion of the match, Daly complained of not having received fair play, and challenged Ross to a contest in New York a week hence. The proposition was received with hisses and groans by the audience.

The West Hastings election protest, Holden vs. Robertson, was concluded here to-day. Mr. Cameron, Q.C., counsel for respondent, being seized with illness, and unable to argue his case, it was postponed till Thursday, when it will be discussed at Toronto.

The city council granted $100 for the renting of a house to serve as an hospital and house of refuge, also $200 for furnishing the same, the whole to be under the control of the women's Christian association.

SPRINGBROOK.

From our own correspondent.

A few days ago, as the owner of a restive team of horses was regaling himself at the bar of the Forest house, the animals started for home in rather quick time. They were stopped on reaching the corner, however, and no harm done.

The Springbrook appointment of the Marmora circuit intend holding their annual tea-meeting in the tenth line school house on Christmas eve.

What meaneth the appearance in our midst lately of those strange familiar faces? This may seem paradoxical, but they are familiar because we have oft seen them before, and yet they are strange from the peculiar mode they wear—are very solicitous about your welfare—will grasp you warmly by the hand—ask how is business, and make themselves very agreeable generally. Wonder if they are not candidates for municipal honors—are ready to sacrifice themselves for the township's good—the township, some of the taxpayers say, being sacrificed already. Guess that's what's the matter.

MOUNT PLEASANT.

From our own correspondent.

About three miles west of Stirling the Grand Junction railway crosses the Seymour road, running east and west, thence across the corner of Mr. Peter Weaver's farm to the same road running north and south. It is only about ten rods from where it crosses at one point until it reaches the other. As travellers can only see a few rods either way on the railroad as they approach the crossing, it is extremely dangerous to strangers who do not know that the second crossing is so close by. Already a number of persons have had narrow escapes from being run over by the cars at this place. A road ought to be built north of the track, so that travellers on the Seymour road would not have to cross the track at this place at all. Mr. Weaver having offered to sell the land for a road, it is high time that the township council took active measures (we believe that the council has talked something about the matter already) to have the road built, thus lessening the chances of accidents.

Pennock's grist-mill, which has been idle during the fall for want of water, is now running on full time, and the farmers in the surrounding district are using the opportunity of getting their wheat ground into that from which is made the "staff of life." To Mr. Pennock, as well as the farmer, the late rains have proved friendly indeed.

Notwithstanding the cry of poor crops and dull times, the farmers have not yet finished threshing their grain. The hum of the threshing-machine is still a common thing. Spring wheat is a poor crop. Other grains are turning out favorably. The buzz of the wood-saw is also beginning to be heard in the land.

Henry Brooks, who has been studying at the Ottawa normal school, has arrived home to spend the vacation.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Holiday Presents!

Autograph Albums!

Stevengraph Silk-Woven Perfumed Satchets,

With verses suitable for Christmas, New Year, Love and Friendship presents, in great variety, for sale cheap at

DR. BOULTER'S.

ISAAC ROSEBUSH, Model Maker and Sewing-Machine Repairer.

The undersigned is prepared to execute repairing, model making, and

Jobwork of All Kinds,

on short notice and at reasonable rates.

A good stock of Sewing-Machines on hand, which will be sold on easy terms.

SHOP—At the corner of Front street and the Frankford road, Stirling.

ISAAC ROSEBUSH.

Removal of Stoves and Tinware

To Craige Bros.' New Block!

H. & J. WARREN

Have removed their entire stock of Stoves and Tinware to Craige Bros.' new block, and in addition to their old stock have ordered a large and well selected stock of New Goods to suit the Holidays, all of which will be sold Cheap for Cash.

Hot Air Furnaces, Roofing and Eavetroughing. General Jobbing done on Shortest Notice.

TO FARMERS.

You can send your milk clean to the cheese factory by using one of

Ryan's Patent Milk & Liquid Strainers.

Having purchased the right for the county of Hastings to manufacture and sell, we are now prepared to take and fill orders for this much needed article for straining milk.

N.B.—All accounts due H. Warren or H. & J. Warren are required to be settled at once.

☞ We will be happy to receive at all times, by mail or otherwise, intelligence of incidents of local interest from every part of the county—births, marriages, deaths, accidents, fires, runaways, reports of meetings, etc.—for publication in these columns.

HOME MATTERS.

Merry Christmas.

Before another edition of THE NEWS-ARGUS is issued, Christmas, with all its merry-makings, festivities and happiness, will again have come and gone, and we take this opportunity of wishing each and all of our readers the compliments of the season in the fullest and happiest sense of the term. To those selecting gifts for dear ones, be they near or far away, we would offer a simple suggestion: What more appropriate or acceptable present could be made to a friend than a year's subscription to THE NEWS-ARGUS? This only costs $1.25, and doubly welcome is it to those living at a distance from their homes. It is like a letter from home every week—such a letter as could not be written be you never so industrious with the pen. Think of it, resolve to do it, and act upon the resolution.

HONOR ROLL.—The honor roll for Stirling public school came in too late for publication this week, owing to the absence of Mr. Sutherland in Madoc with his pupils.

CHANGE IN THE SCHOOL LAW.—The annual school meeting in rural sections will hereafter be held on the last Wednesday in December. In case that day be a holiday, the next day will be used instead.

REVIVAL SERVICES. — Rev. Mr. Savage is at present conducting a series of revival services in the Salem C. M. church. The attendance is good, and the interest deep, a number having expressed their desire to walk a new life.

WOOD.—The streets of the village are at present lined with wood, advantage being taken of the sleighing. Much of it is of a poor quality, which will have to be improved before the citizens can be induced to lay in their yearly supplies.

PUBLIC SCHOOL.—School closes to-day (Friday) for the holidays, to reopen on the first Monday in January. Now, boys, don't go too voraciously for the holiday luxuries, or the doctor will laugh, the undertaker will chuckle, and the school will lose pupils.

SCHOOL CENSUS.—Mr. R. Finch is this week engaged in ascertaining the school population of the union section. He succeeds well until it comes to finding out the ages of the young ladies, when, as they refuse to allow him to examine their teeth, he puts one and all down as "sweet sixteen," and their object is accomplished.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—The following officers of Loyal Orange lodge No. 172 were duly installed on the 3rd inst.: Wm. Hurst, W.M.; J. A. Potts, D.M.; J. Stiles, chaplain; T. H. Matthews, secretary; D. Austin, treasurer; George Stiles, D. of C.; committee, P. Hubble, A. Thompson, W. Morton, D. Guernsey, Geo. Cotton.

REMARKABLE STILL-HUNTING.—On Thursday, the 4th inst., Messrs. Stephen Badgley, Bidwell Sine and Jas. Coutts went on a still-hunting expedition back into the township of Tudor, and at the end of one week had brought down no less than eleven deer. Of this number Mr. Badgley shot eight with eight cartridges, not missing fire once. This is certainly a remarkable instance of good marksmanship.

REMEMBER—That the Sager's corners school entertainment comes off this evening, and the Chisholm's Rapids one next Tuesday; that the Bethel M.E. church anniversary is held on Sunday next, and the tea-meeting on Monday; that the Stirling M.E. Sunday-school Christmas tree entertainment takes place on Christmas eve; that on the same evening the Springbrook C.M. church (Marmora circuit) has its annual tea-meeting; that the Baptists of Mount Pleasant and vicinity enjoy a tea-meeting on New Year eve; that election time is approaching; and that THE NEWS-ARGUS, the best local and family paper to be found, is only $1.25 per year when paid in advance.

BOOK POST.—The following information from the Canada postal guide (official) may be useful to persons sending books by mail: No book package may contain any which is sealed or otherwise closed against inspection, nor must there be any letters, unless the whole of such letter be printed. Entries, however, merely stating who sends the book, etc., or to whom it is given, are not regarded as a letter. Indeed, as respects the name and address of the sender, writing is not only permitted but recommended, so that if the cover comes off, or by other reason the packet cannot be forwarded, it may be returned.

SURPRISE PARTY.—Yesterday evening (Thursday) a number of the friends of Rev. Mr. Dowling assembled at that gentleman's residence, where they soon spread a bountiful meal, and invited their pastor and his lady to partake with them, after which a purse containing some $20, accompanied with a suitable address, was presented, eliciting a feeling reply from the recipient. Besides this, a quantity of provisions was brought, and some other articles of usefulness.

SCHOLASTIC.—On Monday last some twelve or fifteen scholars of the Stirling public school went to Madoc to attend a competitive examination, returning home on Wednesday evening. Up to the time of going to press the final result had not yet been received, but particulars will be on hand by next week. This examination is on a par with that for entrance to high schools and collegiate institutes, and certificates of efficiency will be granted to those who pass.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY.—This magazine, which is a credit to Canadian art from every point of view, gives for December, among many other things, papers on the following subjects: The powers of Canadian parliaments, by S. J. Watson, Toronto; Toots, a Canadian idyll, by Wm. Wedd, Pembroke; The diary of Samuel Pepys, Esq., by Rev. J. S. Stone, Toronto; Modern pessimism, by R. W. Boodle, M.A., Montreal; The fallen leaves (serial), by Wilkie Collins; "Good tidings of great joy," by S. J. Watson; The prospects of a moral interregnum, by Goldwin Smith; Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Atlantic Monthly* article, by G. A. M. Rose-Belford Pub. Co, Toronto.

SEVERE ACCIDENT.—On Thursday, the 4th inst., Mr. Jos. Hogle, clerk of Rawdon, met with a severe and painful accident at his home in the sixth concession. He went to the barn to feed the horses, and ascended to the mow, some fifteen feet above the barn-floor, and while busy slipped and fell to the floor beneath. The shock was so severe as to render him unable to help himself, and, there being no one within sight or hearing, he lay an hour and a quarter, the fall having partially stunned him, before recovering consciousness and strength sufficient to arise and walk to the house. It was not for some time after this yet that he was able to remember and relate what had happened. It was found that he had been badly bruised about the left shoulder and chest, and generally shaken up, but no bones were broken. He was in the village on Monday last, but looked feeble, and as though he should still be in bed.

SPECIAL.—*Godey's Lady's Book* for January greets the new year with a face of smiling beauty, containing a varied feast of good things for lovers of literature, art and fashion. The steel plate is one of Darley's masterpieces—a party of happy people seeing the old year out, the new year in. In this number is commenced a new serial by Christian Reid, whose novel in the *Lady's Book* last year won universal favor. The new story opens with great interest, and promises to be one of this popular author's best works. There is a clever satirical picture of "The amateur's first trail," in which the tracks of an old house-cat are being closely investigated by a city fop arrayed in gorgeous costume for hunting. In addition to Christian Reid's novel, "Roslyn's fortune," there are contributions by many popular writers. "The rosebud garden of girls" is continued, and a summary given of previous chapters for new subscribers. We will furnish THE NEWS-ARGUS and *Godey's* for one year at the low price of $3.

A LIBEL SUIT.—The *Ontario Chronicle* of November 28th contained a black list of delinquent subscribers, the name of Mr. J. McDonell, of Stirling, figuring conspicuously, the paragraph reading as follows:

> J MCDONALD. Stirling, stands charged with five years' subscription. He is a butcher by trade, and as he rakes in the money for his slaughtered beeves never dreams of the score against him at this office, notwithstanding frequent reminders.

On receiving a copy of the paper containing the item, Mr. McDonell looked up his receipts, which showed that he was scarcely two years in arrears, and, not relishing the sight of his name appearing thus, branding him as a dead-beat, he instructed his attorney, Mr. E. Macmahon, of Belleville, to institute proceedings for criminal libel, whereupon a writ was served upon the proprietor of the paper referred to, the matter being referred to the court of queen's bench for adjudication. The *Chronicle* of the 12th inst. contained the following apology, which Mr. McDonell says he does not intend to accept as atonement for the injury done him by the publication of his name in the black list, and will let the matter go to court:

> A CORRECTION—AMENDE HONORABLE.—By an error in our books, the name of John McDonald, Stirling, was inserted in our black list as owing nearly three years' subscription to the *Chronicle*. Since the publication of the list named we have discovered that three years' subscription paid by Mr. McDonald was credited to another party. We cheerfully make this explanation, as we have no desire to injure Mr. McDonald in any way, nor to saddle reproach upon any shoulders where it does not properly belong.

Why should we chill or freeze, when Clothing is so cheap at Boldrick's? You can buy for $3.50 a good warm pair of winter Pants. You can buy a respectable coat for from $5.50 to $7.50. Every one should see them. The very poor and destitute will have their wants supplied free.

JAS. BOLDRICK'S.

Enterprise Cheese Factory.

The annual meeting of the above factory came off on the 29th ult., at which the dividends were paid and the officers for the ensuing year elected. The dividends were as follows, the standard being three thousand lbs.: May and June, $12.30; July and August, $12.38; September and October, $23.38.

The company is to all expense of drawing the milk and drawing away the cheese, which makes it appear to be a low figure per standard; it would be, not counting this expense, $16.69.

The president, Mr. Fair, after calling the meeting together, proceeded to read the accounts, and to deal out to the stockholders cheques to the value of their several amounts.

The president's salary of $75 was then unanimously voted, and the election of officers proceeded with. The candidates for president were Messrs. E. Caverley and E. Sarles, the choice falling on the former, who was elected by a majority of fifty-nine votes. The old directors were re-elected, with the exception of David Sine, who retired, Chas. Barragar being elected to fill the vacancy.

Great credit was given to Miss Downs, the cheese-maker, for manufacturing a first-class quality of cheese from the least number of pounds of milk known, it being as follows: May and June, 9lb. 8oz. of milk to one pound of cheese; July and August, 9lb. 7½oz.; September and October, 8lb. 3oz.; for the whole year, 9lb. 3oz. The total quantity of cheese produced was 68,606lb.; number of boxes, 1,220.

After the business of the general meeting was closed, the directors met and engaged the same cheese-maker for 1880 at the same price, viz, one cent per pound, and she to refund $25 at the end of the season.

Considering the high price at which cheese is expected to open in the spring, and the factory being paid for, a bright future is expected for Enterprise cheese company.

Spcial Meeting of Rawdon Council.

Town Hall, Dec. 6.

Members present — Messrs. Cook (reeve), Montgomery (deputy reeve), Bateman, Williams and Duncan (councilmen).

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Mr. Montgomery presented the petition of Paul Eggleton and thirty-eight others for a grant of money on the town line between Rawdon and Sidney east of the village of Stirling.

Moved by Mr. Duncan, seconded by Mr. Bateman, That the petition of Paul Eggleton and others be received, and that the clerk communicate with the clerk of Sidney to the effect that Rawdon will grant a sum of money equal to any sum granted by the town ship of Sidney. Carried.

It was ordered that the following accounts be paid: Gideon Mosier, for right of way for road, $100; Michael Sullivan, for job on the boundary line between Rawdon and Marmora, $12.

Letters from Readers.

It is to be distinctly understood that the opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless accompanied by the real name of the author.

THE OLD BURYING GROUND IN STIRLING.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

DEAR SIR—In passing the above named place, and observing the sight it presents to the public at large, one must come to the conclusion that the authorities of Stirling are omitting a duty that is in nowise creditable to them. In the first place, they did what was not their duty in undermining, or causing to be undermined, the fence that enclosed that sacred place, and left it as the highway, open to the cow, the horse, the sheep and the swine, to feed and to trample under foot the graves of our loved ones that are sleeping there.

I often thought it very strange that some of our boasting Christians of Stirling, and especially the clergy, had not the pluck to stand up in defence of this unnatural proceeding; indeed, they would notice many things of less importance. Perhaps some will say there is a reason for this. If so, let them who have the authority show a sufficient reason why it should be left in its present condition. I hope these few humble remarks may induce the proper parties to do that which would be creditable to themselves and a pleasure to them that observe it.

ONE WHO HAS FRIENDS BURIED THERE.

BIRTHS.

In Thurlow, 10th inst., the wife of Gilbert Garrison, of a daughter.

In Thurlow, 16th inst., the wife of W. H. Sills, of a son.

At Campbellford, 8th inst., the wife of Dr. Byam, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

In the C.M. church, Oakwood, on the 10th inst., by Rev. Mr. Gould, Rev. W. H. Jamieson, of Stirling, and Hattie, only daughter of Mr. Wm. Foster, of Oakwood.

PRODUCE MARKETS.

	STIRLING.	BELLEVILLE.	MADOC.	CAMPBELLF'D.
Flour, per bbl	$6 00 to $6 50	$6 00 to $6 50	$6 50 to $0 00	$0 00 to $6 50
Fall wheat, per bush.	1 20 to 1 20	1 20 to 1 25	0 00 to 1 25	0 00 to 1 20
Spring do., "	0 00 to 1 20	1 20 to 1 25		0 00 to 1 17
Barley, "	0 55 to 0 60	0 45 to 0 65	0 48 to 0 50	0 00 to 0 55
Rye, "	0 00 to 0 73	0 00 to 0 78	0 00 to 0 60	0 00 to 0 63
Oats, "	0 35 to 0 40	0 00 to 0 38	0 00 to 0 36	0 00 to 0 30
Peas, "	0 55 to 0 60	0 60 to 0 66	0 00 to 0 55	0 00 to 0 60
Butter, roll	0 16 to 0 20	0 18 to 0 20	0 00 to 0 16	0 17 to 0 18
tub	0 14 to 0 17	0 16 to 0 17		
Eggs,	0 15 to 0 18	0 15 to 0 20	0 00 to 0 15	0 00 to 0 15
Wool,	0 00 to 0 00	0 00 to 0 20		0 27 to 0 29
Lard,	0 08 to 0 10	0 08 to 0 10		0 00 to 0 08
Potatoes, per bag	0 00 to 0 75	0 70 to 0 75	0 00 to 0 45	0 55 to 0 60
Hay,	0 00 to 7 00	6 00 to 6 50		0 00 to 7 00
Hides,	7 00 to 8 00	8 00 to 8 50	0 00 to 7 00	
Sheepskins,	0 75 to 1 00	1 20 to 1 40		
Hams,	0 09 to 0 11	0 09 to 0 11		
Chickens,	0 20 to 0 25	0 20 to 0 30		

CALL FOR THE GREAT
Sierra Nevada Smoking!
At James McKee's grocery store, one of the most delicious aromas ever smoked. Cures Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Bronchial Complaints. Singers and Speakers use it successfully.
M. L. SMITH, Arkona, Ont.

Who would be without a DRESS when Parker & Hewat are selling lovely Cashmeres (all colors) for 20c. per yard?

Who would freeze when he could get an ULSTER at Parker & Hewat's for $7?

Who would go without BOOTS when they can get any kind they want at Parker & Hewat's?

Who wouldn't be glad "to be made happy" at Parker & Hewat's? And

Who's your Tailor?

Stirling House Space.

Too much business to write advertisements.
A. G. SCOTT, Proprietor.

GEO. SEELEY
has just received a new stock of
Groceries and Liquors,
including
Teas, Sugars, Tobaccos, Coffee, Vinegar, Coal Oil, etc.
OYSTERS!
XXX, Diamond, Standard, Continental, and all other brands, can be had as cheap as any house in town. Call in and see my FIFTY-CENT TEA.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!
CHAS. CRAIGE & BROS.,
Having REMOVED TO THEIR NEW STORE, are now engaged opening up one of the Finest Stocks of Goods ever shown in Stirling. The stock of
DRY GOODS
Is very complete. Blankets, Flannels, Cottons, Dress Goods, and all the Latest Novelties in Clouds, Scarfs, Fancy Goods, etc. The
TAILORING DEPARTMENT
In charge of Mr. FRED. WARD, will be found complete. All the newest patterns in Canadian, Scotch and English Tweeds, Worsted Coatings, Ulster and Beaver Overcoatings. A perfect fit guaranteed.
BOOTS & SHOES
In all styles. Ladies' and Gents' Overshoes and Rubbers. A full stock of
FRESH GROCERIES.
The stock of Shelf and Heavy
Hardware, Bar Iron, etc.,
Will be found very large and well assorted.
The whole stock being new, and having been bought before the recent heavy advance in prices, and on the most favorable terms, intending purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine the goods and prices.
CHAS. CRAIGE & BROS.
Stirling, Dec. 5, 1879.

H. G. THURBER,
dealer in
GROCERIES
of all kinds,
Wines and Liquors, Flour, Pork, Salt, Baskets, Stoneware,
and all articles usually found in a grocery store.
North side Mill street, Stirling.

HARNESS AND SADDLERY.
The undersigned, having secured the services of Mr. John Gallagher, is prepared to do all work entrusted to him in first-class style.
JOBBING AND REPAIRING
done on the shortest notice. A full assortment of
Whips, Lashes & Brushes
always on hand.
Stand—Front street, Stirling, opposite Dr. Parker's drug store.
PHILIP CONLEY.

R. FINCH,
Manufacturer of
BOOTS & SHOES,
Mill street, Stirling.
Work done in the latest styles, and of the best material.
ALL HAND WORK,
and Warranted to give satisfaction. ☞ Repairs neatly executed.

GEO. LAGROW,
Baker, Confectioner, etc.
OYSTERS
served in all styles.
20c. PER CAN.

J. V. HOUGH,
Carriage & Wagon Maker, General Jobber & Horse-shoer.
Notwithstanding the destruction of his shop by the late fire, the undersigned still has full facilities for filling all orders in the line of Carriages, Wagons, Horse-shoeing and General Jobwork. First-class work done, and the best of material always used. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.
While thanking his old customers for their liberal patronage for the past number of years, he trusts still to be favored with their orders.
Shop at the old stand, Front street, Stirling.
J. V. HOUGH.

BUFFALO ROBES,
Linings, Trimmings,
etc., cheap for cash, at
MILNE & CLUTE'S.
TAILORING
A specialty. A full line of
ENGLISH, SCOTCH —AND— CANADIAN TWEEDS
To choose from, and a
FIRST-CLASS FIT GUARANTEED.
A large quantity of COAL OIL cheap for cash.
All the accounts and notes due the above firm must be settled at once.

APOTHECARIES' HALL
'Xmas Goods,
Opened this week.
Forty Pairs of Vases,
Autograph Albums,
Flowers under Glass Shades,
Book Marks.
Motto Cups and Saucers,
English Annuals,
Violins and Bows,
and an endless lot of Toys for good Boys and Girls.
R. PARKER.

To Owners of Sewing-Machines.
I would announce to the citizens of Stirling and vicinity that I am now prepared to repair all sewing-machines, of whatever make, however old or new, at a moderate expense and on short notice, having secured the services of a first-class sewing-machinist, who has had a long experience in the best manufactories. Satisfaction given or no charge.
I have also a large stock of the celebrated
WANZER F MACHINES,
and offer the best possible inducements to buyers both as to prices and terms. Also, a large number of
SECOND-HAND MACHINES,
in good running order, for sale cheap.
JOHN CONLEY, Emma street, Stirling.

Men, Not Principles.

This is a country which is truly free, sir,
Where every citizen a sovereign is;
No would-be monarch, and no modern Cæsar,
Can claim this mighty continent for his;
But they who fain would keep the country free
Upset themselves, divide and disagree.

The highest blessings for the greatest number
Is still the theory of which we boast;
But petty matters all our actions cumber,
Binding great issues to the party post,
And daily putting principle to shame,
To sound the praise of some ignoble name.

The many are supposed to join their voices,
And thus to fully overcome the few;
But still 'tis doubtful what the people's choice is,
Or if the echo of their words is true;
For little men, who seek to catch their votes,
Start simple tunes on many different notes.

Great principles the people soon would settle,
If once the issues could be clearly made;
But they are not allowed to prove their mettle,
By men who make of politics a trade,
And principles, in spite of voice and pen,
Serve but as stepping stones for selfish men.

Thus we, as destiny decrees, are drifting,
Quite aimlessly, to our appointed end;
To this side and to that the rule is shifting,
While matters change, but scarcely seem to mend;
Thus millions of our voters, though not fools,
Are some man's servants, or some faction's tools.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Interesting Gossip From the Mother and Other Countries.

Mr. E. E. Geflowski, of Grosvenor street, London, is executing a bust of the late Sir Louis Cavagnari.

The British National Lifeboat Institute has 300 boats and spends about $200,000 annually in rescuing, on an average, 4,000 lives.

The latest British emigration returns show that 55,019 persons emigrated in the last quarter—36,110 were English, 6,727 Scotch and 12,182 Irish.

Fifty thousand acres of land in Parker and Palo Pinto Counties, Texas, have just been purchased by a French capitalist for colonization purposes.

There is said to be a great rush of Burmese and Shan adventurers across the frontier into Siam, attracted thither by a reported discovery of an immense field of sapphires.

In view of the forthcoming meeting of the British Association at Swansea, it was resolved on the election of Mayor that the salary be £800 a year, instead of £300, which has hitherto been paid.

On Nov. 2 Dr. Ebenezer Henderson, F. R. A. S., died at Astral Villa, Muckhart, Dunfermline, Fifeshire, after a brief illness, at the age of seventy. The deceased gentleman was widely known.

During September 41 tons 5 cwt. of diseased fish were seized by the Fishmongers' Company at and near Billingsgate Market, London, and on board boats lying off that place. The fish numbered 65,698.

On Saturday week a female prisoner in the dock at Dublin threw a large stone, which she had concealed in her dress, at the presiding magistrate, without, however, doing any injury.

There are to-day more than 242,000 Government pensioners. The amount of the year's pension to all pensioners is $25,493,742; but the actual payment is millions in excess, because the newly-admitted cases have arrears of pension due.

Mr. Sergeant Coxe, who lately died in England, was about the fifth largest newspaper proprietor in London. He owned the *Field*, which is immensely valuable; the *Queen*, also a splendid property, and a law journal, which has a large circulation.

At Oldham, England, last week an infernal machine filled with gunpowder and other explosives was found suspended to the door of a School Board officer named Nield. When Miss Nield opened the door the machine exploded and severely injured the young woman.

Lord Beaconsfield by no means shows himself high-minded when he twits the Irish in Parliament with living in garrets and subsisting on potatoes, which he calls "their native esculent in a baked condition." Thomas Carlyle once at a grand dinner declined to eat more than a potato, because it was what and as much as he wanted.

The position of the Chinese in Brazil is a peculiar one. The Government encourages their introduction with the view of more extensive tea and silk culture, while the people oppose Mongols on the ground that their immigration will prevent that of the more desirable Europeans.

At the Manchester County Police Court last week a laborer named Hugh Maguire was charged with biting his wife's lip off. The prisoner and his wife had been drinking, and in a quarrel he seized her under lip between his teeth and bit it clean off. He was remanded.

Sheet iron covered with gum of the euphorbiacea, common and luxuriant in tropical climates, was immersed in Chatham, England, dockyard, where everything rapidly becomes foul, and when taken out was found quite clean. The gum is intensely bitter and poisonous; hence marine animals avoid it.

The Royal Courts of Justice, as the new English Law Courts in London are to be called, have been largely built by Germans, who took the places vacated by strikers. Things now go on amicably between the Germans and English, but rigid discipline has to be maintained on the works. Some of the Germans will remain, the absence of military service being a great inducement.

Captain Carey, who has been trying to effect an exchange from his regiment, the 98th, has been unable to do so. He leaves Portsmouth on December 13, next, in Her Majesty's troopship Malabar, to rejoin the headquarters of his regiment. Immediately on the reassembling of Parliament, several members intend to bring before the House a motion in connection with the "Carey Court-martial."

The Winter Assizes for Notts and Lincolnshire were concluded at Nottingham last week, before Mr. Justice Lush, who tried the only remaining case—a charge against a young woman named Selina Stanhope of wilfully murdering her illegitimate child by drowning it in a dyke at Langtoft, near Market Deeping, on July 18 last. The prisoner was found guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy, and was sentenced to death in the usual form.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts on November 7 formally presented to the authorities of St. Pancras, London, a monument in the form of a magnificent dial which she had caused to be erected at a cost of about £2,000 in St. Pancras Gardens in honor of the preservation, as a recreation ground for the people, of the burial grounds which formerly occupied the site, and in memory of the dead who had been buried there.

A royal commission has been investigating the sanitary condition of Dublin. Dr. Cameron, the senior Public Health Officer, gave evidence, stating that the high death-rate was distinctly traceable to several causes. These were the state of the Liffey, which was an open sewer; overcrowding in the dwellings of the poor; universally defective drainage in all classes of houses; the existence of many private abattoirs in the city; and the natural dampness of the soil, which caused so much disease of the respiratory organs, and helped largely to swell the death-rate.

The celebrated pigeon roost in Scott County, Indiana, is now, as it has been for seventy-five years, the roost of millions of pigeons. They fly away in the morning to their feeding grounds, many of them going to such a distance that they do not return until midnight. The timber on thousands of acres covered by this roost is broken down badly, large limbs being snapped off like reeds by the accumulated weight of the birds. Thousands are killed nightly, but the slaughter seems to make no diminution in the vast flocks that congregate there.

The Edinburgh *Scotsman* says that Mr. John Allen, of Galashiels, a devoted apiarian, had a young hive, the condition of which he wished to improve. Owing to the bad season, the skep did not contain enough of honey to keep the bees over winter. Mr. Allen filled a fumigator with burning fungi—blind man's snuff is the popular name—and having secured the bees inside, inserted the pine in the box, and blew in the fumes of the fungi. In a short time the bees were unconscious, and were shaken out on to a clean board. Full combs taken from another hive were then fixed in the skep, and the still unconscious bees were returned to their now well-replenished house, and in a short time were as lively as ever.

London *World*: I had a Harrow boy on my hands last Saturday afternoon, and, finding it somewhat of a difficulty to amuse him, I took him to the Aquarium and found a really excellent entertainment provided. A wax figure of a man went through the regular routine of a trapeze performance, *a la* Leotard, in a way that was perfectly inexplicable, no theory of internal quicksilver or external magnetism being adequate to account for what I saw him, or it, perform. Another man—a live one this—who goes down to the bottom of the big tank, and walks about there for twenty minutes, without any tube or other visible appliance of any kind to supply him with air, is equally incomprehensible. He says he can stay below water, at any depth, for five or six hours.

Lieut.-Gen. William Crokat, who lately died in Edinburgh at the age of 91, was one of the few remaining Peninsular veterans. He was a witness of Napoleon's death at St. Helena, and the original of the "Officer on Guard" in Steuben's picture of the scene. He possessed numerous relics of the Emperor, among which may be mentioned the silver plate and knife used by him during his exile, and which bear the imperial arms; a portrait of Napoleon as a boy, by Isabey, which, encircled with diamonds, originally formed the lid of the Emperor's snuff-box; the wooden spatula used by Napoleon to clean his spade when working in his garden at St. Helena—an implement formed of a peculiar kind of fir, as light as cork; the cordon worn by the Emperor during the "hundred days," and sent by him to his son at Vienna, who wore it till his death; Napoleon's silk stocking and garter; and a beautifully carved spirit case, formed of a cocoanut. Gen. Crokat had been living in retirement on half-pay ever since 1830, most of the time in shattered health and suffering from an unhealed wound received 60 years ago in the Pyrenees.

At a meeting of the Edinburgh University Council held recently Professor Blackie intimated that he had nothing to report regarding the Celtic Chair at present. He had, as the members of the Council knew, desisted from active begging—not that he was disgusted with it, for the last four years had been the most valuable and profitable in his life. He had, however, an expectant reception of money. He had got £100 more—(applause)—from a quarter where there was a great deal of Gaelic feeling, viz., Canada; and but for the bad times he believed the subscription would have been larger. £80 of it was from the Caledonian Society of Toronto. In the meantime he was still expectant. He wished they could get £1,000 more, so that they might start with £600 a year, for he did not see why they should be less Celtic than Oxford. He expected to get £1,000 more from some benevolent old lady or gentleman making their wills. (Laughter.) And Professor Blackie was thanked for his labors during the year.

Hard times in Berlin have led to dog stealing and dog eating by the hungry poor. Many families are in mourning for their favorite pugs and turnspits—the two varieties of dogs most affected as domestic companions by northern Germans—which have fallen victims to their too tempting obesity and appetizing sleekness. Plump terriers, also, have mysteriously disappeared in considerable numbers. The fate reserved for these domestic pets was unsuspected by the general public until a distressing incident which happened to Prince Henry XXII. of Reuss revealed the ghastly truth. His Highness had lost a poodle of extraordinary talent, which, alas! was as portly of body as it was intelligent in mind. He offered a handsome reward to any one who would restore his favorite, and "no questions asked," but in vain. Day after day passed away in sorrow, unbroken by any hopeful tidings, until one fatal morning the Prince received a post card, unsigned, but bearing the following heartless inscription: "Serenity! The poodle sends his respects, and begs to inform your Highness that he has been eaten."

Although the gradual spread of the population toward the interior of Africa is driving the wild animals farther and farther inland, and though they are consequently difficult to reach in the more inaccessible haunts to which they have retreated, yet the larger wild animals have, with one or two exceptions, scarcely suffered any diminution from the advancing tide of civilization. Ostriches have suffered, perhaps, most, but only to exchange a wild for a domesticated state. Elephants are frequently seen within a short distance of the southern and southeastern coasts. Hippotatami are abundant. Even the larger beasts of prey are by no means uncommon, and tigers are especial depredators. If the reports of diamond diggers in the northwest are to be believed, a new animal has lately made its appearance as a candidate for the honor of being chased by any enterprising sportsman. It is called by the bushmen, or natives, the "bear lion," and is described as being about the size of a lion, but far stronger in make, and with a tremendous head and neck. Its legs are much shorter than a lion's, but much stouter, and it is apparently far more powerful. Its color is a dark yellow, with black spots. It runs or creeps along the ground, but does not bound like a lion. It has sometimes been seen accompanied by a smaller one—probably a cub—so that the race is apparently not yet quite extinct, whatever the animal may be.

A Lady's Response to the Toast of "The Men."

Mrs. Duniway, of the *New Northwest*, at a literary reunion at Salem, Oregon, "toasted" the gentlemen as follows: God bless 'em! They halve our joys, they double our sorrows, they treble our expenses, they quadruple our cares, they excite our magnanimity, they increase our self-respect, they awake our enthusiasm, they arouse our affections, they control our property and out manœuvre us in everything. This would be a very dreary world without them. In fact I may say, without prospect of successful contradiction, that without 'em it would not be much of a world anyhow. We love 'em and the dear beings can't help it; we control 'em and the precious fellows don't know it. As husbands they are always convenient, though not always on hand; as beaux they are by no means "matchless." They are most agreeable visitors; they are handy at State Fairs, and indispensable at oyster suppers. They are splendid as escorts for some other fellow's wife or sister, and as friends they are better than women. As our fathers they are inexpressibly grand. A man may be a failure in business, a wreck in constitution, not enough to boast of as a beauty, nothing as a wit, less than nothing as a legislator for woman's rights, and even not very brilliant as a member of the press; but if he is our own father we overlook his shortcomings and cover his peccadilloes with the divine mantle of charity. Then, as our husbands, how we love to parade them as paragons! In the sublime language of the inspired poet:

"We'll lie for them,
We'll cry for them,
And if we could we'd fly for them,
We'd anything but die for them."

The latest tramp lament is: "Yes, mum worth a million week ago; lost it all in stocks. Haven't eat anything for a month." A tramp always gets thrown when he wrestles with chronology.

PARADISE OF WIFE BEATERS.

The Justice that Woman Gets in the Empire of the Czar.

(St. Petersburg Correspondence of the London Times.)

Wife-beaters in England, on leaving the uncongenial atmosphere of the treadmill to which they have been condemned by a sentimental jury, who consider that the hob-nail boots and sticks should not be freely used in asserting the husband's authority, may find consolation in the fact that there are juries who view this matter in a different light, and who possess a just appreciation of the obedience to be shown by the "weaker vessel" to her lord and master. The Government of Volhynia, in the Empire of Russia, appears to afford peculiar advantages to those individuals whose wives occasionally require a little wholesome correction, if we are to believe the account just published in the Russian press of a sage decision on this subject arrived at by a district court. The wife of a well-to-do peasant in the District of Kremenetz addressed herself to the court of the Volost or district, with a complaint against her husband, charging him with beating and torturing her and with keeping her in the cold without food until she had nearly died of starvation. He had bound her stark naked to a post in the street and requested the passers-by to strike her, which he did himself each time they refused to do so. The inhuman brute had even fastened her down to the ground and in such a position he heaped stones and heavy weights upon her body until one of her arms had been broken. When the wife's accusation was brought before the local tribunal, this specimen of domestic authority took fright and did not appear to answer the charge, but neither his absence nor contempt of court prevented the learned judge from coming to an immediate decision. The wife-beater was found not guilty, on the plea that a husband has a perfect right to beat his wife if he so chooses, for, said the wise conclusion of the court, it cannot be permitted to a wife to ignore the authority of her husband. But the affair did not end there. On the following day the husband, emboldened through the generous acquittal by his peers, turned the tables on his "better half" by bringing a counter complaint against her before the same court, and this excellent authority actually declared against the unfortunate woman and by its salutary judgment she was actually flogged publicly there and then on the spot in the most shameful manner. Of such extraordinary distribution of justice as this we have lately had more than one example, and it shows plainly enough that the new judicial tribunals of Russia, from which so much was expected at the beginning of the present reign, are in a vast number of cases quite incapable of appreciating the duties which they are called upon to perform. It is hardly necessary to recall attention to the recent case of the postman in St. Petersburg, whose youth and laziness obtained for him a full discharge from the compassionate tribunal before which he was arraigned for stealing letters during a whole twelvemonth. This flagrant case, about which I wrote to you at the time, is now about to undergo the revision of a higher court, and it is to be hoped that the decision of acquittal will be reversed.

London Working Girls.

Along the embankment between Blackfriars and Westminster the student of social science may on Sunday evening observe the most remarkable spectacle in Europe. There is not a city on the Continent, not even Vienna, in which anything like it can be seen. Under the gleam of the electrical lights thousands upon thousands of men and women are strolling, and it is easy to see that all of them belong to the humblest walks of life. It is no exaggeration to say that thousands of young girls may be seen wandering entirely unprotected by any male escort, and laughing, jeering, pushing, dancing, shouting, sometimes behaving in what the French would call an "unqualifiable manner." These are the work girls of London. Heaven help them! and they are so little conscious of their degradation that they seem to take a positive delight in it. "Do you suppose they are happy?" I asked an old Londoner. "Happy? They're pleased as Punch with what they call a lark! Lor' bless you, they don't think they're doing anything wrong. They're not brought up in a way to know much about the finer feelings, I can tell you." They see immorality all around them, and never know anything else themselves. If one of them remains reasonably pure, it is considered a great stroke of chance. They are ignorant as savages of ten thousand things which they ought to know for their own protection. They wander here by the river, talking sometimes in language which pen may not record. It is easy to see that many of them have been visiting the public houses, and by the time they reach the parental roof's protecting shadow some of them are oblivious of external circumstances. Large gangs of men and boys of all grades, from the coarse and dangerous villain in hob nailed shoes to the small city clerk with his too tight fitting clothes and the jargon of the counting house parade the broad sidewalks, now engaging in an amateur dance with some merry party of girls, now talking to other groups in language which would be insulting if they chose to consider it so; and now getting into a sound encounter at fisticuffs. A fight among the girls is not at all uncommon. And these are the future mothers of the working classes. These the creatures that must be in shop and market at sunrise and remain there until sunset, every day except Sunday. And what a use they make of their Sunday! Of course the fathers and mothers, careless and callous as the majority of them are, still would feel a certain compunction about allowing their daughters to wander through the streets alone until long after midnight, if it were not a custom which has become time honored. What per cent. of the working girls of London are thus exposed to every danger of a great metropolis, I do not know, but it must be very great. Judging from the language which one hears from these Sunday promenaders on the embankment, they have been touched by no moral influence whatever, nor by any æsthetical one, except that procured by a view of the public house walls, and the rows of lights around "Cleopatra's Needle."—*Edward King in Boston Journal.*

General Grant, in speaking recently to a correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, said—"I shall not be able to do much more than call Galena my home after a while. It is a good place to live in now, as my income will go much farther there than in a large city, while I can live better than most of my neighbors. My means are not large enough for me to live as I would like, and I will have to find something to do after a while. I have two farms near St. Louis, and some real estate in Chicago, which if I could sell I would feel better off. My land in Chicago is thirty-one acres, just outside the western limits of the city. Eleven years ago I was offered $1,500 an acre for it, and now, after paying taxes on it all that time, I couldn't get $250 an acre for it. But I did better in some other investments, or I could never have travelled abroad as long as I have. I had stock in the Adams Express Company, which went up; and I bought right after the fire in Virginia City, Nevada, Union, and C. and C. stock, when it had gone down from $700 a share to $130, and made $50,000 or $60,000 there."

A LONG FAST.—Charles Ross, the lunatic in Guelph jail, has not eaten anything for over a week. When urged to eat he says that the Lord has willed that he should do without food, and he intends fasting if it costs him his life. He is likely to die, as he is growing weak. He is now encased in a straight jacket.—*Mercury.*

It is said that anxious mothers and aunts think that all girls must pass through "the plain age."

The *Saturday Review* thinks that it is always unfortunate when politicians begin to scream.

FIRE AT BOW PARK.

Great Destruction of Property.

The following are further particulars to our telegram of last evening, clipped from the *Globe*:

BRANTFORD, Dec. .—The great barn, 220 feet long by 48 wide and 45 high, filled from floor to ceiling with unthreshed oats, rye and hay, with its vast cellar below piled up with mangolds and with its twenty horse-power engine, boiler, cutting and grinding machines and steaming vats, is entirely gone. The model stable, 180 feet long, with its twenty-four stalls and every modern convenience, has gone with it. The first Shorthorn box house, 270 feet by 34, in which stood fifty-two grand cows with grander calves at their feet, is a pile of embers. The sheep house, 250 by 24; the implement house, 200 by 20; the heifer house, 200 by 20, are all gone. Nothing remains but the second Shorthorn box house, 270 by 28; the third Shorthorn stall house, 270 by 30; the bull house, 270 by 24; Mr. Brown's cottage, the manager's cottage and the two boarding houses for the men. Meantime the men specially in charge of the Shorthorn houses had promptly repaired to their several posts, thrown open the doors of all the boxes, and cleared the way for the escape of the Shorthorns into the bush. This was successfully accomplished, only two calves a few days old having been lost. The horses were, as usual, found much more difficult to save. Of the thirty-eight horses and colts on the farm twelve refused to be coaxed or driven from their stables and perished in the flames. Of these, two were valuable Clydesdale mares. The rest were all saved. Six Cotswold sheep were lost in the same manner.

The value of the buildings and contents destroyed cannot yet be accurately ascertained, but it must be very large. The total insurance is $65,000, distributed among a number of the best offices. It is understood that as the result of consultations held this afternoon and evening at Bow Park, plans for the re-erection of the buildings have been formed, and the work of restoration will go on forthwith.

The notice given by the American Government of their attention to close the American market to Canadian cattle on Monday last induced the transmission last week to a farm near Chicago of forty-five head of choice Shorthorns, in fine sale order, ready for the spring trade, thereby reducing the space usually required at Bow Park.

HOW THE LAMBS ARE FLEECED.

The Fate of Amateur Stock Gamblers.

During the recent break in the stock market (remarks the New York *Times*) the lambs, as all greedy, unsophisticated outsiders are now dubbed in Wall street, lost, it is estimated, from $5,000,000 to $6,000,000 by their redundant credulity. This is not a very large sum to be distributed, as it was, all over the country—it might have been sustained by two or three leading operators without serious detriment—but it is a grave loss to men who seldom have more than a few hundreds, occasionally several thousands, with which to speculate. The lambs are invariably buyers on margin—if they should buy outright, they would not be lambs—and generally, when their margins have been exhausted once or twice, they cannot make them good, so that they are obliged to stand helpless and see their last chance disappear. What they seem unable to understand is, that under the most favorable circumstances they have no reasonable prospect of gain with their paltry hundreds or thousands while matched against the wolves controlling millions. But they have the passionate faith of gamblers, and also the fatuity of gamblers, who learn nothing and forget everything while the mercenary mania possesses them. It might be thought that their late experience would teach them a lesson. But it won't. The lambs, and, indeed, all men who hope to make money irregularly, never learn by experience. They blindly worship Fortune, and believe in her implicitly, however often she may smite them.

Scientific Gossip.

M. Raymond has demonstrated that hydrophobia in the human subject can be transmitted to the lower animals.

The wood *Quebracho Colorado* which, as a new material for tanning, excited great interest in Europe, contains, besides a peculiar tannin, about 2.8 per cent. of another astringent acting like gallic acid with reagents. It yields also a beautiful yellow dye. The wood is said to equal sumac in the manufacture of morocco leather.

Regarding the adaptability of steel as a material for the construction of bridges, the *Scientific American* remarks that the attitude of engineers on the subject appears to be one of expectancy. They seem inclined to put the burden of proof on the manufacturers, and to require them to furnish evidence of its suitableness and economy before consenting to use it.

A very good test for examining the stability of explosives that are not intended to be stored for a great length of time is given in *Dingler's Journal*. Subject small quantities of the material in a close vessel to a temperature of 70° for about eight days. If hyponitric acid does not appear or an explosion occur in the meantime, the composition may be regarded as stable.

It is intended to keep dead bodies in the Morgue at Paris in a frozen condition, so that longer time may be given for their identification. As yet, however, the Municipal Council has not determined what kind of ice-making machine will be adopted. The choice will depend on a report by a Commissioner now engaged in examining the several kinds of apparatus for the manufacture of ice.

In a niche in the Cathedral of Freiburg a box was discovered containing rings and medals. It is thought the box had remained in its hiding-place several hundred years. One of the rings examined by Dr. Schertel was of tin, nearly pure, and the metal had undergone its peculiar gray modification. It could be easily crumbled between the fingers and its fracture was uneven. When the changed metal was heated in the vapor of acetone at 59° its usual characteristics were restored.

It is now proposed in Paris to substitute for the despatch of letters miniature railroads, with trains run by electricity, in place of pneumatic tubes. Satisfactory experiments have been made. The pneumatic plan has long been in use by the London post office, but does not seem to have found favor in this country.

Lord Dufferin.

The Liverpool *Post* has this to say concerning our late Governor-General: "The report that Lord Lytton will surrender the post of Governor-General of India to return to England in the early spring has again given currency to the statement that he will be succeeded by Lord Dufferin. It is asserted that the fact that Lord Dufferin being at the head of affairs in India would be a guarantee to Russia that Central Asian affairs would be properly dealt with. His Lordship would take out with him full powers to readjust matters in Afghanistan upon the basis of the understanding which he is now said to be arranging as British Ambassador at St. Petersburg."

London *Truth* observes that in no country except in England would a man like Mr. George Augustus Sala be allowed to remain in political obscurity. "Elsewhere he would be forced by electors to accept the position of a legislator. Here alone is a gentleman, who is perhaps the first journalist of the country, without any assured political status. This is, it must be admitted, more due to the anonymity of our ablest press writers than to any fault of the public. For my part I would have every man of note, who writes a leading article sign it with his name; we should not then have literary men of ripe thought and experience mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for newspaper 'sweaters.'"

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A Budget of Interest to Every Household.

Warm Rooms.—The great tendency in winter is to keep rooms too warm. The foundation of pneumonia, pleurisy and pulmonary consumption is frequently laid in over-heated, ill-ventilated apartments. The inmates become accustomed to breathing hot, close air, the system is toned down and relaxed, and a slight exposure to cold and wet results in serious illness. A uniform heat of seventy degrees is adequate, from a sanitary point of view, in any weather. If that temperature is not sufficient to give warmth it is an indication that the person does not take sufficient exercise, and the cure for it is more miles and flannel. In the coldest weather, when the ground is like stone under the feet, when there is no drip from the eaves, and when snow lies on roofs, rooms should be ventilated. Pure air should be admitted through open doors and windows, so that the oxygen consumed by flame and by respiration may be replaced, and the *effete* and poisonous matter thrown off by the body thoroughly driven away.

Making a House Pretty.—A tasteful woman can make a garret beautiful and homelike, at a little cost; for the beauty of home depends more on educated and refined taste than upon wealth. If there is no artist in the house, it matters little if there is a large balance at the bank. There is usually no better excuse for a barren home than ignorance or carelessness. A little mechanical skill can make brackets and shelves for the walls. A thoughtful walk in the woods can gather leaves, and lichens, and ferns for adorning the unpictured rooms. A trifle saved from daily expenses can put a new book upon the shelf. The expenditure of a few dollars can convert the plain window into a conservatory.

HOW TO PRESERVE A PIANO.

It is evident that if the piano is to remain in good order for many years good care must be taken of it. The instrument should be closed when not in use, in order to prevent the collection of dust, pins, etc., on the sounding board. However, it must not be left closed for a period of several months or longer, but be opened occasionally and daylight allowed to strike the keys, or else the ivory may turn yellow. Any hard substance, no matter how small, dropped inside the piano, will cause a rattling jarring noise. It is in every case desirable that an india-rubber or cloth cover should protect the instrument from bruises or scratches. The piano should not be placed in a damp room, or left open in a draft of air. Dampness is its most dangerous enemy, causing the strings and tuning pins to rust, the cloth used in the construction of the keys and action to swell, whereby the mechanism will move sluggishly or often stick altogether. This occurs chiefly in the rainy season; and the best pianos, made of the most thoroughly seasoned material, are necessarily affected by dampness, the absorption being rapid. Extreme heat is scarcely less injurious. The piano should not be placed near to an open fire or heated stove, nor over close to the hot-air furnaces now in general use. Moths are very destructive to the cloth and felt used in the pianos, and may be kept out of it by placing a lump of camphor, wrapped in soft paper, in the inside corner, care being taken to renew it from time to time. Many persons are unaware of the importance of having their pianos kept in order, and only tuned by a competent tuner. A new piano should be tuned at least once every two or three months the first year, and at longer intervals afterward. To preserve the polish, dust the piano daily with a brush of soft, uncut feathers. Do not use any "furniture polishes," but sooner employ the services of a professional piano case polisher, if your piano needs polishing, as the process requires great skill. The bluish haze which sometimes appears on a polished rosewood surface, and which is nothing but the mark left by moisture which has settled upon the piano, will disappear after polishing. The piano should always be kept covered when not in use.

Christmas Presents.—It is time to think of holiday presents and not wait until the holidays are upon us, with all their hurry and confusion. Christmas should come to every child in the land, and this is no small task when we consider all the little feet and little hands and little bodies and brains and stomachs there are in the land. Now is the time for the small people to begin with the needle, especially with the knitting needle and the crotchet needle and the embroidery needle.

Treatment of Girls.—Alba Gould Wilson, in a paper read before the Moral Education Society, advises mothers to keep their girls from their own fate, and she asserted that girls should be made to lead a quiet life on a simple diet until they are fully grown, that they should exercise freely in the open air, that housework should be done by them in carefully ventilated rooms, that their dress should be radically changed so that no longer shall their vital organs be compressed on their hips, weighed down with a mass of cloth that no man would willingly carry. Compliance with these rules, she believed, would give to the world a nobler, healthier race of women.

General Work In and Out of Doors.—Firewood should be prepared and put under shelter, and that general family peace-maker, dry fuel, generously supplied and conveniently placed for use; where coal is used, a bin under cover, with an opening at the bottom for taking out the fuel easily, will save trouble and loss. Finally, prepare a suitable place for disposing of all household waste where it can be made available as a fertilizer and all risk of infection from it be avoided.

Potato Pie.—One cupful of grated raw potatoes, one quart of sweet milk, three eggs, a little salt, sugar and nutmeg to taste. Let the milk come to a boil, stir in the potato, let cool, add the well beaten eggs and other ingredients. Bake with an under crust.

USEFUL RECIPES BY AUNT KATE.

English Mince Meat.—Of scraped beef or tongue (cooked) free from skin and strings, weigh two pounds, four pounds of suet, picked and chopped; then dry six pounds of currants, rub them in a cloth first, to clean them; raisins, stoned and chopped, two pounds; three pounds of apples, the peel and juice of two lemons, one nutmeg, quarter of an ounce of cloves, ditto mace, ditto pimento, in finest powder; put the whole into a deep jar, and keep covered in a dry cool place. Half the quantity is enough, unless for a very large family. Have citron, orange and lemon peel ready, and put some of each in the pies when made. English mince pies are made in tin pattypans.

Christmas Plum Pudding.—One pound of suet, chopped, not too fine, one pound of currants, and one of raisins, stoned, four eggs, half a nutmeg, grated, one ounce of citron and lemon peel, shred fine, teaspoonful of beaten ginger, half pound of bread crumbs, half pound of flour, pint of milk; beat them together, and by degrees stir in the flour, then the fruit, suet and spice; use as much milk as will mix it together very thick; then take your cloth, dip it in boiling water, and squeeze dry. While the water is boiling fast, put in your pudding which should boil five hours at the least.

Oatmeal Gingerbread.—One pound flour, one-fourth pound oatmeal, one-fourth pound butter, one fourth pound sugar, one-half ounce ginger. Rub the butter and sugar into the flour; one pound of treacle will make it up; caraway seed and candied peel are sometimes added.

Boiled Plum Pudding.—One half pound suet, one pound of flour, half pound dried currants, half pound stoned raisins, two eggs, half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, half teaspoonful cinnamon and small pinch of ground cloves, half tablespoonful of salt, one and one half cupfuls of milk, citron if you like. Chop the suet and rub it through ye flour, mix the fruit and dredge flour over th; beat the eggs very light, add the milk to suet and flour, then eggs, then fruit; dip pudding bag in cold water, turn wrong side out, flour well, turn the batter in and tie, leaving room for the pudding to swell; boil constantly three hours.

Packing Butter for Winter.—Work out all the buttermilk; then salt at the rate of one ounce to the pound of butter. Pack in jars, and keep the top always covered with strong brine. Keep in a cool, dry place.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WOMEN OF TO-DAY.—Gradually old fashions are being revived in many ways. Among the most conspicuous are dark or black bonnets, trimmed with white or gay-colored ribbons, or feathers. Here again contrasts are violent. A great deal of old-gold satin is used for lining bonnets, regardless of their color; again, rose-colo lines garnet, and blue lines olive. Sometimes the crown matches the lining, and the feathers are totally different from either.

Miss Whitten, of Damariscotta, Mo., has the longest hair of any woman in the world. It is eight feet long.

In some of the late dresses made by Worth, they are laced up on one of the side darts. The opening is concealed with bows, and the dress looks as if it were stitched on the wearer.

The fashionable English weddings are solemnized at three o'clock in the afternoon by a special license, which cost $100. People who cannot afford so expensive a ceremony have their banns called and are married before twelve o'clock.

Spun silk hose is fashionable.

Tiny ostrich tips make a soft and lovely bonnet.

Bridesmaids at English weddings carry baskets of flowers instead of bouquets.

Neck ruchings of lace have four rows, sewed to a narrow band or a row of narrow lace insertion. Two plaitings stand around the neck, and two fall outside the dress.

Japanese ladies wear hats only when it rains. The arrangement of the hair differs according to the rank, age and condition. The general style is to dress it in turban form and ornament it with golden pins variously adorned.

A dress made in Paris recently for a New York woman was of wine-colored velvet, with no other ornament than eight buttons of solid gold, each enameled by an artist whose work was of sufficient value for him to sign it, even on the buttons. The cascade of Alençon point worn with this simple dress cost $500.

DO YOU BATHE?

A Startling Record for Neglectors of the Body.

Reader, do you bathe? We do not mean on Saturday evening—provided there is plenty of hot water—but do you bathe frequently, daily! do you find pleasure in jumping out of bed these frosty mornings, and jumping into a bath tub of water cold as it can run from the hydrant? If you do not relish this sort of thing, candidly you are in a very bad way. Are you aware that the skin is pierced by millions of little perspiratory tubes which throw out from the inner body an average amount of thirty-three ounces of greasy refuse and worn out material in an hour in the shape of invisible perspiration? Should these tubes or pores be allowed to remain choked with their own secretions the refuse is thrown back into the other great corporeal scavengers—the lungs, stomach, liver or kidneys and what is the result? The sum is an easy one. For instance, you rise at seven and throw out the "greasy refuse" at the rate of thirty-three ounces—a little over two pounds—an hour; then you visibly perspire at the alarming rapidity of three pounds per hour—total hourly product five pounds per hour—daily product in twenty-four hours 120 pounds. Now we will say that you bathe only once a week; of course, during the seven days of uncleanliness you have accumulated an aggregate of 840 pounds of "greasy refuse," "worn-out material" and perspiration that would like to be "visible" if you would only give it a chance. We find these figures in a medical exchange though we admit that the calculations are our own. Reader, you must bathe! Neglect it for a year, and you have accumulated over 43,000 pounds of matter as above stated for one set of lungs, liver and kidneys to work off, and really this is too much of a contract for these organs to undertake.

Moth and Humming Bird.

How often have our readers been deceived by the moths (*Sesia*) popularly and significantly called "humbugs," as, darting from flower to flower, they suddenly remain suspended, motionless, on whirring wings, and extend their flexible proboscis into the heart of the blossom with such an exact imitation of the habits and motions of humming-birds. Bates, the naturalist, to whom as an Englishman humming-birds are not so familiar, was much struck by the resemblance between the bird and insect, and graphically describes it. "Several times," he says, "I shot by mistake a humming-bird hawk-moth instead of a bird. This moth (*Macroglossa titan*) is somewhat smaller than humming-birds generally are; but its manner of flight, and the way it poises itself before a flower while probing it with its proboscis, are precisely like the same actions of humming-birds. It was only after many days' experience that I learned to distinguish the one from the other when on the wing. This resemblance has attracted the notice of all the natives" (Bates was at the time of his writing on the Para River, South America), "all of whom, even educated whites, firmly believe that one is transmutable into the other. They have observed the metamorphosis of caterpillars into butterflies and think it not at all more wonderful that a moth should change into a humming-bird. The resemblance between this hawk moth and a humming-bird is certainly very curious, and strikes one even when both are examined in the hand. Holding them sideways, the shape of the head and the position of the eyes in the moth are seen to be nearly the same as in the bird, the extended proboscis representing the long beak. At the tip of the moth's body there is a bunch of long hair scales resembling feathers, which being expanded looks very much like a bird's tail. The negroes and Indians tried to convince me that the two were of the same species. 'Look at their feathers,' they said; 'their eyes are the same, and so are their tails.' This belief is so deeply rooted that it is useless to reason with them on the subject. It has been observed that humming-birds are unlike other birds in their mental qualities, resembling in this respect insects rather than warm-blooded vertebrate animals. The want of expression in their eyes, the small degree of versatility in their actions, the quickness and precision of their movements, are all so many points of resemblance between them and insects."—*Harper's Magazine.*

NEW COUNTIES WANTED.—Deputations from North York, Perth, Grey, Simcoe, Bruce and Wellington had a conference with Attorney-General Mowat yesterday afternoon, with a view to convince him that all those counties should be divided into two, in order to lessen the expense of municipal maintenance. Mr. Mowat promised, after listening to the views of the deputation, to give the matter his best consideration, and to be guided by the results of the next census.

The late Bishop of Winchester had on one occasion promised to give an address to the divinity students of King's College, but failing to attend on account of ill-health, Mr. Gladstone, at an hour's notice, took his place and delivered an admirable discourse. At Hawarden (his son's) church he read the lessons on Sunday.

Extravagence in language is one of the peculiarities of people in Southern countries. Castelar, upon hearing the long-winded tendency of his countrymen commented upon rather severely, replied: "You are perfectly right, gentlemen, but you don't know how difficult it is to hold one's tongue in Spanish."

There is such great activity in the building trade in Paris that the workmen who usually return home to the country at this season until the spring are remaining in the capital.

KNAVE OR FOOL!

The Experiences of a Blue Nose in New York—He Falls Into the Hands of Expert Confidence Men and Sawdust Operators—The Affair in Court.

NEW YORK, Dec. .—Wm. A. Ross was on trial before Judge Gildersleeve in the General Sessions yesterday for robbery. The prisoner is said to be an expert confidence and sawdust operator. The complainant, Hector Campbell, a railroad laborer from Nova Scotia, swore that he arrived in this city on the 12th November, and while proceeding to Astor Place Hotel through the Bowery, he asked a stranger where he could find an exchange office, having in his possession $100 in gold which he wanted changed for greenbacks. The stranger informed him that by waiting until next day he could obtain 20 per cent. by accompanying him to a certain place. An engagement was made for next day, and at the appointed hour Campbell accompanied the stranger to a saloon on Stanton street, where a third party named Wells came upon the scene. Wells promptly consented to give the Nova Scotian 20 per cent. on his gold in exchange for greenbacks, and Campbell began counting his gold on the table, Wells standing waiting with a roll of genuine or bogus notes in his hand. Suddenly, the chair on which Campbell was sitting was tipped over, and its occupant fell sprawling on the floor. Wells and his confederate snatched the gold from the table and made their escape. A few days later the victim saw the man whom he had first met on the street, and had him arrested. The prisoner said his name was Wm. A. Ross and his business that of speculator in potatoes. On his trial yesterday he said he had acted in good faith; that Campbell had come from Nova Scotia specially to purchase counterfeit money; that he voluntarily handed over his gold to Wells, and that the latter in return gave him a package containing apparently counterfeit money, which he placed under his vest and left, making no charge of robbery. Deidrick Miller, who keeps the saloon on Stanton street, said that Wells gave Campbell a package in exchange for his gold and that all three left his place together. The jury retired at 4.30 p.m. and at 9.30, not having agreed upon a verdict, they were locked up for the night.

COOKERY AS A FINE ART.

We trust that the effort which is being made by several of our estimable citizens to secure the services of Miss Dods, the celebrated lecturer on cookery, will be entirely successful, and that we shall be able in the course of a day or two to announce the completion of arrangements. Much has been done of late years to popularize the kitchen as a resort for good wives and daughters, but much still remains to be accomplished. We are conscious that, to a large extent, the women of this country have fewer scruples to engage in household duties than their sisters in some of the older lands, but it is still true of too great a number of them, that they regard the knowledge of how to cook well as something to be acquired and as drudgery only to be endured by those poor unfortunate members of their sex who are unable to hire help, and who must of necessity do their own kitchen work. If, however, such women would but reflect for a moment how much misery is caused to humanity by bad cookery; how many diseases are either originated in the human system by food insufficiently or improperly prepared, they would be apt to take a much deeper interest than now in what has been rightly conceded to be their especial domain.

How can this most essential branch of domestic economy be still further popularized? A variety of methods may be adopted. Centuries ago, the French, German and English had their cookery books, and strange reading some of them prove to be at the present day. Who, for instance, would think of stewing oysters in a syrup as the Germans were wont in the seventeenth century; or of serving a chine of beef with sugar, cinnamon or ginger, as was the common practice in England? In these latter days we have got beyond these queer receipes; and thanks to enterprising publishers, many good cookery books have been published, although undoubtedly a larger quantity of trashy collections of receipes have got into use. Probably one of the best yet published is that compiled by the ladies of Toronto from their own personal experience. It has a deservedly wide circulation. Our ladies' colleges, too, have taken a step in the right direction by adding practical cookery as a branch of study which may be profitably pursued. At the last commencement exercises of a local institution, we were shown some excellent fruits of this training. Much as has been accomplished there is still a great deal to learn in gastronomic science. We have to learn that much of the pie and cake which find a prominent place at nearly every meal ought to be avoided by every one whose occupations are such as supply insufficient exercise. We have to learn that many of our fancy dishes, whilst agreeable to the palate, are enemies to the digestive organs and that they should be banished from our tables. But what is of equal importance to the majority of people is this: we are far from having reached that stage of economy in cookery which it is desirable should prevail. The French are reputed to be the best cooks in the world. This is understood to have arisen because of the comparative scarcity of food and fuel, which has set them to study how to improve their opportunities. Equally true it may be that Canadians and Americans have lagged behind, because of the plentiful supply of everything required, which has made cooks careless and wasteful. There are thousands of dollars wasted in this city annually because housewives lack that perception of how to make the most of what they have in their larders—a knowledge they certainly ought to possess—which, in fact, should come to be regarded by them as an indispensable branch of their own and their daughters' education. The opportunities of obtaining a theoretical knowledge, however, do not meet the entire case. Practical cookery must in some way be made popular. There are many laudable exceptions to the rule, it is true, but it is a fact that at the present day not a few of our young ladies regard a thorough acquaintance with domestic work, including cookery, as a task which may with credit to themselves be shirked. And why? Because, forsooth, it is not fashionable. If it can be shown that a Princess of the Blood Royal is an enthusiast in matters pertaining to the cuisine; if it is an ascertained fact that Lady Blank is an adept in making all the dainties which come from her lord's kitchen; if it is noised abroad that the eligible young men, heedless of the approach of leap year, have banded themselves together, under solemn promise, to marry no lady who has not a diploma certifying to her practical knowledge of housework, then will there be a rush for the avenues of information—a buckling on of the cookery armor and an earnest determination to master the art, for it is an art of the very highest order. It may happen that the day will come when the young lady who knows how to tickle the palate with her dainty dishes shall be looked upon as favorably by her male friends as her sister who charms the ear with her piano solo, or who elicits admiration by her elegant dancing. It is no idle saying that after the years of sentiment have flown a man's heart is most susceptible to appeal to his kindly nature under the influences of a good dinner, a saying which certainly holds good before as well as after marriage. If Miss Dods, from whom we expect a visit, should assist people in getting rid of some of the absurd notions they have been taught to entertain in reference to this most important branch of domestic economy, her lectures and illustrations will not be without excellent effect.—*Hamilton Times.*

It was Dr. Samuel Johnson who said that second marriages were the triumph of hope over experience, and a very wicked remark it was too.

Mark Twain is forty-four years old.

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Many Years Ago.

By the lake beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow,
As the young moon dipt and lifted
Her reflected bow,
Lived and died a woodland beauty,
Many years ago.

Something made the milk-white blossoms
Ever whiter grow;
Something gave the dying sunset
An intenser glow,
And enriched the cup of pleasure
Filled to overflow.

Hope was frail, and passion fleeting:
It is often so;
Visions born of golden sunsets
With the sunsets go;
To have lived is to have suffered
Martyrdom below.

By the lake beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow,
O, the glory there that perished
None shall ever know,
When a human heart was broken,
Many years ago.

FAIRLY CAUGHT.

My employment is that of a carver in stone. Many years ago, soon after I had learned my business, the firm in whose employ I was undertook the erection of a gentleman's mansion and I was sent to execute the ornamental work. The village near to which the mansion was built was on the shore of an estuary of the Bay of Morecambe, not far from a market town whose name I need not give. As my work would keep me from home several weeks a good lodging was a most desirable thing, but although I tried to get accommodation in a private house I failed and was forced to lodge in the village inn, the Lord Admiral.

Amongst those who were in the habit of frequenting the aforesaid hostelry was a man of singular habits and odd temper. His home was about a mile from the village, on the side of a lane leading to a couple of farms. His house, like himself, was a queer one. Originally it had been built for the storage of corn, the produce of fields at a distance from the farmstead. Somehow it had ceased to be needed for that purpose; so its owner turned it into a dwelling-house, and as such it was now occupied by the aforesaid strange man. It was divided into three apartments on the ground floor, one of which, a very large one, was set apart and used as a kind of museum, its occupant being a stuffer of birds and small quadrupeds. When he had no work of this sort for other persons, he worked for stock, and this large room was his warehouse.

He was a man of ill temper and loose habits, and for sometime had borne a dubious character. When people were asked why he was suspected, they could not give a satisfactory reply. "He lives," they would say, "without doing work equal to his expenditure, which looks bad." As I got to know him, I found that he had an unamiable temper; was morose, sour and at times passionate. He was also fond of display, given to betting, and, like all such, led a loose, uneven life, oftener loitering about than at work. So I did not wonder that well meaning people did not like him.

He mostly came on wet nights to the Lord Admiral. As we became acquainted, he invited me to look over his collection of birds and quadrupeds. I was pleased with what I saw. He had, indeed, a good collection, and, as well as I could judge, had done his work well. He had also a good assortment of butterflies and moths; and in a corner, close to the ceiling, had what he called a butterfly breeding box, which he said belonged to his son, a young man of my own age, also given to bird stuffing amusements.

But I was most taken up with two animals which differed from the rest. One was a beautiful dog, and the other a *lusus naturæ*—a lamb with the rudiments of a fifth leg, and some other abnormal characteristic which I have forgotten. The old man said he had stuffed both for their original owners, who had somehow failed to take them away. They were placed at one end of the room, one in each corner, away from the window, and close to the wall, where, except in strong daylight, they could not be easily seen. The connection of these particulars with my story will be seen in the sequel.

I had been in the village about six weeks when the neighborhood was aroused and alarmed one morning by the report of the robbery of a jeweller's shop in the market-town already referred to, that had been effected during the preceding night. Much valuable property had been taken. This robbery had been effected in such a way as led to the belief that a gang of practiced thieves had done it. The prevailing question was, "Do the robbers live among us, or have they come from a distance?" This query was still going from mouth to mouth when we were startled—astounded, indeed—by the report of a second robbery of the same premises, and on the night following by the breaking into and purloining of a provision warehouse in our own village. Were I writing fiction I would not have made the robbers pay so soon a second visit to the jeweller's, as such an act would have been deemed preposterous; but I am relating what really occurred, and so am forced to say what I have said.

The jeweller had been so taken up by efforts to find out the thieves and regain his first loss that he had not placed additional guard over what was left; besides, he was sure, he said, that thieves would not think of revisiting him for a long time. As for the provision dealer, he said in my hearing that he had no fear of his place being entered, as he believed robbers would not care to touch property so bulky and of such inferior value as his. But he had reckoned without his host; for he had lost a fine ham, a large lot of tea, a deal of spices, a few boxes of cigars, and indeed a portion of most of what he dealt in. The excitement and alarm occasioned by these robberies were great and wide-spread.

Two batches of detectives, one from Lancaster and the other from Kendal, came to our village to see what they could find out They were not short of questions, I mind; but they took care what sort of questions they answered. It was easy to see that one of their aims was to make it appear that they believed the robbers came from a distance, in order to put the thieves off their gard; for their own opinion was the opposite of this.

No event, however serious, can keep hold of people's minds beyond a certain time; and these robberies were beginning to give place to some other subject, when the next act in the drama began to be played. It was on Friday afternoon, about a month after the robberies. The day was wet and wild; and as my work was the out-door carving of stones which had been placed in position in the rough, I was unable to go on with it, and so had to return to my quarters. I had got my dinner, and had just called for a pint of ale with my pipe, when an elderly ill-dressed man came in and sitting down on a bench beside me, said, in a broad Lancashire accent, "I'll sup wi' tha lad, if tha doesn't care;" on which he lifted my mug to his lips, and drank freely. I had not got over my surprise when he, wiping his mouth with his hand, gave me a history of the past day or two. The account was this: he had been a gentleman's gardener, near Lancaster, over twenty years; had a capital place, but had not had sense enough to keep it, for he had gone on the loose for a fortnight, which was more than his master would put up with; so he was discharged. "This wor day afore yesterday," he said; "an' I've drank for vary vexation ever sin', trampin' as I drank; an' so here I am, wi' a dry math an' wi'out a 'openny i' my pocket. Doesta think," he concluded, "aw can raise a penny or tippence amang th' company?"

I gave him a trifle; others did the same; so having thus "raised the wind," he called for bread, cheese and ale and made a good meal.

During the time the gardener had been talking to me, the landlord had been within hearing. So accosting the old man while he was eating his dinner, he said, "You are a gardener, I understand?"

"I am," was the reply.

"Well," said the landlord, "I've a garden which needs fettling. I have not the time to attend to it myself; and as it is time the seed was in, I'll employ you if you are willing. I'll find you plenty to eat and drink; you can have a bed as well; and if you please me, I'll not see you leave without a few shillings in your pocket. What say you?"

"I say agreed," replied the gardener, rising to his feet and grasping the landlord's hand. "I'll not begin to-morn, howiver; but I'll look rand, an' get riddy for Monday morn."

This proposal was satisfactory, wherefore the gardener was made happy.

Shortly afterward we had an addition to our company by the incoming of the old bird-stuffer, whom I shall henceforth call the naturalist (as this designation was the one which pleased him), his son the butterfly-breeder and two other men whom I had not yet seen. These—the strangers—first looked hard at the company; but the naturalist, giving them a significant nod, which seemed to say, "All right," they settled down and called for a glass of rum apiece.

By this time the gardener had finished his dinner, when, putting his arms on the table and his head on his arms he fell, or seemed to fall asleep. The rain, which continued to come down, compelled me still to abide under cover; so, placing my chair in a corner, and putting my head against the wall, I tried to get a nap also. The naturalist and his companions were now the only persons in the room besides the gardener and me.

I cannot tell half nor quarter of what was said by first one and then another of the four persons; nor did I understand some of the phrases which they used. "Bruce" and "Wonder," "flax" and "stuffing," were words often employed by them. I recollected that "Bruce" was the name of the dog, and "Wonder" that of the lamb, in the museum before spoken of; and the other terms, I judged, referred to the materials with which they were stuffed; but I could not see why they should speak in so low a tone as they did when they spoke of them. Once or twice they referred to a bird by some slang phrase. But after events made this clear enough.

By-and-by the weather broke up, when the men, draining their glasses, got up and went away. The moment they were gone the gardener roused up, took a memorandum book out of his pocket, and began to write therein. He then asked me if I knew who the men were, and what was their occupation, and if I understood any of the words they had uttered in the lower tone of voice. I gave him what information I could. "But," I said, "both they and I believed you were asleep."

"It is well to go into dream land at times," he said, and then added: "Did you say that the old man keeps a museum? Have you seen it? Do you think I could get a look at it?"

The questions were put one after the other in quick succession, as though he were eager and anxious about something. I said "Yes" to each; but I was surprised at the good English in which he now spoke, and at the refinement which marked his manners. Still I could make nothing of it.

I pass over the next few days, as they brought forth no remarkable incident. The gardener had stuck to his contract with the landlord, and I had been enabled to get on with my work. The four men did not again visit us; but, as I went on with my carving, I saw first one and then another of them pass my place. And once I saw them all in earnest converse in a retired lane.

After supper one night I took the gardener to the barn-like habitation of the old naturalist. As we went along, he asked me to take particular notice of the dog and the lamb. "For," said he, "I was struck with the questions of one of the men put as to whether 'Bruce' and 'Wonder' could take in any more 'cotton' or 'flax.' And it is just possible," he continued, "that he has a way of taking out and putting in the stuffing after the skin has become set and hard: a thing worth knowing, I should think."

When we got to the house the old man came to the door, closing it after him. Being asked if he would allow the gardener to see over his collection of preserved animals, he at first seemed perplexed, and saying, "I'll ask my son," he went in, leaving us outside. Shortly he returned, and said, "It is not convenient to enter the room to-night, as it is being cleaned and the contents re-arranged; but if your friend will come to-morrow night, and come alone, he shall see over it."

We agreed, and came away. I was at a loss to account for the condition imposed; but my companion was set up with the arrangement.

Next night came, and the gardener set off on his errand. I was all impatience for his return. But when he came back he seemed unwilling to relate the result of his adventure, simply saying, "I'm in no humor for talk to-night; I'll relate what I've seen and said to-morrow."

My friend had got on well with his gardening. His potatoes and onions, his turnips and carrots, had been got in; and it was clear that if the next two days should prove fine, he would finish the job on the Saturday night.

On Friday night he came to me in the kitchen, in a corner of which I was reading, and asked me to take a short walk with him. I got up and went. The night was fine, but dark. We walked in the direction of the museum. He asked me if I could keep a secret for a day or two. Replying in the affirmative, he said he had a strong suspicion that the old naturalist or his son was no better than he should be; that he was sure he or they knew more about the late robberies than other folks; and that he believed if he had a few shillings which he could call his own, he could come at the truth, and concluded by asking me to lend him a sovereign for a few days. I agreed, for I had begun to feel an unaccountable curiosity growing within me.

We had not walked far before we met the naturalist's son, apparently by appointment; for my companion told him that I had promised him a loan, and that therefore he would be at his father's house next day and make a purchase. We parted and came home.

About the middle of Saturday afternoon he set off and in less than an hour he came back, bearing a tolerably sized parcel. Giving me a signal as he passed me, I joined him in the backyard. He said: "I'm on the track of the thieves, I believe. Last night but one, on reaching the house and while looking over the museum, the old man said that his son was rather short of money, but having exchanged a frame of moths and a few birds for a lot of provisions, if I would buy some of the latter I might sell them at a profit, or they would keep me in eatables for a while, and the sale would relieve his son. I agreed to buy if I could raise the money. Now, I am not without cash, but it would not have done to say so; hence I agreed to ask you for a loan. Well, I've got a lot of things to-day dirt cheap, which I really believe belong to one of the late robberies. I go hence to-morrow on the sly, but on Monday you may look for my return." Giving me a playful dig in the side, he left me. His absence during the night and the day after surprised the landlord, but I said nothing.

I was all impatience until Monday came. It came at last. I was busy at my carving, when I heard a well known voice hail me from below. On looking down from my stage, whom should I see in the road beneath, smiling all the face over, but my old friend the gardener in a policeman's uniform! The truth flashed through me in a moment. I went down. Grasping my hand, he said, "The secret's out, you see! Come along with me and see the upshot."

I was about to witness a *denouement* I had not looked for. Up the road were a couple of policemen. My old companion was the chief, being a sergeant of police. He led the way to the museum and was first to enter.

"Good morning, old friend," he said, on encountering the naturalist. "I've come to take away a few more parcels of your cheap provisions."

I saw that the old gardener was detected in the speaker and that the game was seen to be up. The old man's son rushed to the door and scrambled off, only, however, to fall into the clutches of one of the officers who were on the watch. The old man was utterly helpless and almost beside himself. Sinking into his chair, he cried out, "I'm not the thief; the thieves are *there*," pointing to the door, and meaning, I could see, his son and his confederates, though they were not present.

We went into the museum. The first thing the old gardener—as I shall still call him—did was to take hold of "Bruce," while he desired one of his comrades to lay hold of "Wonder." On moving them a noise of loose metal was heard. A moment's examination sufficed to reveal the secret. In the off side of each animal, in the soft part, an orifice had been made by cutting the skin in such a way as to enable the operator to replace it with a little care. A part of the stuffing had been removed, leaving a vacancy just like a throstle's nest. This was filled with jewellery—watches, guards, ear-rings and finger rings. A further examination of the museum revealed other and singular hiding places: for example, a game cock was found put out of sight; on taking hold of it, a noise of clinking metal was heard; on lifting up the feathers over the crop, a small hole was seen, out of which rolled, when the bird was shaken, a number of trinkets.

Nearly all the proceeds of the two robberies of the jeweller were recovered, one watch and a few guards only being absent. And some of the property of the provision dealer was also found stowed in the breeding box, though most of it had been used or sold. I scarcely need say that the parcel sold to the gardener was a part of it, and had to do with the detection. My friend the sergeant informed me that he had been induced to assume the character which he had so well enacted, entirely on speculation. While making a survey of the neighborhood, a few days before he began to play his part, he had observed the backward state of the landlord's garden; and believing that he would readily catch at a chance of getting it finished off in a cheap way, and being a good hand at gardening he had hit upon the scheme which had answered so well. He had believed that the robbers were not far from the locality of the public-house, and might come there now and again, and so, could he lodge there without being known or suspected, he might come at all that he desired. And as he had hoped, so did it come to pass.

The naturalist, who, it came out, had long been a receiver of stolen property, and his son, whose first burglaries these were, got each five years' penal servitude; one of the other men—who came from a distant town, and were old hands—was likewise convicted and punished; but the fourth, for some forgotten reason, got off. My friend came in for the good reward offered in this case; and for the part which I had taken in the affair the jeweller gave me a gold pencil-holder, which I treasure as a memento.

Funerals.

Notwithstanding the advice of the clergy and the sharp criticisms of the newspapers, "gorgeous" funerals are on the increase. The Oil City *Derrick* has an account of one which may not be much of an exaggeration. After describing the magnificent coffin, which had been imported from Paris and must have cost an enormous sum, the *Derrick* says: "The corpse was attired in a magnificent black gros grain silk, with princesse waist and full train; the trimmings were rich velvet and shirrings of silk, relieved at intervals by tiny bouquets of natural forget-me-nots. Deceased never appeared to finer advantage. Her raven hair was brushed back from her broad white forehead and confined in a simple knot by an antique comb studded with diamonds and amethysts. From her tiny ears hung glittering solitaire pendants, while a magnificent diamond brooch sparkled at her throat. Her beautiful arms were not crossed upon her bosom, but lay in calm repose at her sides, this being the latest and most approved style. A grief-stricken relative informed our reporter that the silk hose and white slippers which the fair remains wore on this occasion involved an expense of $200. The bereaved husband was elegantly but simply dressed in conventional black, and the grace and dignity with which he bore himself throughout the exercises occasioned much favorable comment. Rev. Archibald Slasher, A. M., D. D., presided over the obsequies, being attired with his usual elegance and taste. Instead, however, of his usual white necktie, he wore the lilac tie which he purchased in Vienna during his recent summer's vacation in Europe. His remarks were eminently refined and calculated to please even the most fastidious, and all regretted that the deceased could not have been present in spirit to enjoy them with the rest."

Prof. Klinkerfus, of Gottingen, ridicules the notion, to which he assigns an English origin, of the danger to the earth of the present position of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. He scouts the idea of the epidemics of the sixth and sixteenth centuries being caused by a similar phenomenon, declaring that such a phenomenon did not then occur, and can only occur, even excluding a Neptune, once in 420 years.

One of the most pleasing illustrations of cheek is when a man writes a letter to a newspaper of no earthly interest to anybody but himself, and not only demands its publication but that five or ten copies be sent him. They are always sent.

LORD LYTTON IN DANGER

Two Shots are Fired at Him Without Effect—Arrest of the Would-be Assassin—Congratulations From Her Majesty.

CALCUTTA, Dec. —.—Intense excitement was created here this afternoon by the attempted assassination of the Viceroy, Lord Lytton. His Lordship had just returned to this city by railway from the frontier, and was met and welcomed at the station by a large gathering of his friends. After the customary greetings were over the party entered their carriages, which were in waiting, and proceeded on their way to the vice-regal palace. They had gone but a short distance when a pistol shot, fired by some person out of a crowd in the streets, was heard. The ball passed immediately over the head of the Viceroy, who occupied the rear seat of his carriage. The first shot was followed almost immediately by another, which passed completely over the second carriage. The horses were brought to a standstill by the drivers, and the populace gathered near them, increasing the excitement with their shouts and cries.

Everything was at once thrown into confusion. Members of Lord Lytton's staff dashed among the crowd, determined to find the assassin if possible. Fortunately one of them succeeded in arresting the man who had fired the shots. He proved to be a native, and was, or pretended to be, considerably intoxicated. He was surrounded by a strong guard and immediately hurried off to prison to await sobriety and investigation.

No one was injured by the shots, which were aimed too high to do execution. Immediately after the arrest of the would-be assassin, the vice-regal party proceeded to the palace, where they arrived without any further molestation. No attempt at rescue was made by the native population, although some threatening utterances were heard directed at the Viceroy and the English officers. Whether this attempt upon the life of the Viceroy is the result of a plot or a mere freak of an irresponsible madman has not yet been ascertained, but it is very generally believed that the former theory of the act will not be found entirely unsupported by evidence.

The city is thoroughly aroused over the event and there is a very lively discussion as to its circumstances and significance, both in Government circles and among the people. The mercantile classes of the native population are emphatic in their expression of abhorrence at the murderous act, and the native nobility and gentry are especially extravagant in their denunciations. But among the English residents the incident has intensified and brought into strong relief a feeling of anxiety which has long existed. A repetition of the scenes of the mutiny of 1857 has for sometime been silently spoken of as possible. Her Majesty immediately upon receiving the news of the attempt upon Lord Lytton's life, telegraphed to him her congratulations upon his escape.

LONDON, Dec. —.—It is stated at the India Office that Lord Lytton telegraphed from Calcutta that he had been shot at by a drunken East Indiaman. A Calcutta despatch says the man who fired upon the Viceroy imagined he had a grievance against the Government and was recently discharged from a lunatic asylum.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.

A Safe Return from Paying his Respects to the Pope—He Reaches New York Yesterday—A Visit to his Native Country.

As was stated in yesterday evening's TIMES the Most Rev. John Joseph Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, arrived in New York yesterday morning on the steamship Adriatic, of the White Star Line. The rev. gentleman left Toronto last summer for the purpose of visiting the Eternal City and paying his respects to Pope Leo XIII. During his journey thither the Archbishop took the opportunity to visit his native country, Ireland, and while there made a pilgrimage to the sanctuary of St. Peter's Purgatory on Lough Derg, where he preached to a large audience. Afterwards he entered upon a three days' course of penitential exercise, assisted by the local clergy. Dr. Lynch has been Archbishop of Toronto since the year 1870, when the then Roman Catholic ecclesiastical Provinces of Quebec was divided and Ontario erected into a separate province. Toronto was at the same time elevated to the dignity of an archdiocese, with the Most Rev. John Joseph Lynch as its first Archbishop. The Archbishop is now sixty-two years of age and seems in excellent health and spirits. He was met at the wharf on the arrival of the steamer by many Catholic clergymen, who welcomed him and congratulated him on his safe return. He will remain in New York a few days, and during that interval of rest will pay his respects to Archbishop McCloskey.

THE WINCHESTER TRAGEDY.

The Inquest on the Exhumed Bodies—Evidence of Post-mortem Eye Photographs.

WEST WINCHESTER, Dec. —.—After the bodies of the murdered Brown and his daughter were taken up they were carried to the woodshed of his own house. Dr. Blacklock, the coroner of Dundas County, and Drs. McIntyre and Reddick, of this place, made examinations of finger marks upon the throat of the girl, and cut out the flesh and bone where the knife or, as was supposed, axe had cut, and retained it for future use. The bodies were again buried during the afternoon. The photographs taken from the eyes of each a few hours after death reveal, as a Toronto artist states, in the case of the old gentleman nothing, and this bears out the evidence already taken to the effect that he was butchered in the dark. But the artist states that the eye of little Addie reveals two objects, and they furnish good evidence, the coroner has given orders to have them copied and enlarged, so as to clearly bring the objects as plain as possible to the naked eye. There is some other evidence that is withheld for further proceedings, and no doubt it will be made public at an early date. It is reported on good authority that the coroner is only making a few more facts plain, when he purposes arresting Mrs. Brown, the wife and mother of the two murdered ones, and mother of the one hanged. The corpses taken up were quite decomposed, but recognizable.

PRESERVATION OF THE DEAD.—The United States Consul-General at Berlin, Mr. Kreismann, has communicated to the Department of State a new process patented in Germany for preservation of the dead. The liquid used is prepared as follows—In 3,000 grammes of boiling water are dissolved 100 grammes of alum, 25 grammes of cooking salt, 12 grammes of saltpetre, 60 grammes of potash, and 10 grammes of arsenic acid. When cool it is filtered. To 10 liters of this liquid 4 litres of glycerine and 1 litre of methylic alcohol are added. The process of embalming is by saturating and impregnating the bodies with it. From $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 litres of the liquid are used for a body.—*Scientific American.*

THE SITUATION IN AFGHANISTAN.

The Enemy's Position Taken by Storm and Their Forces Routed on all Sides.

LONDON, Dec. —.—A Calcutta telegram says General Roberts telegraphs a confirmation of the report of General Macpherson's partial failure in the attempt on Friday to capture the ridge above the Bala Hissar at Cabul. On Saturday morning General Baker attacked the Afghan's position with two and a half regiments of infantry, two regiments of cavalry and eight guns, and captured the hill, driving the Afghans from all their positions.

A letter dated Candahar, the 1st instant, says General Stewart has been instructed to send a messenger to Ayoub Khan, Afghan commander of Herat, requiring him to hold Herat in the name of the British Government, and threatening the advancement thither of the British in case of his failure to do so.

General Roberts telegraphs from Cabul on the 13th instant that the enemy has been defeated on all sides, but, notwithstanding their heavy losses, parties of Afghans still remain in the neighborhood. General Roberts announced his intention to attack on the 14th inst. unless these parties disperse. The total British loss during the three days' fighting is forty-three killed, including six officers, and seventy-six wounded, of whom ten were officers.

A Bombay despatch says the Ghuznee force has been swollen by great numbers of men from the native tribes. The aggregate force opposed to us is very large. The enemy in the vicinity of Cabul numbers 12,000 men.

The 20th Madras infantry has been ordered to prepare immediately for active service in Burmah.

A Calcutta despatch says Yakoob Khan has arrived at Lahore. He will immediately proceed to Merut, where he will be detained for the present.

A Candahar telegram says it is now certain Ayoub Khan has moved out of Herat with his troops a fortnight ago, and proceeded to Urdubugh.

A despatch from Cabul says the discovery of papers at Cabul exposing Russian intrigues in Afghanistan are confirmed. The fighting near Cabul had been resumed. The Afghans have been defeated on all sides, but a portion of them still hold together, and are in correspondence with some persons in Cabul.

A BRUTAL AFFAIR.

A Montreal Man Nearly Beaten to Death on the Street.

MONTREAL, Dec. —.—A most brutal affair leaks out this morning, which may end in the death of a man named Jean Bte. Bellefeuille. The story runs that about half past one o'clock on the 10th December J. Bte. Bellefeuille was in a store kept by Mr. A. Martin on the main street in Lachine village, in company with several others, and was under the influence of liquor. He had his knife in his hand and was cutting a pipeful of tobacco. His pipe fell upon the floor, and he asked one Alphonse Blondin to pick it up. In place of doing so Blondin pushed it away with his foot. As Bellefeuille reached for the pipe Blondin kept pushing it away, and did so three or four times after his first essay. At length Bellefeuille caught hold of Blondin, and in the scuffle cut the latter's coat slightly with the knife. Nothing more was heard of the matter until Bellefeuille was on his way home in the afternoon at 5 o'clock, when, upon the main street he was met by Blondin, who struck him a terrible blow on the right eye with a skull cracker or stone, knocking his victim down. He then rushed upon him, kicked him in the body, and on the head and face in a terrible manner. He broke the poor fellow's jaw in three places, loosened all his teeth, and otherwise so harshly used him that his mouth and tongue inside was one mass of jelly. Bellefeuille was picked up and conveyed to his home, when Dr. De Coinque was sent for. He examined Bellefeuille and pronounced his life in danger. At about seven o'clock on the same night Bellefeuille's brother came to Montreal, and having lodged a complaint with the authorities, High Constable Bissionette proceeded to Lachine, had the *ante mortem* deposition of Bellefeuille taken, and came back to Montreal at twelve o'clock on the following day with Blondin in custody. Dr. Coinque says that if the inflammation does not subside Bellefeuille will die.

Blondin professed no concern as to his victim's condition, telling those about the tavern how he had done the deed. He said that every time he kicked Bellefeuille in the face the latter grunted, but was unable to help himself. When remonstrated with for leaving him upon the street to be run over, he said he did not care. He was warned that the victim might die. "Let him die and go to h—l" was his answer in French. The whole brutal business looks like a murder case for the next Queen's Bench.

THE FATE OF RED ROCK.

A Stream of Blazing Oil Down its Streets—The Whole Town Swept Away.

BRADFORD, Pa., Dec. —.—At Red Rock last evening a fire broke out at well 4, belonging to E. O. Emerson. The well had been cleaned preparatory to torpedoing, and was left open. Superintendent Nazon, of the Emerson lease, passed up with a lantern, and the gas ignited and set fire to the rig. The well was made to flow, and the oil ran down the hill to a 250-barrel tank, which caught fire. The fire next communicated with a 25,000-barrel iron tank, which was soon ablaze, and burned steadily until this morning. When the tank was burned rivers of oil flowed down the valley and the main street of Red Rock, burning the business and private houses of the entire town. Relief Committees have been formed to render aid at the Gillmor derrick and Bradford. The Mayor of Bradford telegraphed to Red Rock, "Call on us for all the help necessary." He has also telegraphed for aid to New York. The loss by the Red Rock fire will reach $200,000. The insurance is light. The rumour of loss of life is unfounded. Three hundred people are destitute. Subscriptions from all parts of the Oil Country are pouring in, reaching at this hour nearly $5,000.

A lady writes an indignant note to a contemporary, in which, with true rustic innocence, she expresses a belief that editors never go to heaven. We thought even country people knew that journalists never went anywhere. They don't get the chance. They just sit up nights thinking how to do good, until the tops of their heads wear holes through their hair.

Mr. Onell Lever, formerly M. P. for Galway, and the promoter of the Galway line of steamers to NewYork, which proved such a fiasco, has offered to buy the London Crystal Palace for £205,000, or to lease it for £40,000 yearly, payable quarterly, in advance. It is a pity it should be closed, but then Mr. Lever will hardly make it pay a dividend.

Tight boots and an accusing conscience are about equal in their ability to make a man uncomfortable.

OUR GREAT NORTHWEST.

Prof. Selwyn on the Navigation of Hudson's Bay—The Proposed Railway from Lake Winnipeg to Port Nelson.

MONTREAL, Dec. —.—Prof. Selwyn, of the Geological Survey, notwithstanding the statement of the Deputy Governor of the Hudson Bay Co., that the construction of a railway from Lake Winnipeg to Port Nelson is impracticable, is a believer not only in the practicability of the scheme, but in its importance to the export trade of the Northwest. He ridiculed the idea that the construction of the railway was a thing impracticable. The distance from Lake Winnipeg to Port Nelson is 301 miles through a very favorable country, which is extremely flat, lightly timbered, and presents no engineering obstacles. The practicability of constructing a road is, he states, beyond question. The effect would be to connect the finest grain-producing country in the world with the best market in the world. The greatest obstacle in the way of development of the Northwest Territory is the cost of transporting produce by way of the lakes, the distance from Duluth to Quebec being 1,200 miles. In course of transit the grain has to be repeatedly handled, with a corresponding increase in the cost, and, arrived at Quebec, it is still 2,600 miles from Liverpool, while the distance from Port Nelson is only 2,966 miles, the difference in an ocean passage being of very little consequence compared with the same distance on land. The question which remains to be solved is the practicability of navigating Hudson's Bay. A Government survey and the laying down of buoys and lights would, of course, be necessary. He thought it probable that in the spring more ice would be met in the Bay than is encountered on the St. Lawrence route, but thinks that this difficulty would speedily be got over by the construction of ships specially adapted for the work.

It is, he states, a popular error to imagine that there is an Arctic climate on the shores of Hudson's Bay, and regards this coast as the natural outlet for the trade of the Northwest. He does not prescribe any particular termini for the line, but there is a good harbor at Port Nelson, and the River Nelson is navigable for about 100 miles. The construction of the railway and the navigation of Hudson's Bay would lead to the development of a splendid territory, not only in the west, but round the shores of the lake, where there is a considerable quantity of lead. This question has been brought before both the late and present Governments, and the former suggested the propriety of fitting out a steamer for the exploration of Hudson's Bay, but nothing has been done up to the present.

STILL HELD IN BONDAGE

A Man Indicted in Tennessee for Keeping Girls in Slavery.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. —.—J. Birmingham, Lauderdale county, was indicted for holding two colored girls in slavery. Birmingham refused to recognize the abolition of slavery and ever since the war has claimed to own the girls. U. S. Judge Hammond quashed the indictment, holding that slavery having been abolished, there could be no slaves here and, therefore, no one could be held as a slave. This, the Judge said, is an offence not provided for by Act of Congress and not punishable by indictment in the Federal Courts. The defendant was discharged.

A FAMILY QUARREL.

Old Time Tories Angry at Losing the Loaves and Fishes.

PRESCOTT, Dec. —.—The Tory party have been somewhat taken aback since the news yesterday of the appointment of Mr. Thomas Keilty to a position in the Inland Revenue service. Mr. Keilty is credited with having bargained and sold himself out to the Tories in the contest between Wiser and Dumbrille, and received a promise of office. He was an unsuccessful applicant during the Mackenzie Administration for the position of Surveyor in the Customs here. As the result of his appointment, hard working Tories who have supported and worked for the present Government, threaten an indignation meeting in order to have the appointment reconsidered. Loud are the denunciations against Dumbrill, who, not being here to explain, is blamed for the outrage against the faithful. Dozens of life-long Conservatives state if a new election was to come on they would vote for Wiser, but, like all the threatenings in former times, these will end in the usual quieting down in a few days.

Railway Notes.

During the course of the controversy between the Credit Valley & Northern Railroad Companies relative to the question of right of way into the City of Toronto over the Ordnance lands, the latter company contended that the exclusive right had been given to them by the Ordnance authorities, and they produced some correspondence which it was claimed supported that contention. In connection with the proceedings before the Court of Chancery in Toronto it was agreed that a Commission should be sent to England to examine the records of the Ordnance Department there for such proof. It is learned that the Commission has made the investigation and returned to Canada, and reports that not the slightest trace of evidence could be found. This circumstance must have an important bearing on the result of the present litigation.

Toledo *Commercial*:—It is decided that the greater part of the Wabash freight offices will be moved to St. Louis the first part of next week.

There are now surviving five children of the late Charles Dickens. The eldest son of the great novelist bears the same name, and is the well known proprietor of *All the Year Round*. His other sons are Henry Fielding Dickens, the barrister, well known on the Eastern Circuit; and Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, now a successful sheep farmer in Australia. The daughters are Kate Dickens, wife of C. A. Collins, the author of "A Cruise Upon Wheels," and Miss Mary Dickens. Two sons are also deceased—viz., Walter Savage Landor Dickens, who died while serving as an ensign with the Forty-second Highlanders in India; and Sydney Smith Dickens, who died a lieutenant in the navy. It will be noticed that Dickens named four of his sons after writers as eminent as himself in English literature. Bulwer Lytton, indeed, was godfather to the youngest of them.

In a recent speech, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff told his constituents that in Russia, Germany and Austria he had nearly every day (Sir H. has been Government Commissioner in the East) seen soldiers struck in the face by officers. No wonder they emigrate to avoid conscription.

In telegraphing Mr. Gladstone's speech at Edinburgh no less than 224,000 words were sent to the various newspapers in the United Kingdom.

According to the Russian paper *Rasvet*, the total number of Jewish farmers in Russia is now probably upward of 100,000.

Honeysuckle.

How fair they were, my darlings twain,
Who walked adown the grassy lane
That sultry August day!
Unconscious of the gracious charm
That floated round them, arm in arm
They wandered on their way.

One wore her raven tresses low,
Close braided o'er a brow of snow,
Like some grand Roman dame.
Her's were those luminous large eyes
From whose dark depths strange gleams arise
And break in sudden flame.

Around her sister's gentler face
The brown hair rippled; tender grace
Was in her form and look,
A wild rose-color on her cheek;
Brown, loving eyes, contented, meek,
And clear as a summer brook.

I sat beneath a shady tree
And heard their laughter floating free,
Through idle, happy hours;
I saw them gather to the way
The straggling clusters, sweet and gay,
Of honeysuckle flowers.

I watched them weave their scented spoil
In eager haste, with playful toil
And laughter brimming eyes;
They twined it on my faded brow—
Ah, Heaven! I have that garland now,
A sacred, mournful prize!

Was it because they were my own,
I fancied even their lightest tone
More sweet than other sound?
Was it because I gave them birth
I thought that nowhere in God's earth
Could fairer things be found?

Was it but doting mother's love?
Or were my darlings fair above
The playmates of their time?
I know not then, nor know I now,
It is so many years ago—
They scarcely reached their prime.

But this I know, 'twixt them and me
Rolls yet the awful, tideless sea
That parts their world from this:
And well I know that where they are
There is no need of sun or star,
Nor need of mother's kiss.

But o'er my honeysuckle wreath
My wearied heart will often breathe
A prayer for those bright bowers,
Where I may see my daughters stand,
Each holding for me in her hand
Heaven's amaranthine flowers!

The Ontario Parliament Buildings—Their History.

The Toronto *Mail* publishes an interesting history of the legislative buildings of Ontario which contains a good deal of information. The first Parliament buildings were erected in Toronto when that place comprised only a collection of log huts, in 1796, on the site of what is now the old jail, near where the Don enters the Bay. These buildings consisted of two structures each 40 × 25 feet, with a space of 100 feet between. In the American raid of 1813 these buildings were fired and burned by the invaders, the archives being totally destroyed. Temporary quarters were then provided for governmental and legislative purposes in a cottage on Wellington street, this cottage subsequently becoming the property of Chief Justice Draper. In 1820 the second Parliament buildings were erected on the site of the earlier buildings. They consisted of a plain square brick block. Their size and appearance can be imagined when it is said that on their destruction by fire on December 30th, 1824, the loss was estimated at $8,000. With the building were destroyed for the second time the journals and papers of the province. Parliament then met in what is known locally as the old hospital, a two storey, unornamented red brick building, 170x60 feet, situated at the corner of John and King streets. This place was occupied by the Parliament six years, while the present buildings were being erected. The buildings were commenced immediately after the fire, in 1824, but it was not till 1830 that they were completed. The buildings were occupied that year, and in them the Parliamentary business of the province was conducted until the union of the provinces in 1840. From 1830 to 1840 the following Lieutenant Governors attended at the House to open Parliament: Sir John Colbourne, Sir Francis B. Head and Sir George Arthur. During the same period occurred the fierce party strifes which terminated in the rebellion of 1837, under the leadership of William Lyon Mackenzie. In 1840 the Union of Upper and Lower Canada was accomplished, which event was followed by the removal of the Parliament to Kingston, where it remained until 1844, when Montreal was selected as the capital. The Parliament did not remain long at the new capital, for, in 1849, the burning of the Montreal Parliament buildings led to the transference of the seat of Government to Toronto again. At this time the peregrinating system was adopted, Toronto, Quebec and Kingston being the three cities favored with the Parliamentary presence. Toronto was the city selected for the first two sessions of the peregrinating Parliament, and the buildings were accordingly refitted for the reception and accommodation of the legislators. In 1852 the Parliament was in Quebec. It was there also in 1853; and it would have been there in 1854 had it not been that the Quebec buildings suffered the same fate as did the two earlier Toronto Parliament buildings and the Montreal buildings. They were burnt during the recess and Kingston was made the temporary capital. Then in 1855 the Parliament came back to Toronto, when it was opened on February 15 by Sir Edmund Head. In 1860, the Parliament went to Quebec, and then the Toronto buildings became military barracks, in which capacity they seemed to have answered admirably; indeed, they are far better suited for military than for legislative purposes. During their military career they twice narrowly escaped the fate of the two previous legislative buildings. On the 22nd of July, 1861, the east wing caught fire and was with difficulty saved. About the same time in the following year a fire broke out in the west wing, which destroyed the entire roof and did much damage to the interior. Confederation terminated the military occupation of the buildings, for, on the appointment of a Government and the election of a Parliament to Ontario, they were required for the offices of the former and as the meeting-place of the latter. Of late the condition of the buildings has been such that large outlays have been necessary every year for repairs, and the erection of new buildings will be in fact a measure of economy, while the great advance that has taken place in the value of the present site will, combined with the fact that a new site is to be given free of charge, reduce the cost of the buildings to be erected to a reasonable amount.

Commercial and Industrial.

It is claimed that the conflict in the wheat market is limited to two leading combinations, which have their headquarters in New York.

The book debts, amounting to $22,000, of the insolvent estate of P. Grant & Co., Halifax, were sold for $725.

A writ of attachment has been issued against Matthews & Hambridge, planing mill, Simcoe.

The firm of Hardy & How, clothing, Stratford has been dissolved, Mr. Hardy retiring. The present style is T. M. How & Co.

The average yield of grain in the United States is only 13 bushels to the acre, while that of Manitoba is more than double that amount.

James Stobie, manager of the Desert Lake iron mine, Algoma, has made a fresh discovery, said to be valuable.

ISAAC ROSEBUSH,
Model Maker and Sewing-Machine Repairer.

The undersigned is prepared to execute repairing, model making, and

Jobwork of All Kinds,

on short notice and at reasonable rates.

A good stock of Sewing-Machines on hand, which will be sold on easy terms.

SHOP—At the corner of Front street and the Frankford road, Stirling.

ISAAC ROSEBUSH.

Who would be without a DRESS when Parker & Hewat are selling lovely Cashmeres (all colors) for 20c. per yard?

Who would freeze when he could get an ULSTER at Parker & Hewat's for $7?

Who would go without BOOTS when they can get any kind they want at Parker & Hewat's?

Who wouldn't be glad "to be made happy" at Parker & Hewat's? And

Who's your Tailor?

Stirling House Space.

Too much business to write advertisements.

A. G. SCOTT, Proprietor.

GEO. SEELEY

has just received a new stock of

Groceries and Liquors,

including

Teas, Sugars, Tobaccos, Coffee, Vinegar, Coal Oil, etc.

OYSTERS!

XXX, Diamond, Standard, Continental, and all other brands, can be had as cheap as any house in town. Call in and see my FIFTY-CENT TEA.

HARNESS.

THOS. McKEE

keeps always on hand a full assortment of Single and Double Harness, and guarantees all work to give satisfaction. Special attention to Hame Collars. All orders promptly filled. Good workmen and first-class stock. Also, a full assortment of

WHIPS, COMBS, BRUSHES, ETC.

Parties wishing to purchase will do well to call and examine stock.

The old stand, Mill street, Stirling.

STIRLING
Steam Cabinet Factory!

WM. MARTIN,

having fitted up his factory with the most improved machinery, is prepared to manufacture all kinds of

CABINET-WARE

of the latest designs and best material, and at prices that defy competition in the county. Having purchased

A NEW HEARSE

he is now prepared to furnish funerals in the most elegant styles and on the shortest notice, at as low rates as can be found elsewhere.

THE VICTORY IS WON!

We have now

CHEAP GOODS

A new assortment of

Lamps, Vases and Toilet Sets,

which for quality and price cannot be excelled. A large quantity of

COAL OIL,

Very cheap for cash.

Faulkner & Youker's.

Card of Thanks.

Stirling, October 1st, 1879.

Andrew Glass, Esq.

Dear Sir—We beg, through you, to thank the National Insurance Company, of Montreal, for the honorable and prompt manner in which they settled our claims for losses occasioned by the late fires in Stirling.

We are, dear sir, respectfully yours,

DAVID WHITE,
R. M. PENNOCK.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The undersigned has on hand the largest stock of boots and shoes in Stirling. All kinds of

Men's, Women's & Children's Wear

in coarse and fine.

Custom Work

a specialty, in which department orders will receive prompt attention.

W. S. MARTIN.

Mill street, Stirling.

W. GIRDWOOD,
Carriage & Wagon Maker, General Jobber, etc.

Light and heavy work of all kinds done in first-class style. A full assortment of

BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS AND PHAETONS

on hand, which will be sold on terms advantageous to the purchaser.

Orders in repairing filled with promptness.

Front street, Stirling.

Who keeps the most fashionable

MILLINERY

in town?

R. P. FIDLAR.

Who sells the most fashionable and

Cheapest Mantles

in Stirling?

R. P. FIDLAR.

Who sells yard-wide

WINCEY

worth 20c. for 12½c. per yard?

R. P. FIDLAR.

P.S.—Clouds and Mufflers at Cost.

IF YOU WANT A

Good Photograph

CABINET OR ENLARGEMENT,

OR TINTYPE

Call at the

STIRLING PHOTO. GALLERY.

Photographs, $1.50 per dozen.
Cabinets, $3 per dozen.
Enlargements, $1.
Two Tintypes for 40c.

FRAMES of all kinds kept on hand cheap.

ARNOLD WELLMAN.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JAMES S. SPRAGUE, M.D.,
LICENTIATE AND MEMBER College of Physicians and Surgeons.

GEO. E. BULL,
CLERK 5TH DIVISION COURT, Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Land Agent, Commissioner in B.R. Money to loan. Stirling, Ont.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary Public, etc., Stirling. Money to lend.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER. — HAIRDRESSING, Shaving, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Mill street, third door from North.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
FRONT STREET, STIRLING—A. McWILLIAMS, proprietor. First-class house, and charges moderate.

NOTICE. Parties interested will please notice that the VILLAGE COUNCIL meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock p.m.

F. P. PARKER, Clerk.

Strayed Cattle.

Came into the premises of the subscriber, lot 14, concession 11, Rawdon, about the 1st of November, two yearling Heifers, one all red, and the other red and white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.

JAMES McCOMB.

CASH FOR WHEAT!

The undersigned will pay the highest market price for Good, Clean, Plump Wheat, delivered at the TRENT RIVER MILLS.

D. MORGAN.

GOODMURPHY'S

Stirling Livery!

Opposite Scott's hotel. First-class rigs. Commercial men served at shortest notice. If advised by telegraph will meet parties stopping off at junction of G.T. and N.H. railways.

J. H. WILLIAMSON, Lessee.

W. W. SMITH,
Watchmaker and Jeweller,

keeps constantly on hand and for sale

Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Spectacles, Etc.

All repairing in the above lines done in the best manner and on short notice.

ROBT. B. JONES,
Horse-shoer & Jobbing Blacksmith.

First-class work done in horse-shoeing. Particular attention paid to interfering horses, and those lamed by bad shoeing. Interfering or contracted feet cured after one or two shoeings. Jobwork of every description done on the shortest notice and in the neatest style.

Front street, Stirling, opposite Dr. Parker's.

CHEAP PUMPS.

The undersigned is prepared to furnish the cheapest and best Pumps in the market, all styles,

With or Without Iron Lining.

Prompt attention given to all

REPAIRING!

A call solicited.

Factory—Opposite Flint & Jellett's block Stirling, Ont.

AUSTIN SAYLOR.

$20000 TO LOAN

On Mortgage Security.

Apply to

GEO. A. SKINNER,

Solicitor, etc., Stirling.

IRA WILLIAMS

Has opened a Large Stock of

LADIES' MANTLES

In the latest styles, from $2.50 upwards. Also, Gents', Youths' and Boys'

Overcoats and Ulsters!

From $5 upwards.

Together with all articles and notions usually kept in a general store.

MILLINERY,

Comprising New Styles, New Colors, Novelties of the Season.

Any article in stock sold cheap for cash. Orders executed promptly.

BRITISH WAREHOUSE

STIRLING.

Holiday Presents!

Autograph Albums!

Stevengraph Silk-Woven Perfumed Satchets,

With verses suitable for Christmas, New Year, Love and Friendship presents, in great variety, for sale cheap at

DR. BOULTER'S.

CALL FOR THE GREAT

Sierra Nevada Smoking!

At James McKee's grocery store, one of the most delicious aromas ever smoked. Cures Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Bronchial Complaints. Singers and Speakers use it successfully.

M. L. SMITH, Arkona, Ont.

PROSPECTUS
—OF—
The Stirling NEWS-ARGUS.

The subscriber feels the utmost confidence in undertaking the task of publishing a newspaper in the village of Stirling, having had upwards of thirteen years experience of newspaper life in one capacity or another, and having been for some time back at the head of one of the best local newspapers in the province; having thorough control over both the editorial and mechanical branches of the calling, intending patrons may look for a sheet that will be at once a credit to the place and a welcome visitor to their firesides.

The village of Stirling is an important factor in one of the finest agricultural sections of the Dominion, and while THE NEWS-ARGUS will issue from there, it will at the same time record the local proceedings of all parts of the county of Hastings, and will give the items of interest as they occur throughout the two ridings. To this end a corps of regular correspondents will be established at the different points at as early a date as possible, who will forward the news of their several particular localities just previous to going to press each week; besides which a more general summary of the news of the district will be carefully compiled from the columns of local exchanges.

The paper will be open to correspondence on all legitimate subjects, which must be discussed in a proper spirit, no personalities employed, and the real name of the author of any letter must be made known to the editor as a guarantee of good faith, and as a measure of protection. This rule is imperative in all cases.

The minutes of the municipal councils will be published, as also reports of all meetings, etc., of any local interest; a carefully selected miscellany will be given, and editorial matter on current events; but politics will be carefully eschewed.

A report of the markets most interesting to the farmer will be given, properly corrected each week, which may be relied on for all practical purposes.

The paper being only weekly, and strictly local in its nature, special attention will be given to home news; and while a synopsis of Canadian and foreign news will be given, it will not assume to be—what no country weekly can possibly be—a *newspaper* in the widest and provincial sense of the term. Believing that a local paper should make a specialty of local affairs, we will leave the city dailies their own functions to perform in giving in minute detail the passing events of the great world at large.

Owing to the central nature of the place of publication, there being no other paper published within a radius of sixteen miles, and the consequent large subscription list that may be expected, THE NEWS-ARGUS will be a valuable medium through which advertisers, both home and foreign, may reach their customers, or find new ones among the intelligent and well-to-do farming population of the central and northern parts of the county of Hastings.

The advertising rates are as follows: For yearly contracts of one-fourth column, or any less space down to two inches, 9 cents per inch each insertion; one-half column, or any less space down to one-fourth column, 8 cents per inch each insertion; whole column, or any less space down to one-half column, 7 cents per inch each insertion (a column measures 22 inches); two inches, $10 per year; one inch, $6 per year; business cards, limited to six lines of nonpareil, or one-half inch, $4 per year. An increase of one cent per inch each insertion will be charged on advertisements inserted for six months, and a further increase of one cent per inch on those inserted for only three months. The foregoing applies only to contract or standing business advertisements.

Transient advertisements of all kinds will be charged the usual rate of eight cents per line for the first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Births, marriages and deaths will be inserted without charge.

The subscription price of THE NEWS-ARGUS has been placed at the lowest remunerative figure of $1.50 per annum, postage prepaid in all cases by the publisher; those paying in advance, however, will receive the paper at the reduced sum of $1.25 per annum

The office is fitted up for the execution of all manner of Job Printing, which will be made a specialty. Poster, card, circular, commercial and book work executed in the neatest styles and on the shortest notice. Orders by mail in this, as well as in the advertisement and subscription departments, will be promptly attended to.

It is with no hesitation that we launch our bark on the troubled sea of journalism. The field has been well viewed, the probabilites carefully weighed, and the wants of the community considered from every standpoint; we know from experience our ability to produce a paper pleasing to the popular taste, and at the same time free from any taint of immoral or vicious tendencies; and it is our fixed determination to deserve success by standing firm at the helm, leaving the verdict in the hands of those on whom we depend for that support without which no venture can succeed.

The paper will be issued every Friday morning. The office of publication is on North street, Stirling, first door north of Dr. Parker's drug store.

JOHN H. THOMPSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

The Stirling News-Argus

IS PUBLISHED

Every Friday Morning

At the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Dr. Parker's drug store, by

JOHN H. THOMPSON.

Subscription Price, $1.50 per year.

Those paying in advance will receive the paper at the reduced rate of $1.25 per year.

New Advertisements This Week.

Strayed—Robert Bonar.
To the Farmers—Daniel Morgan.
Settle Up—Chas. Craige & Bros.

The News-Argus.

STIRLING, FRIDAY, DEC'R 26, 1879.

District Happenings.

THE COUNTY TOWN.

From our own correspondent.

Coal has advanced to $5.50 per ton, and, judging from the present state of the market, is likely to raise still higher. In Montreal it is $8.

Dr. J. Richmond, arrested here and tried in Napanee for practicing without a license, was fined $25.

The English language not being sufficiently expressive or comprehensive, our Yankee cousins over the way have introduced in the press circle a new word, "disgruntled," standing in lieu of "chagrinned." It cannot be patented in this country, nor is there any charge made for its use, for had such been the case it would never have graced the columns of a local daily.

At the last meeting of the board of education, a report was adopted recommending that the principal of the high school be instructed to procure the names of those male pupils desirous of enrolling themselves in a military company. It is a commendable move, both from a military and sanitary view, for a more healthful exercise could not be introduced. Should a corps be organized its success is assured, for the school posesses the material for as fine a body of warriors "brave and bold" as the province can produce. If the system is adopted through the country, our school-boys alone will be able to repel the next Fenian invasion.

Last week a pigeon-shoot took place between two companies of five each, led respectively by Mr. Geo. Hoggard, of the Anglo-American, and Mr. G. Brown, of the Hastings house. The score was 98 for the former and 129 for the latter. Mr. Brown bore his triumph becomingly, and entertained his rivals to a well prepared supper.

A public meeting was recently held at Marsh Hill to consider the practicability of raising the sugar beet in that section. The subject received favorable consideration from attending agriculturists. The prospects of the vegetable being cultivated for the manufacture of sugar are encouraging. Should the undertaking prove successful, a rich and well paying industry may be developed in our midst. The only drawback is the uncertainty as to the adaptation of the climate. The possibility of the speculation will not be satisfactorily known until a fair trial has been made.

A conversazione was given by the mechanics' institute last Thursday evening. The attendance was small, which does not reflect much credit on the citizens, as it shows an unwarranted carelessness and indifference to the promotion of an institution so beneficial to the city—especially the young men. Facilities are here offered for the profitable spending of an evening by reading the best literature and periodicals in circulation, while were this place not at their disposal they might squander their valuable time in haunts which tend to degrade rather than elevate. The programme was an excellent one, the first part being of a literary character, in which the best local talent participated. The concluding part consisted of a gymnastic exhibition given by a class under the tuition of Mr. Goodwin, which well sustained his reputation as a trainer. This class was recently formed, and the feats they performed on the parallel and horizontal bars, as well as the trapeze, exhibited remarkable aptitude on the part of the scholars. The entertainment gave extreme satisfaction to the limited number present.

The ferry *Mary Ethel* ceased running Thursday, 18th, and went into winter quarters. She has proved her good qualities as an ice-breaker during the recent frosty weather by breaking her passage through ice strong enough to hold heavy men. She is the style of boat that has long been needed in this section.

An ice bridge is now formed across the bay, with sufficient strength to allow of travel without any restriction whatever. On Friday last a venturesome individual made an attempt to effect a crossing with a single horse, but the animal broke through, and was rescued with difficulty. This cooled the owner's ambition to be the first man to cross this season, and he abandoned the enterprise. The following day, however, the crossing was considered safe, and a good many came over with double teams drawing loads of considerable weight, and no accidents were reported. Since then the ice has thickened, and communication is kept up at will. As a consequence, trade in the city has improved materially.

During the last week the market has been very large. Tuesday and Thursday it was equal to that of many Saturdays previous, but on the 20th inst. it was the market of the season. The supply was so large that it would immediately cause one to enquire whence it all came. There was a considerable advance in poultry and meat. Otherwise there were but slight alterations in the general prices of produce.

Mr. G. S. Tickell, furniture manufacturer, gave his employees an oyster supper at Hambly's last week. The spread was all that could be desired. After the board had been cleared, toasts were proposed and responded to till after midnight. The best of feeling exists between employer and employees, and the result was an evening of genial sociability was spent, in which all had a personal share.

A train came down the Grand Junction the other day at a time when the market was most crowded, and caused no small disturbance among horses near the track. The commotion had the effect of clearing the market of buyers in a remarkably short space of time, but on peace and order being restored the episode was soon forgotten.

Owing to recent snow-falls, sleighing has been made first-class in the city and surrounding country, and once more the land gives forth the sound of the merry sleigh-bells. The heart of the average small boy, now out for his holidays, is full of joy, while the streets in their turn are full of small boy.

As is generally the case on the last Saturday before Christmas, the streets were thronged with people from the surrounding country, all hurrying to and fro, making active preparations for the greatest festive day of the year. Merchants generally did a good trade, and looked happy and contented. Several windows were tastefully decorated with holiday goods, which formed centres of attraction for the juvenile portion of the community.

The decision in the West Hastings election trial is reserved until the 29th inst.

Most people are good-humored and pleasant this time of the year, but the common herd are at a discount when compared to the candidate for municipal honors. He is out at break of day, and smiles most graciously until the shades of night conceal his beaming countenance. Not content with that, they grow affectionate, and kiss all the babies they come in contact with—they don't always stop at babies—and deal out human sympathies without restraint. This class is now in full bloom, with additional blossoms at short intervals.

Since the recent snow-fall the sidewalks in the city have been in a bad state for pedestrial locomotion. In one instance we noticed a promising young man with a number of parcels under his arm perambulating a principal street with the air of one who felt assured he would be the last mortal elected to capsize. As he was smiling sweetly at the misfortune of a fellow-creature his foot suddenly slipped from under him. Instead of going down on his knees quietly like a sensible being, he endeavored to keep his equilibrium. First he spun around five times, dropped all of the parcels, made a fool of himself generally, clutched madly at nothing, threw his feet heavenward, and lit gently on the back of his head.

On Saturday last, as Mr. Robert McDavid was transacting some business at Canifton, his team of horses became loosed from their fastenings and started for home at full speed. They had covered over half the distance, and had reached that part of the Madoc road beyond Ross' Corners bordered by the government ditch, when by some means the horses ran in the ditch, which was full of water. When the owner arrived both were dead. The loss is serious, as they were a valuable team.

Sunday evening about six o'clock fire was discovered in a dwelling occupied by Mr. Leclare, a Grand Trunk employee, which was entirely consumed. The fire originated from a defective chimney. An extra amount of "firing up" was necessary, owing to the extreme cold. The unfortunate occupant recently met with an accident on the road which disabled him. That, coupled with this last calamity, leaves his family quite destitute. The house was owned by Cornelius Donovan, and was insured for $150.

Recent developments show that the silks stolen from R. Costello's store were recovered the Monday following the robbery. The thieves secreted their booty in Mr. B. Pringle's sash and blind factory. The news of their recovery was kept quiet in hopes of the depositors returning for their hidden bonanza, when they would have been nabbed, as watch was kept night and day. The matter leaked out and received publicity.

A call was issued by the John-street church to Rev. David Mitchell, on Monday, to fill the vacancy caused by Rev. John Burton accepting a call to Toronto.

The market on Tuesday was very large compared with those of the same day in the past, but was nothing to be compared with that of Saturday. Poultry was there in superabundance, and brought a moderately low figure. The wood market was well filled, prices ranging from $1.75 to $3.25 per load, according to quality.

At last St. Thomas church is undergoing the finishing touches preparatory to being opened on Sunday, 28th inst. On the following evening an organ recital will be given under the management of Prof. Hy. Whish, late of Belleville.

At four o'clock Tuesday morning officer Cook discovered fire in the Centre block, and immediately gave the alarm. The flames were in the passage of the third flat, and had a good start before the engines got to work, and succeeded in damaging the upper portion of the building to a considerable amount. The goods and effects of several stores, offices, etc., were damaged, but it is estimated the losses are covered by insurance. The ground flat is occupied by Mr. Hovey, grocer, R. Toy stationer, and W. R. McRae, grocer. The stocks of the two former were ruined by water; the latter escaped with slight damages. The property is owned by Mrs. James Ross. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

WEST RAWDON.

From our own correspondent.

Through the township there are a number of farmers who keep dogs that are in the habit of running out on the road and attacking vehicles that pass by, frightening teams and endangering the limbs and lives of travellers. This is not as it should be. There may be accidents from this cause yet, and somebody will have to foot the bill. It is high time the nuisance was abated.

He cometh and goeth, and the second time he does not come alone; he is no respector of persons—nor chattles, either; he quietly asks every one who has got anything to pay their taxes. A fine man to meet with in these dull days is the tax collector. Take warning—go quietly and settle that little bill.

SPRINGBROOK.

From our own correspondent.

Mr. Nathan Clark has kindly furnished the following facts and figures relative to the operations of Springbrook cheese factory for the year 1879: The total amount of milk taken to the factory was 1,045,109 pounds, from which was made 113,237 pounds of cured cheese, giving an average for the season of 9.22 pounds of milk to one pound of cheese. The best average for one day's make was on the 1st November, 5.92. The season's average would have been even better but for the fact that, owing to the low price of cheese, quite a number kept their milk at home through the fall. The officers for the ensuing year are Mr. Nathan Clark, president; Mr. Robert Thompson, Mr. McMaster, Mr. Wm. Simpson, and Mr. Bidwell Sine, directors. Mr. W. H. Thompson has been the cheese-maker for the past two years, and is re-engaged.

One evening last week a beardless youth stepped into McWilliams' hotel, in this place, and wanted whiskey on credit. On being refused a row ensued, in which the valorous youth attacked Mrs. McWilliams, handling her very roughly. He had to be forcibly ejected from the premises. It strikes me the proper way to deal with such youthful miscreants would be to take them before a magistrate, and let him administer a quietus in the shape of a fine, or a term of imprisonment at hard labor.

CHISHOLM'S RAPIDS.

From our own correspondent.

The school entertainment on Tuesday evening last was an entire success. The crowd began to gather about six o'clock, and by seven the house was crowded. Mr. G. M. Yerex, teacher of Sager's Corners school, occupied the chair. The affair passed off quietly, with no disturbance worthy of mention. Great credit should be given to the teacher, Miss Drusilla Pettey, and others, for the attention paid to the small children, especially in vocal music and motions. The meeting closed shortly after ten o'clock, the amount realized being upward of $15.

The trustees have engaged Miss Pettey for another year. She is now away home, enjoying the vacation among her friends and acquaintances.

The anniversary of Carmel M.E. church will take place on the 18th of January, and the tea-meeting on the night following.

Letters from Readers.

It is to be distinctly understood that the opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless accompanied by the real name of the author.

THE OLD BURYING GROUND IN STIRLING.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

DEAR SIR—I notice an article in your last week's issue in reference to the old burying ground, giving the authorities and clergy some pretty hard rubs. Now, sir, in the first place, the fence has *not* been undermined by the authorities, nor by their instructions; secondly, the council have no power to tax the corporation to build a fence around your correspondent's friends. If the writer of that letter feels so very bad about his friends, he should remove them, and not blame other folks for what he should do himself. We have a cemetery, and any one that feels so disposed can, for a small sum, purchase a plot, and bury his friends where they will not be trampled on by "the beasts that roam over the plain."

A COUNCILLOR.

Stirling, December 23, 1876.

BIRTHS.

In Rawdon, 20th inst., the wife of Ira Sine, of a son.

In Rawdon, 25th inst., the wife of James Somers, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

In Huntingdon, 10th inst., by Rev. J. W. Savage, Mr. Wm. Hawkins and Miss Ida Sills, both of that township.

At Warkworth, 10th inst., Mr. Robert Graham and Miss Rhoda Grills, both of Seymour.

DEATHS.

At Belleville, 17th inst., Mrs. David Gow, aged 20 years.

PRODUCE MARKETS.

	STIRLING.	BELLEVILLE.	MADOC.	CAMPBELLF'D.
Flour, per bbl.,	$6 00 to $6 50	$6 00 to $6 50	$6 50 to $0 00	$0 00 to $6 50
Fall wheat, per bushel,	1 20 to 1 26	1 20 to 1 25	0 00 to 1 25	0 00 to 1 25
Spring "	0 00 to 1 20	1 20 to 1 25		0 00 to 1 22
Barley, "	0 55 to 0 60	0 50 to 0 60	0 48 to 0 50	0 00 to 0 55
Rye, "	0 00 to 0 73	0 00 to 0 78	0 00 to 0 60	0 00 to 0 65
Oats, "	0 35 to 0 40	0 35 to 0 38	0 00 to 0 36	0 00 to 0 30
Peas, "	0 55 to 0 60	0 60 to 0 66	0 00 to 0 55	0 00 to 0 62
Butter, roll, per lb.	0 16 to 0 20	0 18 to 0 20	0 00 to 0 16	0 00 to 0 18
tub	0 14 to 0 17	0 16 to 0 17		
Eggs,	0 15 to 0 18	0 15 to 0 20	0 00 to 0 15	0 00 to 0 15
Wool,	0 00 to 0 00	0 00 to 0 25		0 00 to 0 25
Lard,	0 08 to 0 10	0 08 to 0 10		0 08 to 0 10
Potatoes, per bag	0 00 to 0 75	0 70 to 0 75	0 00 to 0 45	0 55 to 0 60
Hay,	0 00 to 7 00	6 00 to 6 50		0 00 to 7 00
Hides,	7 00 to 8 00	8 00 to 8 50	0 00 to 7 00	
Sheepskins,	0 75 to 1 00	1 20 to 1 40		
Hams,	0 09 to 0 11	0 09 to 0 11		
Chickens,	0 20 to 0 25	0 20 to 0 30		

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Strayed.

Came into the enclosure of the subscriber, lot 6, 2nd con., township of Belmont, on the 2nd Dec. inst., a DARK RED COW. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

ROBERT BONAR.

December 22, 1879.

To the Farmers.

It must be remembered that my mill has a

Full Supply of Water at all times in the Year,

and as I have added all the new improvements for both

CLEANING AND BOLTING,

I am prepared to do the very best of work. An experienced first-class Miller in charge. Satisfaction guaranteed, both in quantity and quality, to all who may favor me with a call.

I have also doubled the capacity of my

SAW-MILL,

and am prepared to do sawing with despatch. General satisfaction given to all who may favor me with a call.

DANIEL MORGAN,
Chisholm's Rapids, December, 1879.

HOME MATTERS.

WE WISH EACH AND ALL OF OUR READERS A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We are indebted to Mr. W. Mackintosh, inspector, for the report of the examination at Madoc, published this week, who will please accept our thanks for the same.

PERSONAL.—Mr. J. Ackers, of the customs department, Ottawa, is at present on a visit to his home in Stirling.——Mr. J. D. Bisnett, who is studying at Queen's college, Kingston, is also at home enjoying his vacation.

BETHEL M. E. ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary services of Bethel M. E. church were held on Sunday last, as per announcement. At the tea-meeting on Monday evening, $75 was taken in at the door, besides which $150 was raised by subscription to liquidate a debt remaining on the chapel. The whole event was a grand success.

MORE WHISKEY FRUIT.—Of course Christmas could not pass off without a drunken brawl of some kind. This time it was on front street, and a half drunken crowd watched two men rolling in the street. One of them, we are informed, was sober, and endeavored to refrain from a row, but the other was bound to make a fuss, and as a result got the worst of it.

RUNAWAY.—On Tuesday last a team belonging to Mr. Hugh Morton, of Rawdon, became frightened at the one o'clock whistle on the factory, and started off towards the Oak Hills. They were attached to a wood wagon, on the rack of which was a cutter, the cutter being pitched off at the turn opposite Mr. Thurber's residence. Mr. T. H. Bradley followed up the runaways, and it was found they had gone only about a mile, no damage resulting.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.—It was feared that Christmas this year would have to be enjoyed without sleighing, as the snow was fast disappearing the fore part of the week; but Mr. J. Frost came to the rescue on Wednesday night, just in the nick of time, and ensured sleighing by congealing what was left of "the beautiful." As a result, the merry Christmas bells were heard jingling all day yesterday as the youth and beauty of the section were whirled to and fro.

L.O.L. No. 509, RAWDON.—The following are the officers for the above lodge, duly elected and installed for the ensuing year: J. T. Belshaw, W.M. Edward Tanner, D.M., re-elected; W. B Tanner, secretary; W. H. Jeffries, treasurer; Paul Kingston, chaplain; John Tanner, D. of C.; committee, James Cook, John Jeffries, Samuel Tanner J. R. Preston, James Bateman; Thomas Tanner, standard bearer. The regular meeting is held on the first Monday of each month.

M. E. CHRISTMAS TREE.—The Christmas tree entertainment of the M. E. Sunday-school, Stirling, came off, as advertised, on Christmas eve, the church being crowded. Upward of $30 was taken in at the door. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Gray and Dowling, Rev. Mr. Marsh occupying the chair. Besides the addresses there was quite a programme carried out, the young people being the preformers. On the tree were over three hundred articles, which it took some time to distribute.

NEEDLESSLY ALARMED.—On Wednesday evening last, when the Grand Junction train arrived at the B. & N. H. junction, the brakeman was missed from the train. Fearing some mishap had befallen him, the conductor despatched a gang of section men, with a lorry, back over the track to search for the lost hand. They saw or heard nothing of him until reaching the station at Belleville, where he was discovered safe and sound, having been left behind by the train while busy at some duties.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—The Christmas examination of the school in section No. 6, Rawdon, was held on Friday last. About seventy visitors were present. The room was nicely decorated, the most conspicuous features being two appropriate mottoes, "Knowledge is power," and "Hail, friends." As the various classes were called, they acquitted themselves with great credit to their teacher, Miss Mosher. After the school was closed Mr. David Sine was chosen chairman, and an entertainment was given by the pupils, consisting of readings, recitations and dialogues. The parents are all well pleased with the teacher, and regret that she is going to leave the school.

A FALSE INSINUATION.—Last Monday's *Ontario* had a story of "a country newspaper, not a thousand miles from Belleville," which rehashes the contents of the Belleville dailies, and prints the news thus obtained as "from our own correspondent." As THE NEWS-ARGUS is the only paper within a thousand miles of the county town that really has a wide-awake special correspondent thereof course the *Ontario* refers to it. Our brotherly brother is mistaken all the same; but, as he has a libel suit on hand just now, through having said naughty and untruthful things about a Stirling man, and naturally feels rather peevish ever it, we will not be cross about the mean and false little insinuation.

SETTLE UP!—All notes and accounts due Chas. Craige, and all accounts and notes due the firm of Chas. Craige & Brother, to December 1st, 1879, will be found with Chas. Craige at his office in his new premises, Stirling. All open accounts up to that date, and all overdue notes, that are not settled immediately, will be placed in court for collection without reserve of any kind.

PIGEON-SHOOT.—A pigeon-shoot took place on Christmas, the contestants being Messrs. Boldrick, Mitchell, Sutherland and Thurber. There were thirty-six birds in all. In the first round, of five birds each, Mitchell killed five, Boldrick four, Sutherland three, Thurber one. In the second round, four birds each, Mitchell killed four, Boldrick three, Sutherland two, Thurber two. Total, out of nine birds each, Mitchell nine, Boldrick seven, Sutherland five, Thurber three.

MUNICIPAL MATTERS.—Next Monday is the day for municipal nominations to take place, and the aspirants have been busy furbishing up their armor for some time. This has been done very quietly, though, in this section, and not until the nominations have been declared closed will the electors know who they really have before them. In Rawdon there are five in the field for councillors, being Messrs. J. B. Russell, John Bateman, jr., J. McCaw, jr., Jas. Duncan and Calvin Williams, the old council and two new candidates. Mr. Cook retires from the reeveship, which will be contested by Messrs. Paul Kingston and Thos. Walker, the latter gentleman having but lately entered the field in response to a largely signed petition presented to him. For deputy reeve there are Jas. Montgomery, the present incumbent, and John Jeffrey. In Stirling the reeveship is likely to be sturdily contested by two medical gentlemen, Dr. Parker, the present reeve, and Dr. Faulkner. Little has been said as to councillors, and there will probably be no opposition.

THE SAGER'S SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.—The entertainment held in Sager's school-house—No. 19, Sidney—came off on Friday evening last, and if a good attendance is an earnest of success, then Mr. Yerex must have been more than satisfied with the result, for the house was literally packed, there being not even standing room left. The programme was large, well selected, and faithfully carried out—except in the case of a few Stirling amateurs, who failed to connect. Mr. H. G. Parker, teacher, Marsh Hill, acted as chairman. It is needless to particularize any of the selections, for all the performers did well. We might, however, mention Miss Josephine Finn, David Sager and Mr. McPhail, teacher, as being especially deserving of praise for their beautiful and pathetic recitations, so feelingly rendered. The former little lady needs but practice and training to make her an elocutionist of no mean order. The proceeds of the evening amounted to $21, to be used in purchasing prizes for the school.

Public School Promotion Examination, North Hastings.

In accordance with a purpose announced some time ago by the inspector of schools for North Hastings, an examination of candidates for promotion to the fifth class in public schools was held at Madoc on December 16th and 17th.

The papers upon which the candidates were examined were those set for examination for admission to high schools (a supply of which was kindly furnished by the minister of education), and the regulations which have been prescribed by the education department for that examination were strictly adhered to in every particular.

Fifty one pupils from public schools in Stirling, Madoc, Rawdon, Elzivir and Madoc township were examined, and of these twenty-seven were successful.

In the examination of the papers the inspector was aided by Mr. F. E. Seymour, Rev. D. Wishart, Mr. E. Sutherland, master of Stirling school, Mr. Geo. Kirk, master of Madoc school, and Mr. Fuller, teacher in section No. 6, Madoc township. None of the teachers mentioned examined his own pupils' papers.

To pass it was necessary to obtain one-third of the marks given for each subject, one-half of the marks given for the parsing questions on the government paper, and one-half of the total marks (560) assigned to all the subjects.

In valuing the answers on grammar, geography and composition, one mark was deducted for each error in spelling.

The examination will be held half-yearly. To the successful candidates (whose names, arranged in order of merit, are given below) certificates will be granted by the inspector.

			MARKS
1	Calvin Martin,	Stirling public school,	485
2	Frank Parker,	" "	474
3	Helen Brown,	Madoc "	428
4	Willie Cross,	" "	425
5	Harry O'Flynn,	" "	418
6	Eliza Tivey,	" "	409
7	W. L. Smith,	Stirling "	401
8	Matilda Brown,	Madoc "	391
9	John W. Peters,	" "	383
10	Emily Parker,	Stirling "	382
11	Addie Weart,	Best's school, Madoc,	363
12	Lizzie Moore,	Madoc public school,	362
13	Jessie Wright,	" "	353
14	Bertie Martin,	" "	349
15	Isabel Breakell,	" "	347
16	Helen Tivey,	Jordan (Tudor) "	340
17	Maggie Parsons,	Madoc "	
18	Isabella McIlmoy,	Best's, Madoc,	328
19	Victoria Whytock,	Madoc pub.sch.,	
20	Matilda Wright,	Stirling "	325
21	Addie Chisholm,	" "	322
22	Crozier Moore,	Madoc "	316
23	Ida White,	" "	305
24	F. Thompson,	Queensboro' "	294
25	Almira Moore,	Burris' school, Madoc,	293
26	Mary Ann Todd,	7th con., Rawdon,	289
27	Robert Simmons,	Madoc pub. school,	281

Why should we chill or reeze, when Clothing is so cheap at Boldrick's? You can buy for $3.50 a good warm pair of winter Pants. You can buy a respectable coat for from $5.50 to $7.50. Every one should see them. The very poor and destitute will have their wants supplied free.

JAS. BOLDRICK'S.

Removal of Stoves and Tinware

To Craige Bros.' New Block!

H. & J. WARREN

Have removed their entire stock of Stoves and Tinware to Craige Bros.' new block, and in addition to their old stock have ordered a large and well selected stock of New Goods to suit the Holidays, all of which will be sold Cheap for Cash.

Hot Air Furnaces, Roofing and Eavetroughing. General Jobbing done on Shortest Notice.

TO FARMERS.

You can send your milk clean to the cheese factory by using one of

Ryan's Patent Milk & Liquid Strainers.

Having purchased the right for the county of Hastings to manufacture and sell, we are now prepared to take and fill orders for this much needed article for straining milk.

N.B.—All accounts due H. Warren or H. & J. Warren are required to be settled at once.

If you wish to begin the New Year well, you could not do better than to subscribe for THE NEWS-ARGUS, only $1 50 per year--$1.25 if paid in advance. Subscribe for it for your friends at a distance, and make them happy by being weekly reminded of home. If you do not think it is worth the money, try it for THREE MONTHS for 35c. Call at the office and get a parcel of Sample Copies free of charge.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!

CHAS. CRAIGE & BROS.,

Having REMOVED TO THEIR NEW STORE, are now engaged opening up one of the Finest Stocks of Goods ever shown in Stirling. The stock of

DRY GOODS

Is very complete. Blankets, Flannels, Cottons, Dress Goods, and all the Latest Novelties in Clouds, Scarfs, Fancy Goods, etc. The

TAILORING DEPARTMENT

In charge of Mr. FRED. WARD, will be found complete. All the newest patterns in Canadian, Scotch and English Tweeds, Worsted Coatings, Ulster and Beaver Overcoatings. A perfect fit guaranteed.

BOOTS & SHOES

In all styles. Ladies' and Gents' Overshoes and Rubbers. A full stock of

FRESH GROCERIES.

The stock of Shelf and Heavy

Hardware, Bar Iron, etc.,

Will be found very large and well assorted.

The whole stock being new, and having been bought before the recent heavy advance in prices, and on the most favorable terms, intending purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine the goods and prices.

CHAS. CRAIGE & BROS.

Stirling, Dec. 5, 1879.

H. G. THURBER,

dealer in

GROCERIES

of all kinds,

Wines and Liquors, Flour, Pork, Salt, Baskets, Stoneware,

and all articles usually found in a grocery store.

North side Mill street, Stirling.

HARNESS AND SADDLERY.

The undersigned, having secured the services of Mr. John Gallagher, is prepared to do all work entrusted to him in first-class style.

JOBBING AND REPAIRING

done on the shortest notice. A full assortment of

Whips, Lashes & Brushes

always on hand.

Stand—Front street, Stirling, opposite Dr. Parker's drug store.

PHILIP CONLEY.

R. FINCH,

Manufacturer of

BOOTS & SHOES,

Mill street, Stirling.

Work done in the latest styles, and of the best material.

ALL HAND WORK,

and Warranted to give satisfaction. ☞ Repairs neatly executed.

GEO. LAGROW,

Baker, Confectioner, etc.

OYSTERS

served in all styles.

20c. PER CAN.

J. V. HOUGH,

Carriage & Wagon Maker, General Jobber & Horse-shoer.

Notwithstanding the destruction of his shop by the late fire, the undersigned still has full facilities for filling all orders in the line of Carriages, Waggons, Horse-shoeing and General Jobwork. First-class work done, and the best of material always used. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

While thanking his old customers for their liberal patronage for the past number of years, he trusts still to be favored with their orders.

Shop at the old stand, Front street, Stirling.

J. V. HOUGH.

BUFFALO ROBES,

Linings, Trimmings,

etc., cheap for cash, at

MILNE & CLUTE'S.

TAILORING

A specialty. A full line of

ENGLISH, SCOTCH

—AND—

CANADIAN TWEEDS

To choose from, and a

FIRST-CLASS FIT GUARANTEED.

A large quantity of COAL OIL cheap for cash.

All the accounts and notes due the above firm must be settled at once.

APOTHECARIES' HALL

'Xmas Goods,

Opened this week.

Forty Pairs of Vases,
Autograph Albums,
Flowers under Glass Shades,
Book Marks.
Motto Cups and Saucers,
English Annuals,
Violins and Bows,

and an endless lot of Toys for good Boys and Girls.

R. PARKER.

To Owners of Sewing-Machines.

I would announce to the citizens of Stirling and vicinity that I am now prepared to repair all sewing-machines, of whatever make, however old or new, at a moderate expense and on short notice, having secured the services of a first-class sewing-machinist, who has had a long experience in the best manufactories. Satisfaction given or no charge.

I have also a large stock of the celebrated

WANZER F MACHINES,

and offer the best possible inducements to buyers both as to prices and terms. Also, a large number of

SECOND-HAND MACHINES,

in good running order, for sale cheap.

JOHN CONLEY, Emma street, Stirling.

Reaping.

Every one is sowing, both by word and deed;
All mankind are growing either wheat or weed;
Thoughtless ones are throwing any sort of seed.

Serious ones are seeking seed already sown;
Many eyes are weeping now the crop is grown;
Think upon the reaping—each one reaps his own

Surely as the sowing shall the harvest be—
See what you are throwing over hill or lea,
Words and deeds are growing for eternity.

There is One all knowing, looking on alway,
Fruit to Him is flowing, feeling for the day—
Will your heart be glowing in the grand array?

Ye that would be bringing sheaves of golden grain,
Mind what you are flinging both from hand and brain,
Then mid d ngs singing you shall glean great gain.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

An Anglican church is about to be built at Rat Portage.

The Anglican Church costs England $58,000,000 a year.

It costs $30,000 a year to keep St. Peter's, at Rome, in repair.

Rev. J. Dempsey has accepted the call to the Baptist Church at Kincardine.

Rev. Richard Lacey will be the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Middlesborough, England.

The Reformed Episcopalians of St. Thomas have called the Rev. C. E. Watson, of Great Malvern, England, to be their minister.

London *Whitehall Review* hears that the Bishop of Manchester is about to lead to the hymeneal altar an agreeable and accomplished young lady.

The English Unitarians have decided, by a majority of two to one, not to remove their Theological College to Oxford, but to keep it still in London.

It has been decided to hold a grand Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia on the 20th of September, 1880. This will be the second of the triennial Pan-Presbyterian Councils, the first having been held in Edinburgh in 1877.

Clare Market Mission Church, just re-opened in London, England, was once a Baptist place of worship, then a bath, then a cheap concert room and casino, then a prize-fighting ring, then a penny theatre and lastly a carpenter's shop.

A prominent Scotch divine condemns a "tendency to return, in the arrangement and construction of churches and furniture, to the old Popish idea." He favors the Grecian style of architecture, and would leave the Gothic to the Roman Catholics.

At Winnipeg the trustees of Grace Church have decided to purchase from the Hudson Bay Company the lot at present occupied by the south ward school building, for $4,000. It is intended to erect the new church in the spring, at an estimated cost of $25,000.

At Tyendinaga a parochial school for Indian children in connection with the Church of England will soon be opened. Its establishment is chiefly due to the efforts of Chief Annosthkah, who succeeded in raising the necessary funds in England.

As many as 1,000 Testaments have been sold in London on a single Saturday night from the Bible carriage of Henry Moorhouse, the Evangelist. For twopence he sells a package which contains a copy of the New Testament and also some illustrated papers.

The Portuguese Hymn, the *Adeste Fideles*, adopted into the hymnology of all the creeds of Christendom, is of Brazilian origin. It was composed by Marcus Portugal, who was chapel master to the King of Portugal during his exile to Brazil. The composer died forty-five years ago.

Rev. Henry Morgan, of Boston, made a public vow that he would prosecute to the full extent of the law the first church in Boston, of whatever sect or creed, that advertised, set up or promoted a lottery. To his "grief and sorrow" he found that his first indictment must fall on the Cathedral fair.

An incendiary, a half-witted man, lately burned down the Anglican Church on the 7th line of Vespra. The fellow, when before the Mayor, admitted in a rambling speech that he did set fire to the church, but said he wouldn't have done it only that he couldn't bear to see a minister who wasn't an Orangeman preaching in it.

There is one colored Protestant Episcopal Church in Washington, which now boasts 150 communicants. The clergyman is the Rev. Alexander Crummell, LL. D. (colored), a graduate of Cambridge University (England), and for twenty years a missionary in India. When he took charge of the parish in 1870 there were only 50 communicants.

A German Jewish paper believes that the Zulus are descendants of Ishmael. Among other facts in support of this theory it notes that circumcision is practised, that Abraham is a common name among them, that they detest pork, and that the laws respecting individual purity are very similar to those prescribed in the Book of Leviticus.

The year 1880 has been indicated as the proper time to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the publication of Wyckliffe's translation of the Bible. That year has been chosen because the New Testament was then published, although the complete Bible did not appear until a slightly later date. Wyckliffe's translation was the first copy of the entire Bible that appeared in the English language.

The Birmingham School Board is about to restore the reading of the Bible in the board schools. This is the result of an offer made to the Liberals by the eight Conservative candidates, who were the advocates of Bible reading in schools, to withdraw three of their number, and so avoid a contest if the Liberals would but agree to the restoration of Bible-reading in the schools. This offer, we are informed, has been accepted.

A visit to fifteen churches belonging to the Establishment in the east of London disclosed the fact that in all these edifices, with a seating capacity of 14,478, there were present exactly 905 persons. In four churches of the Establishment in Rotherhithe only 156 persons were in attendance. Many of these churches are built with special reference to the poor population gathered around them, and the *Church Times* declares that their present condition is "something appalling."

An interesting statistical fact was reported by Dr. Murray Mitchell at one of the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance in Edinburgh. He stated that while at the end of the first century of the Christian era there were 100,000,000 Christians in the world, as the result of Protestant missions during the last seventy years 200,000,000 converts to Christianity have been made. This estimate does not include the work which has been done by the Roman Catholics, or by the Greek Church.

In the Eastern District of the Cape of Good Hope the R. C. Bishop is about to found a Trappist Monastery, so as to start a model farm. The Boers in these quarters (writes a Jesuit priest) are nearly all Protestants; "They are all," he adds, as they say in Dutch, "*van't onde geloof*" (of the old faith), and they add: "*Roomsch is van den duivel*" (the Roman belongs to the devil). The Jesuits have taken charge of St. Adrian's College, which now has an attendance of forty boarders and one hundred and fifty externs, all of English or Irish extraction.

Some of the brethren who pray in meeting have an unpleasant habit of making statements. These they prefix with "Thou knowest Oh Lord," or something of that kind. At the Fulton street prayer-meeting, N. Y., a few days ago a brother thus informed the Lord that this was the only meeting of the kind in the United States and that others ought to be established in all the big cities. The brother was short of information on this point, for in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Baltimore and many other cities there are such meetings. Another brother rose to correct the misinformed stranger.

JOTTINGS HERE AND THERE.

Tea-Table Gossip from All Over.

The lower jaw of a human being, said to have belonged to the primitive race, has been dug up on the banks of Lynx Creek, in Arizona. The jaw never had more than six teeth, and from its conformation the possessor subsisted wholly on fruits and grass.

Queen Victoria regrets that she cannot use the deaf and dumb alphabet now so fast as when she was young. Her Majesty learned the signs in order to converse with the daughter of a cottager near Osborne, Isle of Wight, several years ago.

Mr. Labouchere states that "it is a fact" that Lord Beaconsfield has three times tendered his resignation to the Queen within six months, and that Her Majesty has each time begged him to reconsider his request to be relieved of his duties.

Among hot-air toys for attachment to a stovepipe or lamp chimney (the current of hot air setting the toy in motion) we find frightened goat-riders, millers with grist mills, churning Chinamen and milkmaids, negro banjo players, wood sawyers and monkey coffee-grinders.

The International Geographical Congress which met at Hamburg lately, have given an impetus to Arctic exploration. Eight permanent stations are proposed and named as select centres of physical research in the Arctic Basin, and the United States is asked to establish two of these—one at Lady Franklin Bay and the other at Point Barrow.

Private semi-official letters from India announce that Lord Lytton's resignation of the Viceroyalty will be sent home by the next or following mail. His Lordship has been greatly annoyed by the responsibility for the Press laws being forced upon him, though the authorship of these curious regulations is attributed to General Sir Garnet Wolseley himself.

Samuel Neat, one of Boston's wealthy young men, has been mulcted $3,000 in a breach of promise suit, and subjected, besides, to the reading in court of his love letters, which were addressed like this: "My own and only precious little sweetheart," "My own dearly beloved loved one," "My only beloved one," and "Sweet, precious darling."

Hon. Henry Brand, the present Speaker of the British House of Commons, will, it is announced, retire from the office at the close of the present session. He is brother and heir to the title and estates of Lord Dacre, but he will, of course, be raised to the peerage by some other title during his brother's lifetime. Mr. Henry Raikes, now Chairman of Committees, is the approved Conservative candidate for the post as his successor.

London *Truth*: To elect a sufficient following for Mr. Parnell, money also was requisite. Hence the proposed mission to America. No one not an actual donkey could imagine that "servant gallism" in the States could afford the "help" adequate to purchase the fee simple of Ireland. As a matter of fact, I believe that it was precisely a domestic money question that prevented Mr. Parnell's contemplated visit to America.

Handsome society women in New York are following the Langtry fashion, and are photographed to sell—so says a naughty exchange. Five cents per copy is the average price received by a fair subject; and, if she is "popular," the revenue often keeps her in gloves for a whole year. One lady, said to be of high position, has been photographed several times in a page's costume that she wore at a fancy ball last winter.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is having a villa built at Sainte-Adresse. It is an agglomeration of pavilions and angles of the most ocquettish description. The walls of the rooms are to be decorated by some of our master painters and in the garden there will be the ruins of an ivy clad temple, dedicated to Vesta, Platus, Eros or Apollo, the god of the arts. We shall know next year when the charming tragedienne takes possession of her new abode.

The Chippewa Indians have been very successful in raising sorghum on the reservation in Minnesota. The yield from twenty-five acres upon which the experiment was tried last season was 160 gallons of syrup per acre. The Chippewas are much pleased with the industry, and next year they will plant 200 acres with sorghum. The agent in charge of the White Earth Reservation reports it will grow and ripen upon any lands capable of producing corn. The Chippewas, about 1,000 in number, who were all wild Indians ten years ago, have also this season raised abundant crops of grain and vegetables, and are reported to be happy and contented.

Mr. Mark Napier, Sheriff of Dumfriesshire and Galloway, died in Edinburgh on the 22nd ult., in the eighty-second year of his age. He was a descendant of the celebrated Napier of Merchistoun, the inventor of logarithms, whose works he edited and whose "Memoirs" he published in 1834. He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1820, and became Sheriff in 1844. Sheriff Napier was well known for his voluminous historical memoirs of Scottish worthies, including "Montrose and the Covenanters" (two volumes, 1838), "Life and Times of Montrose" (1840), and "Memorials and Letters of the Time of John Grahame, of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee."

A Russian paper contains, among several hitherto unpublished anecdotes of the Emperor Nicholas, the following: One day the Emperor, who was one of the strictest and most inflexible of disciplinarians, met in a street in St. Petersburg a drunken dragoon, who was riding in a drosky. In a great rage the Czar stopped the drosky and angrily asked the soldier what he was doing. The imminence of his danger partially sobered the latter. He rose in his carriage, drew his sword, and, saluting the Czar, said—"I am taking a drunken soldier to the guard-room, your Majesty." The Emperor Nicholas smiled, gave the soldier a five-ruble piece, and told his coachman to drive him, not to the guard-room, but home.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh have been celebrating their golden wedding. The "bold Buccleugh" is the premier Duke of Scotland in wealth and social and political weight, though not in heraldic degree. He has been a Conservative for half a century, was a member of Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet, and has always subscribed large sums to the Conservative electioneering fund. He is of immense wealth, of 450,000 acres, from which he draws a rental of £230,000 a year. This stretch of territory seems petty, compared with the domains of the Duke of Sutherland, who is master of over 1,200,000 acres, but the greater part of this is heath and bare rock. The Duke of Buccleugh, as father of the Earl of Dalkeith, whom Mr. Gladstone has ventured into the heart of Mid-Lothian to encounter, will be no ordinary influence to overcome. Lord Rosebery, also of immense wealth, of the same shire, leads the fight on Mr. Gladstone's side, and it is difficult to say how the struggle will end. Both speak with confidence, and both are creating "faggot voters."

Rev. Wm. M. Taylor thinks that a funeral is no place to pronounce eulogy on the dead. He says in this week's *Christian at Work* that "the whole custom of pronouncing a funeral oration comes to us from the French, and has in it not a little of the artificial and rhetorical for which as a nation they are remarkable. The discourses of Bossuet, Massillon and Bourdaloue, of this class, are not equal to their other productions. And the same thing is true in most of the funeral addresses which we have heard. The minister lacks spontaneity, and his words, when they are not personal eulogy, are either vague generalities or stereotyped commonplaces. In the circumstances, would it not be better to return to the simplicity of our fathers and substitute devotional exercises for a funeral address? What can we do better for a mourner than take him by the hand and lead him to Him whose name is a 'God of all consolation?'"

ENGLISH COLUMN.

Sir Henry Havelock, M. P., son of the distinguished military commander, has been left a fortune of half a million sterling, on condition that he assumes the name and arms of Allan.

The comic element of Mme. Tussaud's in London has been reinforced by a policeman, who stands among the people in the chief thoroughfare, apparently to answer questions, and who being addressed, proves to be made of wax.

Dean Stanley, in opening a coffee-tavern in London on Saturday, incidentally stated that he had formed the opinion when in the United States that the best institutions of the Americans were their public libraries, and the worst their newspapers.

There are signs that a knowledge of English is spreading among the tradesmen of Paris. A pastrycook in the Champs Elysees has the following inscription on his window: "Dinners sent hout!" When questioned he said that an American wrote the sentence.

A man named Arthur Harding has been sentenced at the Middlesex Sessions to four months' hard labor for stealing an umbrella. The prisoner went into a public house with two other men, and walked off with an umbrella which he found against the counter.

The Government of India has recommended the Queen to permit all regiments—European and Native—which served in the late campaign to inscribe the word "Afghanistan" on their colors and appointments, in recognition of the gallantry and devotion displayed by officers and men.

It is no secret that the Prince of Wales is retrenching. Like so many other gentlemen, he has felt the pinch of the agricultural depression, and the reduction of the rents upon his various estates will necessarily diminish his income. The Prince has just sold his yacht, thus effecting a considerable saving.

Sir H. D. Wolff, in a speech at Bournemouth, declared that the Duke of Argyll had for the last few years done nothing but take the part of the enemies of his country—the Russians, the Afghans, or the Zulus—merely with the petty object of turning out the present Government.

On the recommendation of General Roberts a commission as Second Lieutenant is to be conferred upon Color-Sergeant Hector Macdonald, 92nd Gordon Highlanders, for distinguished gallantry in action. This is the second instance of a commission won and conferred for valor in the Afghan war, the first case being that of Color Sergeant Green, 72nd Highlanders.

According to an accurate calculation, there are 889 candidates for the next general election in England to contest 552 seats. In 30 boroughs returning one member there are as yet no Liberal candidates, and in 53 there are no Conservative. In 44 counties the Liberals have as yet no candidate, and in 26 the Conservatives none.

The English military world is disturbed by the discovering that the coast district from Hull to the Tees has been secretly ex[illegible], who this year by a young German officer, so might easily pass for an Englishman [illegible] slight is his accent, and, in fact, has passed for an English merchant. He was found, at Scarborough, to be making rough plans in a note book.

On Saturday week last a constable of the Derby Borough Police Force, on duty at Uttoxeter, came upon a large elephant, quietly engaged in grazing by the roadside. The officer at once proceeded to lead the stranger to the lock up, more than half a mile away, and eventually succeeded in securing it. Soon afterwards the animal was claimed by a circus proprietor, from whose premises it had escaped.

A thieves' supper is one of the novelties of London. In a mission hall near Drury Lane the habitual criminal has found friends, who, on his discharge, invite him to a festival. This is the principle, and last year 537 have thus had a welcome hand held out to them on emerging from prison. Money has been given to some. All were entertained and lectured on the principle that honesty is the best policy.

An enquiry having been made by Mr. Whittaker, of Accrington, of Mr. Gladstone, as to whether he had used the words, "Those who contend that Church and State ought to be separated have not the acuteness of Satanic instinct," Mr. Gladstone replied as follows: "November 14.—Dear Sir,—The words you cite, or others like them, were used by me in a work published forty-one years ago. They are probably true of all men, including certainly those who deny as well as those who assert that the Church and the State ought to be separated. But in these forty one years I have learned something. I hope those who try to mislead you by citing words can say so much for themselves.—Yours faithfully, W. E. Gladstone."

London *Vanity Fair* says: While on a visit to Oxford the other day I was dining in the hall at Christ Church and was inexpressibly shocked to notice that the portrait of that eminent statesman, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, one of Oxford's and of Christ Church's most cherished sons, had been removed from its frame. What can this mean? Was the Dean of Christ Church offended because Mr. Gladstone had excused himself by means of a post card (and a thin one) for not attending a meeting at Oxford last Saturday? Or has he been circumvented with the promise of preferment by the unscrupulous Beaconsfield to withdraw from the admiring gaze of Christ Church undergraduates the noble features of the ex-Premier? Mr. E. Jenkins, M. P., should see to this.

In the British army a pound of bread, a pound of fresh meat, half a pound of fresh vegetables, three-quarters of a pound of flour for puddings, and, at the discretion of the commanding-officer and medical staff, a pint of porter or half a gill of spirits form the daily ration. As it is not always practicable to obtain bread, fresh meat, or fresh vegetables, three-quarters of a pound of biscuit, flour, or rice are to be considered equivalent to the ration of bread, a pound of salt meat or three quarters of a pound of preserved meat may be substituted for the fresh meat ration, and two ounces of preserved vegetables, one ounce of compressed vegetables, or a quarter of a pound of onions or leeks may take the place of the fresh vegetables.

As showing the durability of timber, the fact is cited that the piles of a bridge built by Trajan were found, after having been driven some 1,600 years, to be petrified four inches, the rest of the wood being in its ordinary condition. The old elm piles under the piers of London bridge have been in use more than 700 years, and are not yet materially decayed, and, beneath the foundation of Savoy Place, London, oak, elm, beech and chestnut piles and planks were found in a state of perfect preservation, after having been there for 650 years. Again, while taking down the old walls of Tunbridge Castle, Kent, England, there was found in the middle of a thick stone wall a timber curb which had been enclosed for 700 years; and some timber of an old bridge was discovered while digging for the foundations of a house at Windsor which must have been placed there prior to the year 1396.

Herr Maurice Philipp, of Biesbach, in Zurich, Switzerland, is reported to have discovered a method of keeping milk fresh and sweet in any temperature for any length of time. The process is said to be an undoubted success scientifically; whether it will also be so commercially remains to be proved. The convenience of having milk which may be preserved indefinitely is evident. Consumers can receive their supplies weekly or monthly, with much saving of time and labor. But just now the difficulty is that Herr Philipp keeps his process a secret, and what he will do in the future is unknown. Samples of his milk have been severely tested by the Chemical Agricultural Commission of Zurich, and it is like any other good milk, with the added quality of keeping sweet and fresh for months. Herr Philipp has announced his intention of supplying London and Paris with milk from the mountains of Switzerland.

SCOTCH COLUMN.

Provost Watt is re-elected for Dysart.

Provost Swan, of Kirkcaldy, is re-elected.

The Earl of Glasgow is elected Provost of Millport.

Dr. Vass has been unanimously re-elected Provost, and Mr. W. Russel Ross Treasurer, for Tain.

Mr. David Ross, of Invergordon, has carried off the Forsyth Bursary of £40, tenable for two years.

There died at the manse of Alvie lately the Rev. Donald Macdonald, M. A., in his 86th year.

Provost Gilmour, of Irvine, has resigned, and Treasurer Brown is appointed to succeed him.

Much regret is felt at the sudden death of Mr. David Gibson, President of the Edinburgh Trades' Council.

Mr. W. S. Fraser has been elected Provost, of Dornoch; the senior Bailie is Mr. Alex Leslie.

Mr. Mellwraith, the late editor of the Dumfries *Courier*, is about to leave for Queensland.

Rev. Ludovic Mair, of Heatherlie Church, Selkirk, has been elected minister of the parishes of Bunkle and Preston.

Captain Robert Reid, Portgordon, has been appointed Master of the new harbor at Buckie.

The death is announced of Jane Litster, widow of the late John Bridges, late of North Berwick, aged ninety years.

A company has been formed in Dunfermline for the establishment of British Workman Public Houses in the town.

It is rumored that the Marquis of Bute is about to try his hand upon a new translation of the Bible.

The Rev. Wm. Proudfoot, of Glasgow Cathedral, has been appointed minister of St. Margaret's Church, Arbroath.

Rev. Dr. Watson, Dundee, is to be nominated for the Moderator's chair of the next General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

A meeting of Edinburgh Volunteers has passed a resolution, by 25 votes to 11, in favor of the proposal to discontinue the use of the Snider at Wimbledon.

Preparations are being made to commemorate the Covenanting struggle, the commemoration to take place in the months of June and July next.

Returns of the Scotch harvest, which are published by the *Scotsman*, give a very unsatisfactory account of the prospects of farmers.

Engineers are employed in the work of selecting a foundation for the new railway bridge which it is proposed to construct across the Forth near Alloa.

The Aberdeen *Free Press* announces the death of Mr. Thomas Knox, the well known banker, of Peterhead, at the age of sixty six years.

Mr. Alex. F. M'Bean, head-master of the Glasgow City Public Schools for boys, has been appointed Principal of the Central Schools, Sheffield.

The West Bridgend U. P. congregation, Dumbarton, have agreed to call the Rev. Mr. Watson, of Partick. The salary will be £300 a year with a manse.

In the presence of a large assemblage, the bust in connection with the memorial of the late Mr. Murray, of Geanies, was unveiled at Tain by Mrs. Vass, wife of Provost Vass.

Sir Robert Charles Sinclair had a dish of fresh strawberries out of his own garden at Achrarsdale Lodge, Caithness, on the 1st inst.

A full-length portrait of John Knox has just been added to the Picture Gallery of the Crystal Palace, Greenock. The artist is Mr. Travernor Knott, of Edinburgh.

The monumental stone to the memory of the late Rev. Mr. Campbell has been erected in Dunnet churchyard, under the superintendence of Mr. John Hood, sculptor, Wick.

In honor of the marriage of Miss Malcolm Douglas, heiress of the estate of Cavers, to Captain Palmer, celebrated in London on the 13th ult., there were great rejoicings at Hawick and throughout the estate.

The Selkirk Burgh School Board have given instructions to the teachers of all the three schools under their management that the cane, as an instrument of correction, must henceforth be dispensed with.

Lord Berriedale attains his majority at the end of this month, and arrangements are being made for presenting his lordship with a testimonial of respect, subscribed for by the Earl of Caithness' tenants and other gentlemen.

At the Glasgow Central Police Court, on Nov. 23, Matthew Chapman Fleming, a Bailie in Airdrie fourteen years ago, was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment for stealing a lady's bag from College Station on Wednesday last.

Mr. J. C. Mackenzie, the veteran antiquarian and teetotaller, of Kirkcudbright, has presented an ancient bottle to the Curling Club of the burgh, and at the dinner which took place the other evening the magistrates present actually had it filled with whiskey "in honor of the donor!"

The other day several laborers were working on a carrot field on the farm of Kilantree, tenanted by Mr. Mair. Among the rest were Hugh McGenn, aged 72 years, and a young girl named Mina Douglas. In a playful scuffle the latter fell upon the former, and from the effects of the fall the old man died.

The foundation-stone of a new church for the body who seceded from the Established Church of New Deer, and who have since connected themselves with the Congregational Union of Scotland, was laid on Wednesday of last week by Mrs. Leslie, of Nethermuir.

At the close of the meeting of the Free Church Commission in Edinburgh on Wednesday week a conference was held, at which it was agreed to nominate the Rev. Mr. Main, St. Mary's, Edinburgh, as Moderator of the next Assembly. A minority of those present were in favor of Dr. Horatius Bonar.

The appeal of the Rev. Alex. Cant Kay, Loanhead, against the findings of the Presbytery of Dalkeith, under a libel charging him with having been intoxicated on the public road between Edgefield and Loanhead in 1877, in his own pulpit in 1878, on the street at Loanhead in February, and at Edinburgh in March last, has been sustained by the Free Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale.

Some men (says the *Scotsman*) do great work in a very noiseless way. Such a man is Dr. Thomas Keith, of Edinburgh, who, though one of the first of living surgeons, has gone about his work so quietly that few out of his profession have heard of his marvellous success in ovariotomy. Yet he has performed this terrible operation seventy times running without a death—a result altogether unparalleled in this or in any other country. No uninspired prophet could have predicted the possibility of such a feat. In his hands the operation has become much less fatal than amputations of the leg or arm, though it involves the removal from the abdominal cavity of tumors which vary in weight from 10 to 120 lbs.

In a recent address, Mr. Spurgeon said that giving advice to would-be preachers was the burden of his life. Sometimes he tried to imitate the Delphic oracle, and give an answer that might be taken two ways. A man wrote to him lately that his master objected to his preaching, and asked him whether he should go on with it, and he wrote him this reply, "Dear Brother,—If the Lord has opened your mouth the devil cannot shut it; but if the Lord has not opened your mouth, may the devil shut it." This person said he felt encouraged by the answer.

The new organ in the Stewart Cathedral, at Garden City, will be among the largest and most remarkable in the world, costing $35,000 to $40,000.

WESLEY'S CHAPEL.

The Burning of a Historical Structure in England—Some Interesting Facts.

By cable we have already had the announcement that on Monday Wesley's Morning Chapel, London, was gutted by fire. The old chapel thus nearly destroyed deserves more than a passing notice, connected as it is so intimately with the history and development of the Methodist Church in London. "For five and thirty years," says the Rev. L. Tyermann, "Wesley and his friends had worshipped in 'the old Foundery' (in Windmill street). Here hundreds, perhaps thousands, had been converted; but as the building was only held on lease, they were now in danger of losing it." On October 15, 1775, Wesley wrote to his brother: "On Friday I hope to be in London, and to talk with the committee about building a new foundery." Five months after the great reformer started the first subscription, and at three meetings raised upwards of $5,000. In the following November the building plans were agreed upon, and in April, 1777, Wesley laid the foundation stone, and on Sunday, Nov. 1, 1878, he opened the new chapel by preaching in the morning on part of Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple. He wrote at the time, "It is perfectly neat, but not fine, and contains far more people than the Foundery." Says the Rev. Mr. Tyermann further: "The chapel in City road will always stand as a thanksgiving monument, raised not by the London Methodists merely, but by the Methodists throughout the three kingdoms. The days of the old Foundery have long been ended. The New Chapel still stands and, we trust, will ever stand, by far the most sacred and attractive edifice in the Methodist world. Not for a hundred pretentious Gothic structures would the Methodists of the olden type give up this. Though its ceiling may be somewhat low, yet, taken as a whole, its architecture, for neatness and commodiousness and solidity, has been but rarely equalled by the more pretentious Methodist buildings of the present day. For many a year the Chapel in City road was the head of London Methodism; and, though there are now more than twenty heads, all owe a respectful obedience to this. Hail to old City road! When we think of the ministers who have occupied its pulpit, of the families who have occupied its pews, of the dead resting in graves around its walls and of the interesting events which make up its story we feel that of all the Methodist meeting houses in existence—Gothic or otherwise, marble or mudden—there is not one to equal this."

Musical and Dramatical.

Capoul uses falsetto notes to excess in his singing.

Sullivan and Gilbert announce the new opera as in active rehearsal.

Bartley Campbell says they used to have sensational plays in Shakspeare's time. Now they call them legitimate.

Mr. Tennyson has found time to write a little comedy in one act; it is said to be full of the most delicate humor and pathos.

Sir Julius Benedict holds that England is up to the average standard of musical skill and taste, and that the Germans do not occupy the first rank in music.

Sir Julius Benedict, the musical celebrity, though seventy-eight years old, was to have been married last week to a lady thirty years his junior.

There has been discovered in the French army a tenor singer such as has never before been heard. His voice is said to be more wonderful than any voice yet known in France.

Emma Abbott does not think that getting married spoils good singers. Neither does Max Strakosch, who even goes so far as to say that married prima donnas are the best singers.

A dramatic version of Mrs. Burnett's new and strong novel, "Haworth's," made by Mr. Joseph Hatton and Mr. Arthur Mathison, had been produced in Manchester. It is called "Loved and Lost."

A Cincinnati paper remarks that when a new dramatic company "take the road" they should see that the road is kept in good repair, for the chances are they will need it to walk home on.

Barrett is said to be doing very poorly on the road, and it is hinted that, tired of starring, he will next spring settle in San Francisco and become the manager of the California Theatre. The stockholders of the house would be glad to make such an arrangement and have offered him the place on easy terms.

Mr. John McCullough is reported by the Cleveland *Leader* as saying that he has been trying to forget what he has seen in other actors, and is learning to draw his inspiration from the book of nature. "I believe," he says "I am beginning to understand better than ever before the humanity and the many sides of Shakspeare. It is my intention to devote my time assiduously to the study of this great master, and, if I am spared ten years longer, I hope to make greater progress than I have made in the last twenty years."

How to Behave.

The new "Manual of Good Manners" that has appeared in Paris is edited by Mme. la Comtesse de B—and is now presumably the final authority with the proud aristocracy of France. We quote:—When paying visits a gentleman should not wear heavy boots. Should he find himself in company with a young girl, it is in bad taste to joke about marriage—under some circumstances a pleasantry of such nature may be even more than coarse—immoral. When a lady rises to take her leave the hostess rises also and makes her a profound courtesy, accompanied by some neat phrase of regret at her early departure. A hostess may offer to share the footstool on which her feet are resting with a lady, but never with a gentleman, even if he should be old or an invalid. If a gentleman offers a lady a share of his umbrella, if she is in a hurry she may accept it, but if her business is not urgent she should seek refuge in a doorway or some other shelter. When such an offer is accepted, it should be with the greatest circumspection; she should not speak to her companion, and on quitting him should thank him in a cold and polished manner, saying nothing that may reveal her name or rank.

"Punch."

Double Irritation.—Brown (by no means an Adonis). "The letter's for you, sir! Con found it all, we're always being taken for each other!!!" Smith (no Adonis either). "I know we are! And, if it comes to that, 'con found it all' yourself, sir!!!

"In Extremis."—Pat.—"Do ye buy rags and bones here?" Merchant.—"We do, surr." Pat—"Thin, be japers! put me on the schkales!"

The Maccallum More's Prescription—How to take Ministerial utterances—"*Cum grano Salis* (bury)."

The "Distinctive Badge" (to be worn by newspaper correspondents accompanying armies in the field).—A gag.

A Strange Foster Mother.—Sometime since, on the premises of Mr. Isaac Hodgins, near Lucan, a litter of young pigs, from whom the dam had been removed, in nosing around for their wonted nourishment, came across a young cow whose calf had been killed, and at once took possession of her udder, the cow was apparently perfectly content, and soon satisfied their appetites for the time. When nature made another call for food, says the *Enterprise*, the young porkers at once sought out their foster mother, who at once accommodated them, evidently adopting the young brood in place of her lost calf, and to the present time the cow continues to foster the porcines—a singular fancy indeed.

NEW PHASE IN THE DEAL KIDNAPPERS' CASE.

Brutal Treatment of the Mother of the Kidnappers—Threat Against the Lawyer, Nicholas Murphy.

Toronto, Dec. ——The recent Deal kidnapping case, which caused so much sensation, has received a new and mysterious development. Mrs. Deal (mother of the young man who were tried at the last Assizes on the charge of kidnapping Robert Jaffray) left their house on Parliament street last evening a little after seven o'clock, and had only proceeded a few yards when she noticed a buggy standing by the sidewalk. The next moment a heavy shawl was thrown over her head from behind and she was lifted into the buggy, her hands were pinioned to her sides, and a sweet sickly smell that exhaled from the shawl informed her that she was being drugged. She soon became insensible and when she recovered consciousness she found herself in a field with a man and woman, or rather she suspects a man in woman's dress. They were dragging her along between them, her wrists being tied together with a rope. When about half way across the field she made a break from them and succeeded in freeing her hands. She ran screaming lustily, but was soon overtaken when a desperate struggle ensued, during which Mrs. Deal's dress and all her clothing except her underwear were torn off her; still screaming she fled towards a lighted house, and when near it her pursuers stopped. When she reached the house, which was occupied by John MacDonnell, J. P., she fainted on the steps, but the inmates heard the noise, and she was taken in and cared for. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered she was conveyed home. Your correspondent called upon Mrs. Deal this morning and found her in bed undergoing medical treatment for severe nervous prostration. She related her story as told above and added that one of her assailants said that he wished to God they had her lawyer, Nicholas Murphy, as well as Mrs. Deal and they would stop his usefulness. The case has been placed in the hands of the detectives.

Mr. Jay Gould's Personal Habits.

Mr. Gould's millions now crowd close to those of Vanderbilt. He is a man of finer texture than the old Commodore's son. He doesn't run to fine houses, costly stables and blooded steeds. At night, when he dismisses his operators from the telegraph offices in his own house in Fifth avenue, and enters up in a little book the telegraph reports of the receipts of the various railroads which he owns, he does not go to a club to carouse, to a banquet to steam up with champagne, or to a theatre; he retires to the recesses of a peaceful library and with his young sons about him, reads the Latin classics, the world forgetting, but by the world forgot—by a large majority. The next morning early he has the telegraph doing lightning service, and he is sending an electric check through Wallstreet as soon as the bulls and the bears come into that field for pasture. Mr. Gould is a liberal man, although when he makes a bequest he does not have the information written in manifold and sent to all the newspapers. The first news New York had of his gift to the Memphis sufferers of $5,000 came from Memphis, as did the news of the second gift of $5,000. Mr. Gould being a small man of little physical prowess, is naturally not disposed to put himself recklessly in the way of the horns of the bulls and the claws of the bears. There are some men in Wall street, as Mr. Gould has reason to know, who wish to resent their losses with their fists, and are disposed to follow Major Selover's example and despatch him bodily down into a convenient area. Accordingly, Mr. Gould keeps his office guarded by a stout Irishman, who prevents the intrusion of visitors, and he has usually a private way to get out into the street. He has too, it is said, a big Italian book keeper who accompanies him on many of his business trips about town, and stands ready to protect his millionaire employer.—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Fat Secreted by the Liver.

According to Dr. Neumann, the liver furnishes a variety of fat, which is distinguished from others by the rapidity with which it oxidizes to serve for nutritive purposes. This fat, like glycogenic substances, is the result of the transformation of albuminoids. The production of fat in the liver is comparable to that which occurs in the mammary gland, and is a true secretion. Its activity is in an inverse ratio to the oxidations which take place in the organism. Everything which tends to limit these oxidations promotes the production of fat in the liver (pulmonary lesions, debilitating influences, anæmia, and cachexia). In such cases, the liver at last becomes infiltrated with fat—a condition which is physiological in animals in which the respiratory functions are languid (fishes). When, under the influence of debilitating causes, the wants of the organism increase to a high degree, the liver does not suffice for these excessive demands; the fat-forming function becomes paralyzed. The albuminoid matters, undergoing metamorphosis in the liver, no longer produce fat, but a substance less adapted for combustion—amyloid substance—is formed. It is true that amyloid degeneration of other organs may precede that of the liver, but this is due to the fact that the diseased liver pours into the circulation the morbid products, which then infiltrate the tissues with which they come in contact, and especially the varieties of the smaller vessels.—"*Deut. Arch fur klin, Med.*"—*New York Medical Journal.*

Overwork—The Breakdown.

I met a man sometime ago who used to travel in business, and almost passed his life upon the rail. He came home one evening, and, walking across the dining room, he staggered like a drunken man. Uncharitable people, who did not know his habits, might have thought him intoxicated. He sank on his chair, and he was a prisoner in his chair all the rest of his life. He was completely paralyzed in his lower limbs. The incessant travelling on the rail had at last proved too much for his nervous system. Hence the collapse, and I have a strong impression that other collapses might be traced to a similar source. I knew of a lawyer who was in a great rush of business. He liked his fees; but like all men who succeed, he liked business thoroughly for its own sake. He was unable to refuse business; and, indeed, to refuse business is the hardest trial which can happen to any professional man. His mistake was, that he did not provide himself with adequate assistance. The ill-treated brain took to softening, and then all business came to an end. I knew of a man who was enormously wealthy. In addition to the constant employment which his own vast property gave him, he was trustee for over so many widows, orphans, and charities. He worked hard at accounts till the small hours in the morning. A boy clerk at 15s. a week might have done it all for him. But he preferred "doing his own work himself," and accordingly he had to quit this inferior existence, where such a condition of things is not possible. One of the best-known men in the country once told me that he was going to take a six weeks' holiday at the seaside. I was rejoiced to hear it. No man better deserved or required such a holiday. Then he told me he was going to take his new book with him to the seaside, and hoped to have it ready for publication by the time his holiday was over. I expostulated with him. I explained that he was only exchanging one kind of hard work for still harder kind of hard work. But he took the advice of what is often a man's worst counsellor—himself. His book was successful; but he never knew of the success.—*London Society.*

THE CHILI-PERU WAR.

No Disposition for a Vigorous Campaign on the Part of the Allies.

Panama, Nov. ——The Chilians have gone into an entrenched camp at Agua Santa, four miles north of the Peruvian position. The allies appear without a head and no disposition for a vigorous campaign. Their forces, numbering 12,000, are sufficient to harass the Chilians until Daza and Prado, who are now en route, effect a junction with the Peruvians. The country through which they are marching is a desert, and the troops must even carry water for about 200 miles. The Arica and Tacna columns must pass near by the Chilian camp on their march, unless they conclude to assail the enemy from the north while Buendia's army assails them from the south. The Chilians are strongly entrenched and within easy reach of supplies. The allied forces will find it difficult to dislodge them. It is said that the Chilians intend blockading Arica, as they have perfected their arrangements at the Tarapaca coast, when all help for the allied army from Callao and the capital will be cut off. They had not done so at last accounts, and the Peruvians had sent down a crack corps of 600 men, a million cartridges and twelve Krupp field pieces, and the hope of the Peruvians now is their torpedo service. Corrected statements of the losses at Pisagua place the entire mortality at 150 allies and 300 Chilians. The allies ran out of ammunition during the fight. When fresh cartridges were served they proved to be the wrong cartridges for the Remington rifles, and the allies early retreat is accounted for in this way. Business is almost dead at Lima.

Funnigrams.

Sheet Music—Children crying in bed.

The soldiers who retreat are those who come out of the contest with flying colors.

It is a wise paragrapher that knows his own joke after it has been gone a week or two.

The man who steps on a deposit of soft soap and glides swiftly down the front stairs is not dead, but slippeth.

An unknown man killed by the cars in Connecticut on Saturday had in his pockets sixty cents and a pair of scissors, indicating that he was connected with journalism.

It is said that nothing less than a partnership in the firm will tone down the arrogance and bossiness of some new fledged, five-dollars a-week clerks.

Music teacher to scholar—"You see that note with an open space; that's a whole note. Can you remember that?" Scholar—"Yes'm. A whole note is a note that has a hole in it."

"What is a Communist? One who hath yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.
Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
To fork out his penny, and take up your shilling."

Dundas is the place for self-sacrifice. When a young lady who has been eating onions appears at a country dance all the rest bite an onion that she may not feel embarrassed or lonely.

"What's fame?" yelled an excited orator. What's fame? that ghost of ambition! What's honor." And a weak-minded man in the crowd said he supposed she had clothes on her, as any fool ought to know.

At a Copenhagen party the other night a young lady complained of the usage she received at the hands of a young man in attendance. "Why," she said, "he almost smothered me." "And did you kiss him for his mother?" asked the listener.

What has become of the good old days when a greenhorn travelling by rail could buy a twenty five cents' package containing fifty articles worth $1 each and then find a gold breast pin weighing a pound and a half besides?

WHAT'S HONOR.

Ask not the soldier in the battle's van,
Nor yet the statesman, uncorrupt as gold,
But her beneath your own roof-tree who can,
And will most willingly, to you unfold
The secret. Bid her mark your neighbor's wife
When she her ample wardrobe seeks, to don her
Fine garments; when she reappears, my life
I'll stake, your better half can tell what's on her.

WAITING.

She was waiting at the lattice
Where the snow-plumed clematis
Translated for her gratis
What the breezes sung and sighed.

And the daintytenderness
Of the sunbeams on her tresses
Left her tranced in the caresses
Of the golden morning tide.

A hope triumphant filled her
And clear the words that thrilled her;
"Look here, you, Jane Matilder,
Come and help me find my clothes!"

Scientific Jottings.

In cases both of acute and chronic poisoning by arsenic Dr. E. Ludwig finds the metal chiefly collected in the liver, very little being retained in the brain and in the bones.

Nothing can live on Saturn with more brains than a fish. Galileo first discovered the rings, which are probably clouds of satellites too small to be seen individually. Its moons are ten times as large as ours.

A party recently visiting the Daly River North Australia, appears to have met with an alligator far larger than any hitherto seen. Nothing but the head was visible, but this is described as being about four feet in length and two feet six inches in width. On being fired at the monster disappeared, and the precise size of its body could not be ascertained.

Mr. C. G. Siewers has lately attempted an answer to the question: How shall we check the increase of noxious insects that destroy our crops? The policy, he thinks, should not be to kill but so to infect the pests that they may themselves disseminate the poison. This view is based, first, upon the discovery of Pasteur, that the fungus growth called muscardine can be imparted to the healthy larvæ of the silk worm by simply crushing the infected ones on their food; second on the observation of Dr. Bain, that the mold of the mash-tub, or yeast, and allied species of fungus are fatal to certain species of insects when brought in contact with them; and third, on his own experiments. He suggests that diluted yeast should be tried on the potato bug, on the tobacco, army and cotton worm, and the grasshopper of old pastures and clover-fields. But the difficulty is to apply a fungus so that it will destroy noxious insects, and at the same time spare such useful and necessary ones as the honey bee.

Our Western Home.

Miss Rye writes to us, a few days ago—"You have always been a friend of mine, perhaps you may like the enclosed view I had taken this autumn. It is 10 years almost to a day since I came here with my first 60 children. Misses Billborough, McPherson and W. Middlemore have followed in the path I showed, and now over 4,000 children are in Canada as the result of our joint, if disjointed efforts, and as far as I can see, we may place another 4,000, and people and children be all the better for the transplanting." Yours faithfully, Maria I. Rye.—*Canadian Ill. News.*

Nitrate of Silver Stains on Clothing.

To the Editor of the *Scientific American*: In your issue of October 11 is a paper on the removal of silver stains from clothing. The salt recommended to be used is stated as bichromate of mercury. This is an error; it should be *bichloride* of mercury, known commonly by the name of corrosive sublimate. Its solubility is greatly increased by first dissolving a little chloride of ammonium in water.—George Wilson, New Haven, Conn.

Butter was unknown to the ancient Greeks, as may be inferred from the absence of any reference to it by Homer and Aristotle.

The meanest bark of a dog is when he barks your shins with his teeth.